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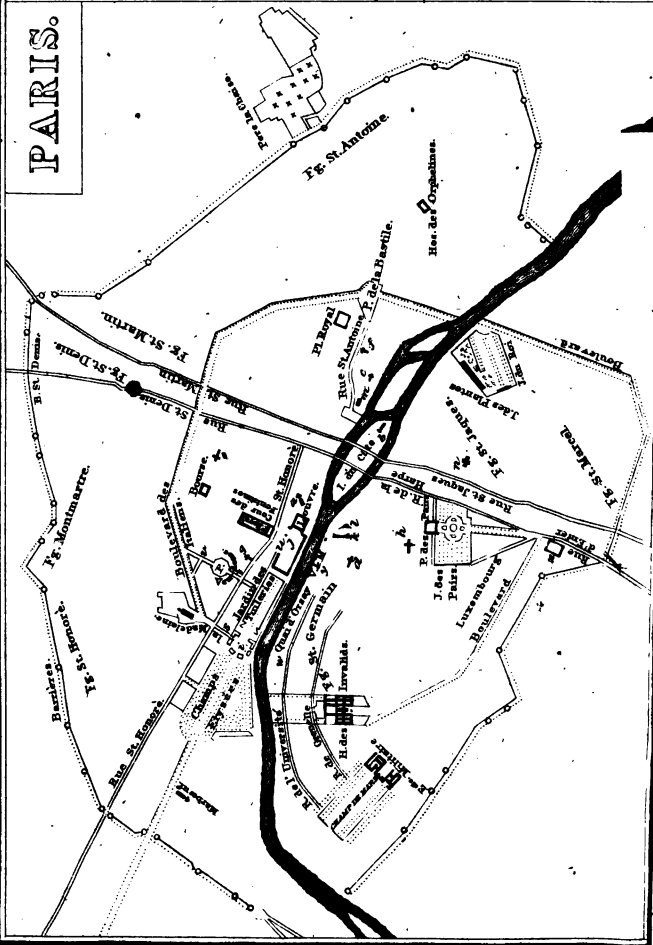




Names &  
References.

- a St Germain l'Aux-  
erois.  
b Notre Dame.  
c St Gervais.  
d St Germaine.  
e St Joseph.  
f St Paul.  
g St Roch.  
h St Sulpice.  
i Place Louis XV.  
j Place Carousd.  
k Pal des Beaux  
Arts.  
l Hotel de Monnaie  
m Hotel de Villa  
n Pantheon.

PARIS.



- Names &  
References.  
o Pont des Arts.  
p Pont Neuf.  
q Pont Royal.  
r Pont Louis XV.  
s Rue Royale.  
t Rue Castiglione.  
u Rue Rivoli.  
v Rue de la Paix.  
w Chambre des Dep  
utés.  
x Hospital de la  
Maternité.  
y Quays Malaquais.  
z Touraine.

# JOURNAL AND LETTERS,

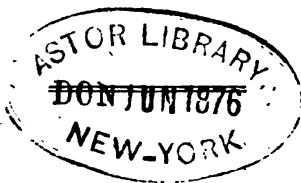
FROM

F R A N C E

AND

**GREAT-BRITAIN.**

*miss C. Hart*  
BY EMMA WILLARD.



TROY, N. Y.:

N. TUTTLE, PRINTER—225 RIVER-STREET.

1833.

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## PREFACE.

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WHEN in consequence of ill health, I was obliged to leave my institution in the care of my sister, and go abroad, I intended making observations not only for myself, but for my country women ; especially for those who were, and who had been my pupils. Arrived in Europe, and introduced into society in Paris, my views on this subject changed. Seeing so much that was new to me, I felt that what I could learn in my short stay abroad, would not be worth presenting to the public. The difficulty too, of giving candid statements, without betraying implied confidence, was present to my mind,—and to make up common place accounts from Guide Books, did not suit my vein. From these considerations then, I lost sight of the public in my observations, and in the descriptions which I gave in letters to my friends, or kept in my private journal. This was hastily written in pencil, amidst many other avocations.

Of matter thus put together, I had two considerable volumes. When I collected, and added to these the letters I had written home, especially those to my sister, I found a bulk of papers, if not of information, quite sufficiently ample to make a book. My friends at home were urging to see my journal ; and those abroad, particularly my former pupils, that I should publish my travels. I thought I could about as readily prepare a book for the press, as to put my papers in a condition to be read by my friends.



In the mean-time, by the marriage of my sister, which occurred soon after my return, the cares of my school fell more heavily upon me than formerly; and other literary occupations, commenced before my departure, and connected with my plans of education, demanded my attention, and filled up my few leisure hours.\*

During the prevalence of the cholera, in the month of July following my return, my school was discontinued a fortnight, previous to the regular close of the term. My teachers preferred remaining, and during the time, they copied out my pencil written journal, and I verily thought that one fortnight of my own time spent upon my papers, would have been sufficient to fit them for the press.

But from several considerations, I was undecided as to the expediency of publishing them. I believed that God had devoted me to a special calling, that of female education, and that my time was not my own to bestow upon objects that might amuse me, or gratify my private friends. Early in the month of January last, an affecting appeal was made to me, in behalf of female education in Greece.

From my earliest youth, my mind has dwelt with mingled sorrow and indignation, on the degradation to which my sex are subjected, in Mahometan lands, and those regions adjoining, which are infected by their customs. It appeared, and now appears clear to me, that a time has come, when a door may be opened in Greece for their deliverance, if the means can be found. I no

\* I refer here to the plan of a volume, on universal history, with an atlas, which I expect ere long to offer to the public.

longer hesitated concerning the publication of my papers, since a channel was now presented, through which I could turn my labors to account, in the cause of female education.

But on examining them, to prepare them for the press, I found that I had miscalculated the time required, and greatly undervalued the difficulties of my task, which arose mainly from the circumstance, that they were not originally written for the public, but merely for myself, and my confidential friends ;—and much of the character which they now bear, be it for the better or the worse, originates in this circumstance,—and I must now say to my readers, that as I have made them parties in my confidential communications, so I hope they will treat me with indulgence.

To this I feel myself entitled on several accounts. I have given my labors in a generous cause, and I have toiled in the completion of my work, under the burden of heavy cares, which I bear not for my own sake. I have been obliged, in so doing, sometimes to write and examine papers at late hours, and I have thus so weakened my eyes (I hope however not permanently) that I have been unable to give my work that last examination in reference to style and punctuation, which I should otherwise have done ; nor have I been able to correct it in the press, by personal inspection.

That it is not without some diffidence I come before the public, (as these papers must necessarily show me the writer, of a year of my own life,) may appear from a further circumstance. When I first gave them to promote the cause of female education in Greece, I had taken it up, calculating mainly on the support of my

former pupils, to whom I intended to dedicate, and send my book of travels. Subsequently, when my beloved townswomen came generously forward, and took an equal responsibility, I proposed to the society then formed, that I should substitute in the place of my journal and letters, a volume, developing more fully my views of female education, than any thing I had yet written ; and which I had while in Europe engaged, at some future period, to write. I told the ladies of our society, that in detailing my movements in foreign countries, and in expressing my honest sentiments on the various subjects before me, I should undoubtedly incur censures from those whose opinions differed from mine ; and it would injure my feelings, if any portion of such censures should fall upon them.

After a few days consideration, the society decided, that as some public expectation had then been excited, the original plan must be pursued, and the journal and letters published. I have wished to make the work an offering worthy so good a cause,—with what success, a candid public must determine. I have written in the spirit of truth and honesty, and have been exceedingly careful in all facts of importance, to state nothing but what I know to be true. But in filling up from memory, some minor articles of description,—and in trifling incidental circumstances,—the various images of my brain, perchance,

“ Confus’dly bound in memory’s ties,”

may have been in some instances, incorrectly joined,—though I am not aware that such is the fact.

Wishing, if possible, that my book might possess pecuniary value, I have in particular instances dwelt with

more minuteness than some might think advisable, on circumstances relating to subjects and persons, which have, as I believe, a permanent hold on the affections of my countrymen. This is particularly the case with regard to those connected with Gen. La Fayette and his family. On the other hand, I have omitted to mention many objects of curiosity, that came under my observation, because they have been generally noticed by other travellers. I am sensible that I have sometimes advanced opinions, which are scantily sustained by the facts which I have mentioned; and I prefer to leave such, standing with whatever foundation my general character may give them, to substantiating them at any sacrifice of the ties of gratitude, or the obligations of implied confidence.

If it be asked why, in such cases, I have not omitted the opinions, as well as the facts on which they were founded, I would answer,—because they are such as I deem it important should be known in my own country. I trust that to those who read these pages, it will be apparent, that though I would willingly interest and amuse, yet that I have had at the same time an honest desire, in presenting to the American public, the little knowledge I acquired abroad, that it should be turned to good account in the service of one class or another of our citizens; or more generally go to correct, what I consider false standards of public opinion, or erroneous estimates of ourselves, and others.



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# JOURNAL AND LETTERS

FROM FRANCE, &c.

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## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

SHIP CHARLEMAGNE, Oct. 20th, }  
Lat. 49°, Lon. 12° 14'. }

MY DEAR SISTER:

YOU see from our latitude and longitude that we are nearing our mark. Our Captain says, that three days easy sailing will carry us to our destined port. Still the winds may be adverse, and the most dangerous part of our voyage is yet before us; for the skilful mariner fears not water but land. We have had a rough though not an unsafe passage. The wind however blew a gale on the eighteenth, and again a more severe one, about two o'clock, the night after. Indeed since the Sunday after we left home, we have had not more than two or three pleasant days.

I find it difficult to do much on ship-board; but generally my time has passed not unpleasantly away. Especially would I hasten to inform my kind friends and family, that I have a prospect of realizing the benefit which I expected to my health, from a sea voyage. Yet I have not been sea-sick, neither have I exercised as much on deck, owing to the roughness of the weather, as I could have wished: but the perpetual motion in which I am kept by the winds and waters; rocking, and rolling, and tossing; holding with might and main, by some fixed object during the day to keep from being shot across the cabin, and grasping the side of my berth at night for fear of being rolled over the side,—all this, though not particularly diverting at the time, is yet very conducive to my health; and seems

to put in motion those vital functions, which want of suitable exercise for the body, or too much mental exertion had deranged. But not alone to second causes, should we attribute the good which we enjoy.

The gale which we experienced in the night, though by no means alarming to the seamen, was to me terrific. It was the more so from the wind's having blown violently during the day; for ordinarily, if a wind strikes a ship with the sails properly arranged, it does not immediately produce those effects which I had supposed. The ship seems to stiffen up and brace herself to her work; and she shoots off swiftly and proudly over the waters; whose surface is comparatively smooth while the pressure of the winds is upon them. After the winds have abated, then the waters rise up in unequal masses; sometimes lifting the vessel, as if to the heavens, and again plunging her as if to the depths below; and sometimes they come foaming, and dashing, and breaking over the ship; striking the deck with a startling force.

This was our situation on account of the preceding gale, on the night of which I speak, when the wind rose again. From the appearance of the night the Captain had prudently taken in almost all the sails, and the motion of the vessel was, for that reason, the more unsteady. It was the darkest and stillest part of the night, when I heard the roaring of the wind, about to strike the ship again, and soon after felt that she was moving by its mighty power. Her motion was rapid; but it was at this time a raging sea, and of course unequal;—sometimes darting upwards and sometimes pitching down,—throwing every moveable thing with violence about the cabins. The officers giving their orders on deck, and the sailors, in executing them, have at such times something startling in their voices and manner of speaking, beyond any thing which I have ever heard on land even at a fire. Heavy seas in quick succession were breaking over us. The waters thus accumulating faster than the scuppers would admit of their running off, were dashing over our heads. Thus with the raging element above, beneath, and around us; with nothing to divide us from it, but a bark whose masts were shak-

ing, whose timbers creaking and cracking, as if they were about to divide ;—the feeling of the moment was, that a ship was a vain thing, for safety ;—that help was in God alone.

Thoughts of ocean caverns—of what would be the consequences of one's death, naturally rise in the mind at such a time. Perhaps it might be better that I should never return. Like Lyncurgus, I had made, as I believed, wise laws for the little community at home, and they were to be observed till I came again. I had hoped to see the shores of "sunny France," but mansions are prepared on brighter shores than these. Thus can the soul be anchored, amidst the profoundest depths of the stormy ocean.

I have to be thankful not only that I have thus far escaped the dangers of the sea, but also for several circumstances of peculiar comfort. Our society is composed of a group of agreeable and intelligent travellers, mostly Americans, but some French and a few of other nations. They are nearly all gentlemen. We have in the ladies cabin but two females besides myself—Miss D. the young lady, who with her father joined us in New-York, I find to be interesting, intelligent and accomplished. The other female passenger is Mary E.—a little girl of eight years old, bound from Philadelphia to Geneva, there to be educated under the care of a grandmother. There is not an individual with whom she was acquainted before she was introduced on board, the day of our embarkation. Mr. D. the father of Miss D. is the consistent christian gentleman. His having resided in Europe in his youth and visited it since, makes him a most desirable travelling companion.

You can scarcely conceive how much you may feel at home on the ocean. The cabin is your parlor,—the ship the world—the captain the chief magistrate,—the grand political question, how fast do we get on our course ; and the news relates entirely to the weather. Some of the older passengers, play a covert game to frighten those who are fresh and timid ; though they are careful of the sensibilities of us "weaker vessels," especially if there are any appearances really alarming.

Captain R. is very attentive and polite. He is a real veteran of the ocean, who has seen all weathers, and braved all storms ; and one would as soon expect the mast to be frightened as him. I think he does not much like to be catechised respecting the weather, as I remark, that though he answers politely, it is evidently in a way to make us more afraid ; much after the fashion of one of our Troy ferrymen, who when the waters of the Hudson were in commotion, comforted a squalling lady, by telling her "never you fear Madam—the worst is to come—we are past all safety." This has just the effect which he probably intends, that of keeping us from teasing him with questions, and asking him for information which he could not give. In the description of the ship, and drawings of its different parts, which I am making out and shall send you for our pupils, he seems to take pleasure in assisting me, when his duties will permit, and on this subject answers all my questions with great patience. Whenever he takes an observation he spreads out his chart before us, and shows our own position. I am indebted to his stalwart arm, and firm footing for many a pleasant walk upon the deck, which in our rough weather I cannot navigate alone, or with one whose sea-feet are no better than my own. Sometimes during these walks old Neptune pays his respects to us, by dashing upon our heads a copious measure of his element, which sends us dripping to the cabin.

As a specimen of the Captain's manner of answering the questions of lands-men, one of the passengers said to him (after he had explained that a ship being upon her beam ends means that her decks are perpendicular to the water) and "Captain how far may a vessel turn over and right herself again?" "Why," said the Captain, with great gravity, "the most remarkable instance I ever knew, was of a vessel which in a dreadful storm made such a terrible plunge that all thought she was going to the bottom, and none knew whether they stood on their heads or feet ; but she righted, and on examination, all judged, from the appearance of things, that she had turned completely over, and made

a somerset in the water." "And do you really think she did, Captain?" said the astonished questioner.

*Saturday, 23d.*—Last evening when we were at tea, there was a cry from the deck, "a light—ho!" and we all scampered up to see it. It was from the Lizard Point, on the coast of England. The Eddystone light was also seen last evening, and this morning we had for the first time this side the Atlantic, the cheering view of land. This was Cape La Hague, on the west of France, and we are at this moment sailing with a fine breeze, having a full view of the coast. We have finer weather than we have had since the Sunday after our departure. This moment Capt. R. enters our cabin, "Well, ladies, there is a pilot boat advancing." Good bye, pen and ink, I must see it.

---

HAVRE, Oct. 26th.

On the morning of the 24th, we were told that we were entering the harbor of Havre. While we lay off, waiting for the tide, we scanned with deep interest the various appearances of the coast. We were pointed to the spot where lay Cherbourg, from which the exiled Charles X. had recently embarked for England—the mouth of the Seine—Cape Barfleur—and various other objects; but they lay blue in the distance, and as yet all was like what I had seen before. I descended to the cabin to make preparations for landing. Every thing being put in readiness, my hat and shawl on, I commenced ascending to the upper deck to look out. My feet were arrested ere I had fully ascended, for my eye now caught distinctly for the first time the objects on that shore which I had so long wished to see; and I stood as if transfixed by an enchanter's wand. I wished to call Miss D., for I knew she was not aware of our near approach to the shore; but I had no power to withdraw my eyes from the scene before me. The green heights of Ingouville were on the left, and the city of Havre in full view. The gathering crowd were thronging to the

pier ; and as human beings ever interest me most, I looked among them, more than to dark and massy stone buildings and the new aspects of inanimate things, for the evidence, that I had reached, what was to me a new world ;—and I found this evidence, in the strange costume of the peasantry ;—the long frocks of some of the men ; the singular steeple caps of the women ; and there was a certain something in their manners, which told me I had indeed reached a far foreign land. To this state of rooted, silent attention, succeeded an exaltation of feeling ; so that when we landed—when I realized that I was indeed beholding that ancient world of which I had so often strained my fancy to give me an idea,—when I realized, that through a guardian Providence, my feet had escaped the dangers of the treacherous ocean, and stood again on the lap of my mother Earth—my joy was intense. I could have acted extravagances, but we belong to a race, who seem cold, because we suppress our feelings.

There were however several circumstances, to bring down this tone of mind, in the difficulties which we encountered in landing. It commenced raining while we were in the little boat, which took us from the ship to the shore ; but I felt the spirit of health—renewed health, and of a life's wish consummated in seeing Europe ; and trifling inconveniences were at first unfelt. I must confess, however, that the walk, of perhaps three quarters of a mile, which we were obliged to take through mud and rain, in narrow crowded streets, without side-walks, paved with stones, whose surfaces had become round and slippery—was too fatiguing not to moderate my spirits. But the appetite which we brought from sea, and improved by exercise and fasting, made the sight most welcome of the goodly viands, which Madame Lebourg, the accomplished hostess of the hotel de l'Europe placed before us, in long and agreeable succession ; and this again brought up the tone of our spirits ; and a happier meal I think was seldom ever eaten than our first dinner in France. We all agreed that no cooking could equal that of the French. We found our rooms comfortable, and our beds clean and pleasant.

But I cannot dwell on these particulars now, as I must finish my despatches, which I am to send by that very gentlemanly man, Capt. Depeyster, of the packet *De Rham*.

---

LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

HAVRE, Oct. 30th.

DEAR SISTER :

I will now come to plain matters of fact on the question, how things here compare with those at home.

To begin with the room in which I write, which is the sleeping apartment of Miss D. and myself. I write upon a round table, covered with a red and blue cotton cloth, not much unlike the same sort of things at home. Just under the table, is the centre piece of a polished oaken floor;—an octagon of perhaps eight inches in diameter. Around this, the boards, all of an exact width, and about as broad as a man's hand, continue to be ranged till the whole floor is completed. This is however a different pattern from the other floors in the house, although of the same material, and in the same general style of building. The parlor and dining-room floors are made of parallelograms of oaken plank, about the width and twice the length of a brick, and laid like bricks in a pavement. The stairs are also of oak. The servants clean these stairs and floors every morning, first by sweeping, and then by rubbing with a waxed brush.\*

But my chamber—let us look again at that. Sit down by my round table; and lest the slippery oaken floor provoke your patience, put your feet on this comfortable hearth-rug, which, thanks to the kind attention of Mr. D. has been sent us by our landlady. The room we find is about twenty feet square—up four pair of stairs—a moderate height, as we are told, for a room

\* This part of house-keeping, though common in warm and moist countries, is not much known to us, of the northern portion of the United States.



in a French city. It fronts the Rue de Paris, which is the principal street in Havre. Examine the two windows, and you will find them different from ours. They open laterally like double doors, swinging inwards. Three large panes of glass, one above the other, fill each of the two moveable sashes. A thin, full muslin curtain is attached to them at bottom and top, moving as they move. A loose drapery of thick muslin, as is common with us, is also fastened above each window, and may at pleasure be thrown over brass curtain pins at the sides. Between the windows stands a bureau not much unlike ours. Chairs are ranged along the wall as we have them, but the form is lighter and less clumsy.

Now let us turn to our left. We find on this side of the apartment (except at the fire-place near the centre,) heavy pannel-work of pine. Over the fire-place, which is of moderate size, but immoderate depth, is a looking-glass, large enough, we should suppose, for a parlor, framed into the wall. The fire-place has a marble finish. On the mantel-piece stands a waxen candle, in a flat chamber candle-stick, for which we pay a round price. Below it is a fire-board covered with paper, representing a landscape and lovers, which I believe are common every where. Now look closely at the pannel-work, which I have spoken of, and you will discover that two of the pannels open, and disclose a fine convenient *armoire*, or closet with shelves.

Now let us wheel round, and examine the part of the room opposite the windows. You see nothing but a pannelled wall again—but in it are two pair of large double doors, opening towards us. Look within these, and you will discover two beds, which you will find somewhat novel in their formation. They are fashioned a little like what in some parts of our country are called *bunks*, although the mahogany work of which they are made is carried down with a graceful sweep, and hollowed out upon the sides. The head and foot of the bedstead are alike. The bottom is of boards, and so near the floor that a broom has only space to pass

beneath it. Notwithstanding the bedstead is so low, yet the bed is as high as ours. The distance is filled up with at least three different beds—the first is very thick, of straw—the second, I believe of feathers—and the third of wool. The pillow is very large, and square, coming below the shoulders. If you sleep in one of these beds, settle yourself with discretion, exactly in the middle. You will find there is a delightful elasticity about it, without any of that stifling sensation which one feels from the centre of a full, soft, feather bed.

We have now inspected three sides of the room, and the fourth has nothing worthy of note but the door, which leads into a corridor. But before we go out, let us take a look from the window, which you see opens like a double door, and as easily. The street below is of a sufficient width, and grows wider towards the south. In that direction on the opposite, or east side of the way, is the market. What a motley group are hurrying to and fro! The well-dressed look much like those of our own country, but what odd sights strike us among the peasantry! How strange that the nation most noted for changing fashions among the high, should be the one to keep most tenaciously the old manners and costumes among the low. The Norman peasants are noted for this adherence to ancient customs. Their animals are as singular to our eyes as their dresses. The enormous dray-horses,—the little patient asses under burdens of twice their own bulk,—the odd sorts of carts little and great, with the queer looking harnesses for the beasts;—in short, every thing amuses us,—because every thing is new.

One may discover even by looking on this throng of peasantry, that this is the land of gallantry. It is a grave affair, of which all are rather proud than ashamed. Observe that couple of Norman peasants of middle age! On the man, a long frock, woollen cap, and sabots; and on the woman a steeple cap—her sunburnt face and forehead bare, while the ruffle commencing by the ears, grows to a hand's breadth behind. A long waisted short-gown and a striped woollen petticoat, blue and white, complete her costume: Let these two figures go through

the whole affair of meeting, bowing, and walking off arm in arm like a dandy and dandizette of Broadway, and it will serve as a specimen of what we are constantly seeing in the streets.

Before we turn from the windows we will remark the houses on the opposite side of the way. The material is of hewn stone, originally a blueish tint, but now blackened by time. The style of building is far more massy and solid than ours, and the houses are higher. What we call the first story, or what in England is called the ground floor, is here called the *rez-de-chaussee*; and is used entirely for the purposes of merchandize. In the hotel where we are, the back rooms of *rez-de-chaussee* are used as kitchens, while the front are occupied for shops. The story above, which we call the second, and which in England is called the first, is here called the *entre-sol*; and ordinarily it is not so high between joints as the one above, which we should call the third story, but which in French cities is called "*le premier*," (the first) and generally "*la belle etage*," it being the common locality for the saloon, and suite of apartments for receiving company. By examining the opposite houses, we see that the largest windows and most elegant curtains are on this *premier*, or *belle etage*. Above this are sometimes three and sometimes four stories.

Having now examined the interior of my apartment, and learned what we can by looking out of the windows, let us range about the house. From observing, first the doors which open into the corridor on this floor, and then by examining the stories above and below, you will remark, that exactly the same arrangement of apartments takes place on every story throughout the house. The stairs also occupy the same situation, each flight as you ascend being exactly above the others. In massy buildings the main partitions must of course be carried up, on account of the strength of the edifice. Setting out from my room, if you go up two pair of stairs, you will land in the garret, where you will find some small apartments for servants, taken from the general space. But the most attractive object is a flight of stairs by which

we can ascend to the top of the house, and have a view of the city, and the neighboring country. It is not however very pleasant to see black roofs of houses, and smoking chimneys. Yet there are here some objects of interest. The sea is on the west, while winding round to the opposite side come up the enormous basins in which lie vast quantities of shipping, where the gay pennon of many a nation floats. From this point of view the houses and ships seem curiously mingled together. On the north, is a beautiful glimpse of the hill of Ingouville, where are discernable at the distance of perhaps a mile and a half, the most elegant mansions which we have yet seen in France. We have visited one of them, the chateau which Bonaparte used to inhabit when at Havre. The grounds are pleasantly laid out, and of the most exquisite verdure, with roses and other beautiful flowers yet in bloom. My companion and myself plucked a small bouquet, but our poor *cocher* was so horrified, that I thought I would never dare the same offence again in France. The French, I have always been told, are remarkable for their abstinence from the least depredation of this kind ; and they are rewarded for it by the freedom of access which they enjoy, to gardens and fine grounds, that in other countries are closed to the multitude.

In descending from the top of the house, take care and not step backwards through the trap-door, otherwise you may not escape so well as I did in performing the same feat.

But our warning bell rings, and I must dress for dinner. You wont dine with us then ? Well, good-bye ! When I return, I will give you some account of the entertainment.

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The tables of Madame Lebourg, are arranged a little like ours at the Seminary. There are two of considerable length, crossed at one end by a third. At the centre of this sits Madame Lebourg, performing, with dignity and decision the honors of the repast. Our party, as the latest comers, are seated at some distance from this centre of honor. This is a *table d'hôte*, and as

I am told more after the American, than the French fashion. There were but few ladies besides Miss D. and myself, with perhaps thirty gentlemen;—and oh! the deafening racket made by these Frenchmen, as they went on with their meal, and became animated in their conversation. Such jabbering—there were a dozen talking at once, each striving to be heard above the rest—with such differences of tone, from the grave bass up to the long-drawn treble squeak, into which French speakers not unfrequently run their voices at the close of a sentence. When the tumult and the din increased beyond all bearing, our dignified hostess interposed and these boisterous elements for a while were hushed.

Politics seem the absorbing subject. Accounts are brought of recent fires occurring in the vicinity, doubtless the work of incendiaries. The Liberals attribute them to the Carlistes. Liberalism is altogether the order of the day here, and really I was so much occupied with the subject, that I cannot be so minute with regard to the dinner as you might expect. The changes of the great political drama, affect me more than those of the dishes. But to tell you what I recollect; the manner of setting the table does not differ much from the American. A white table-cloth is spread; there is placed for each person a dining-plate, and one for soup within it; a large silver-fork with a well-sharpened knife; a large napkin, with a small roll of bread; a tumbler, and a wine-glass. You find upon the table, some substantial dishes—but before they are served, a waiter brings you soup. If there is fish, that is offered next. Then each person takes his choice in calling for a dish that suits him. Not a great quantity is sent at a time, and be it what it may—boiled beef, roast chickens, mutton cotelets, or veal *fricandeau*, he takes it with bread alone, (the Americans, however, eat potatoes with meat,) he then changes his plate, and is helped to a small quantity of some other dish. Perhaps the second change will be some kind of vegetables, which are elegantly prepared, and called *entremets*, as being generally taken between the meats. A Frenchman, whatever he eats never puts his knife to his mouth.

After cutting his meat, he lays it down and eats with his fork.

After dinner we go to the salon, and there, are offered hot coffee and *liqueurs*, that is cordials, noyeau, &c., in very small elegant glasses. I found the coffee delicious, and highly refreshing. We used sugar with it, but never cream or milk, which is not even offered. The candles are by this time lighted; and the salon of Madame Lebourg is cheerful and pleasant, and we are here made to feel at home. When I see this lady in the morning, with a cap and *robe du matin*, arranging her house, I would take her for a careful matron of forty. But when she is is dressed for dinner, her hair elegantly coiffed, curled high at the angles of the forehead, and set up in fine taste with a high comb behind, a genteel dress exactly fitting her shape, with a suitable kerchief, I then should think mine hostess might be a belle under thirty. A considerable part of the gentlemen we meet at table seem to be boarders from the city. One of them a lively Frenchman of perhaps twenty five, appears duly sensible of the charms of Madame L. While she is carving at table, which she does in a most *masterly* manner, he is ever helpful; or if she looks as if there is too much noise, he is ever ready to increase it by crying out against it. He generally remains in the salon, where Madame sits engaged working a chair cushion;—in a beautiful pattern, in crewels of different colors. The lady is gracious, but I never saw her give the least token of being particularly pleased with this homage.

The men we meet here, have many of them such enormous whiskers and moustaches, that their appearance is quite hideous. I hope it will be long before American gentlemen adopt this barbarous fashion. There is a young Portuguese that we call Don Miguel, who has really a terrific look. Although he is a young man of a handsome person, (but that the snout is uncovered) you might take his head for that of an enormous black bear.

Madame Lebourg is a politician—a liberal—full of feeling for the good La Fayette—the common father of

the French and Americans ;—and loving what he loves. She was speaking in raptures of the American constitution and government, to some young gentlemen who are here from the United States. One of them told her that her admiration was altogether misplaced—that ours was the mere government of the mob, which fortunately however would not last long ; as it was now waning to its dissolution. We should doubtless in the end have something better, but must expect troublesome times first. That is—we should have the light and blessings of royalty, after we had first toiled through the slough of anarchy. All this was too much for me. I told Madame Lebourg, who expressed much surprise, that such sentiments were not very common among us ;—that on the contrary, we believed that the old governments of Europe were to assimilate to our own, as being more agreeable to natural justice, and the improved state of the world.

By the way, this young American, although agreeable, respectable and gentlemanly, yet on this subject often vexed and grieved me. The English government was his theme,—the English nobility his models,—while our own institutions were treated with undisguised contempt. “ Now,” said I, “ if these are your real sentiments, I advise you by all means, as you are going to visit England, to stay in that country. You like the government, and the order of things there. Very well—you have a right to do so ; and if you remain there, you will make a good citizen. Your opinions will then be useful to yourself, and the country which sustains you ; but such opinions in America, will render you uncomfortable,—will make you a bad citizen ;—and either drive you to mean duplicity, or debar you from political preferment.”\*

But I must think of closing my communications from this place, although there are a number of things that I

\* This young gentleman preceded us, by a few days, in our journey to Paris. Having called at my lodgings one day when I was out, he said he had a message to leave which would please me. “ Tell Mrs. Willard,” said he, “ that I am already twenty per cent. more of an American than when I landed in France.” He is a sensible young man, and I think he will return an American above par.

would like to speak of—such as a drive into the country to a fair, where are sold all sorts of knick-knacks, and little conveniences—a walk to the heights which overlook Havre on the north-west, to enjoy from thence the charming prospect ;—and pedestrian excursions to examine curiosities. The old church attracted me, and struck me as large and rather grand, but I found that I should be laughed at, for expressing such an opinion, which makes me think, I shall not be disappointed, when I see those, which are acknowledged to be sublime.

I have endeavored to get a clear idea of the fortifications of Havre, as this is the only fortified place I have seen, except Quebec. But I find it difficult to understand all the angular points ; and never could follow the projections and indentations, unless I better comprehended the science of making forts. If we wish to go out of the gates, in some places two, and in others three are found, with heavy, solid bridges of stone over the moats. Bonaparte I believe made an entire new wall around the city ;—at any rate, he strengthened and improved the fortifications, and we hear his name mentioned with enthusiasm. Some of the old wall is beautifully covered with ivy. The walls, as I suppose you know, are solid mason-work of perhaps thirty feet—partly falling below the level of the ground, and partly rising above. This stone-work is elevated perhaps a dozen feet or more, and is then filled up on the side next the city with earth, so that by a gradual ascent we have a pleasant grassy walk on the top of the wall. Fine rows of trees are growing to shade it.

I ought not to close, without mentioning a very pleasant dinner, which the passengers have given to our gallant Captain, in consideration of the kind care he took of us on board his ship. Captain R. is altogether an original. I fancy him like Paul Jones, and if we have another naval war in his day, I should like him to have a fair chance at the enemy. It is said that once in this port, by the prowess of his single arm, he cleared his deck of a score of Frenchmen. He had employed them



to repair the ship. Going on board to pay their wages, they came forward in a body, and with menaces demanded money beyond their contract. The Captain's wrath was enkindled; and he smote them behind and before, till they were glad to order their conversation to his liking. But these storms in war, often prove gales in peace; and a more pleasant, facetious, and ready-witted man, when wind and weather are fair, is not to be met.

Our passports, which we brought from home, were taken from us as we landed. When we called at the police-office, they gave us new ones describing our persons, and directed us to call at the police-office in Paris, where our original papers would be returned.

I shall set out to-morrow for Paris, full of curiosity and expectation. Adieu, my ever dear sister.

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## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, Nov. 4th, 1830.

MY DEAR SISTER :

My son and myself in company with Mr. and Miss D.—, Mr. K.—, an amiable young German, and Mary E.—, all under the command of Captain R.—, who was also our banker, left Havre on Monday evening at six o'clock. It was just a month since we left New-York. Our party of six occupied, and filled the interior of the diligence. Miss D.—, and myself sat *vis-a-vis*. The two seats of the interior are too close to each other for the convenience of the passengers, otherwise this part of the diligence would have been perfectly comfortable. The sides were lined with blue broad cloth. Mr. Carter's description of a French diligence is in the main correct; except that we found it a more respectable affair than he and other travellers have represented. But we are informed that these conveyances have greatly improved within a few years; there

being here, as in our country, an increase of traveling, and a competition.\*

The moon was shining in full splendour when we left Havre; and my mind was intensely interested in the scene, which was rapidly shifting, as our diligence hurried along. The part of the scenery of France which I have thus far beheld, has however in some degree disappointed me. To this remark I make a few exceptions. The scenery about Havre had to me peculiar, and, very interesting features, especially on the north side. There the fine chateaux that crown the heights of Ingouville; the walls, and buildings, and gardens, which cover its steep acclivity, bear marks of expense and cul-

\* The following more minute description of a French diligence, is taken from the journal of a young gentleman of our party. "The diligence is a huge vehicle, consisting of two and a half stage coaches, connected, and mounted on four wheels. It is divided into three compartments; the first which is the half coach, is called the *coupé*, the second the *interieure*, and the third the *rotonde*. The *coupé*, which is the most pleasant part, contains one seat capable of holding three persons. The price for these places is greater than for any other. The advantages of this are that you can see better, (having glass in front of you) and that you have plenty of room. The *interieure* comes next. This is a coach of itself, although connected with the others; it contains two seats and is capable of holding six persons. Then comes the *rotonde*; this is also a coach by itself, and is capable of containing six. The entrance to this is in the rear. All this is surmounted by a top corresponding to the railing around the tops of our coaches, but made of oak plank or something equally strong. This top forms a sort of box about sixteen or eighteen feet long by six wide and two and a half high. In this is put all the luggage and every thing else except passengers. The owners are limited however to a certain number of tons. I should have mentioned before a sort of gig-body, called the *imperial*, upon the top of the *coupé* with seats for three. This immense mass is drawn by from five to nine horses, the number depending upon the road. When there are five horses, two are put at the wheel, and three abreast on the lead, with the postillion on the near wheel horse. When six horses, two on the wheel and four abreast on the lead. In this case there are two postillions, one on the near wheel horse and one on the near leader. You may suppose from the manner of putting these beasts together, that they cannot be remarkably high spirited. They are the same kind which are used for the cart horses, with the exception that they are rather lighter built. The governor of this caravan, or whatever else you may choose to name it, is called the *conducteur*. He is responsible for every thing which takes place on the passage. His location is in the *imperial*. As it must be impossible for any two or three horses to hold this mass in going down hill, they have sundry contrivances for increasing the friction.

tivation, beyond any thing I have seen, on similar broken ground in my own country.

When, by the light of the full moon, I had taken my last look of the tall dark buildings of the city,—passed the gate of Ingouville with the strong fortifications and the triple moat encompassing that part of Havre,—ascended the heights and passed the fine chateaux ;—I then looked, to see how rural life appeared in France ; and I found its aspect, though very probably not its reality, was gloomy. The moonlight did not enable me to see the cottages until I was close to them ; and then they appeared but as parts of the soil ; that is, as respected colour ; while in their form they were low from the roof to the ground, and their roofs sharp, like the oldest of the Dutch houses in our country. In the morning I perceived, that they were originally covered with thatch, which soon imbibing moisture, most of them were now completely moss-grown ;—verdant as the ground, when covered with thick short grass, but of a more delicate green. I had read in poetry of moss-grown, and ivy mantled, and had seen it represented in pictures, but I had no idea of it until I came here. The first time of my seeing the true ivy, was I believe growing upon the old wall of Havre.

We passed Harfleur, and travelled along through a level country until we reached the vicinity of Rouen. We then descended a steep declivity into the valley of the Seine, on which Rouen is situated. While our breakfast was preparing, we took a walk to view the ancient cathedral of that place, said to be one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It was yet so very early in the morning that few of the inhabitants of Rouen were in the streets ; and we were obliged to remain sometime on the outside of the building, before we could find any one to let us into the interior.

The gray dawn of morning, and the silence of the hour, were proper accompaniments of a spectacle which struck me with admiration and awe. I had heard of fifty or a hundred years being spent in the erection of a building, and I had often wondered how it

could be ; but when I saw, even the outside of this majestic and venerable temple, the doubt ceased. It was all of curious and elegantly carved stone-work, now of a dark grey, like some ancient grave-stone that you may see in our oldest grave-yards. Thousands of saints and angels there stood in silence, with voiceless harps ; or spread forever their moveless wings,—half issuing in bold relief from mimic clouds of stone. But when I entered the interior, and saw by the yet dim and shadowy light, the long, long aisles,—the high-raised vaults,—the immense pillars which supported them,—all apparently increased in size and distance by the obscurity of the hour, my mind was smitten with a feeling of sublimity, almost too intense for mortality. I stood and gazed ; and as the light increased, and my observation became more minute, a new creation seemed rising to my view,—of saints and martyrs mimiced by the painter or sculptor ;—often clad in the solemn stole of the monk or the nun, and sometimes in the habiliments of the grave. The infant Saviour with his virgin mother—the crucified Redeemer,—adoring angels, and martyred saints, were all around :—and unearthly lights gleaming from the many rainbow-coloured winbows, and brightening as the day advanced, gave a solemn, inexpressible magic to the scene.

On leaving Rouen, we walked up a hill whose ascent was not less than three quarters of a mile. The mud was deep and the weather unfavorable ; yet there was so beautiful a prospect beneath, that I could not persuade myself to take my seat in the diligence until the whole of the steep acclivity was climbed. From its top, one of the finest landscapes in the world is spread out beneath and around. The Seine meandering through its fertile valley,—the city of Rouen with its majestic antique towers and romantic environs,—the islands of the Seine ;—far spreading fields and forests, embosoming here and there an ancient chateau ;—villages,—a fine irregular outline of mountain scenery falling on the horizon in the far distance ;—these were the principal objects of the picture, partly seen as through a vista :—the hill which we had just ascended so steep as to be

called a mountain,\* falling on our right with a strong bold outline over the misty light, through which, as through a veil, we saw the more distant landscape; while further off, on the left, was the fine irregular sweep of the hill which we had descended on entering the city. This is by far the most beautiful prospect we have yet seen in France.\*

As we were riding through the little town of Arquì, about eleven o'clock of the morning after leaving Rouen, I was particularly noticing the cottages of the peasants, which I thought in appearance were altogether characteristic of low-life in France; and I remarked that I should like to enter them. We had not proceeded six rods, before the spring under the diligence gave way, and down went the ponderous machine upon the axle-tree. We all alighted, and the villagers with bustling concern, brought their habitually happy faces around the disabled vehicle. The women, who here seem never to have heard, that their place should always be like the violets, under the grass, were the first to appear. Several of them invited us to their houses, and we accepted the invitation of one, with whose frank and cheerful appearance we were pleased. Her cottage had two rooms, each perhaps, fifteen feet square. The outer one contained utensils for cooking, which were arranged around the wall on nails or shelves, and they were bright and clean. But the floor was so dirty that I sat in a high chair, and put my feet upon the hearth, which was much cleaner, and was raised perhaps a foot. Here the good-natured woman prepared us some excellent *café au lait*,—or coffee diluted with heated milk. She gave us also some good bread and butter, for all of which we paid her, as she doubtless expected we would.

On the whole, I must say, that I consider the scenery of France as much less interesting, than that of America. Yet the fields bear marks of superior cultivation; and there are none of those little inequalities of surface, which ours often present, with stones and stumps of various sizes scattered unequally around. Whether plough-

\* In visiting the *atelier* of the most celebrated landscape-painter now in Paris, I found him employed in delineating this view on a superb scale. If I recollect, he told me the picture was for the King.

ed or verdant with grass, the fields of France are smooth ; and all unsightly objects cleared away. But these level fields are sometimes (speaking rather extravagantly) all you see. No enclosures at all—neither fences or hedges ; no cottages—and compared with our country, almost no trees. The French are a gregarious people ; and are seldom contented to live like our farmers—a single family by itself. But there are villages, and then, miles and miles without a dwelling.

The fruit trees which we saw were mostly apple and pear trees ; and the forest trees, elms ; but they were far inferior in appearance to the same description of trees in our own country. The apple tree, whose bark is peculiarly fitted to imbibe moisture, soon becomes in this humid atmosphere completely moss-grown and moss-covered ; and the parasitic mistletoe is often found springing from its boughs. The elm, instead of shooting forth, as with us, grand branches, almost equal to its trunk, may here be seen—whole forests of it—each tree a solitary stick, with only long full-leaved twigs ; and sometimes these (particularly in the vicinity of Havre,) bending downwards like the branches of the hemlock or pine, from the weight of moisture on their foliage. As we approached Paris, these trees however appeared larger and more like those of our own, and in the gardens of the Tuileries and *Champs Elysées*, there are fine elms ; but by no means equal to the finest of our country.

There is a material difference also, in the climate of the part of France which I have visited, and ours. To understand this difference, it should be considered, that there are two main circumstances, in which countries may vary in climate :—first, heat and cold,—second, wet and dry. As to the former of these, France has a more equal and temperate climate than ours ; on this account it is probably more healthy. We have seen thousands of roses in full bloom since we have been here,—and violets, and many other beautiful flowers ; and the fields are now clad with the richest and most delicate verdure. But as it respects wet and dry, this climate is by no means as regular and pleasant, as our own.

But to return to the general appearance of the country. When we had ascended the hill on leaving Rouen, we kept on a level table land for several miles until we had passed Arqui. We then descended a long steep declivity,—found at its foot a beautiful village, where were several manufactories of cotton. Again we ascended,—had a charming view of the little stream with its village, and again we travelled over a table-land which continued until, at night-fall we were approaching the vicinity of Paris. We found the inns on our way cheerless and comfortless,—the food ill-prepared—yet that the best of any thing. I became exhausted with fatigue and want of sleep ; nevertheless, as we passed some village or place of consequence, especially, where rose the venerable churches with their silvery lights, and grey shadows, I looked forth into the night, full of newly awakened curiosity. At length they told us we were approaching Paris,—we had reached it ;—that was the barrier of St. Dennis—and now, we were within the city. But I looked in vain in this quarter, for the imposing objects which I had fancied. After going through streets which seemed any thing but the elegant Paris of my imagination, we were at length landed at the diligence office. Here we were obliged to wait a considerable time for our trunks to undergo the formality of a search, for such articles as the country people must pay duties upon, if they bring them to the city market.

Our gentlemen left us to attend to the luggage. We were amidst dirt and disorder—fatigued, without even a place to sit down,—and strange eyes seemed to glare upon us. Soon a new cause of disturbance approached. A queer sort of a man accosted me, and said he had once been acquainted with my husband. He spoke English, and might have been an American ; but his impertinence was intolerable, and his appearance bore marks of intoxication. I turned from him coldly, but he seemed bent on annoying me. The return of our gentlemen was never more agreeable ; and Capt. R. was just the man to distance my tormentor ;—who had however, by continuing to claim the honor of an acquaintance with my friends, descended so much to particulars, as to betray himself to be an imposter.

We were in the vicinity of the Hotel de L'Europe, to which we had decided on going; though much annoyed at the diligence office by applications to go to some other. The hotel is in the near neighborhood of the royal palace; and when Capt. R. said—"the King lives there"—I was never more surprised; as the Palais Royal makes no figure at all from this quarter. On entering our hotel, nothing could be more unpromising than the appearance of the lower part. A carriage-way, paved with round stones, passed through from side to side. About the centre was the landing-place of the stairs. But oh these stairs! four long flights of smooth oaken stairs I had to ascend, before we reached the resting-place assigned us. We found however that our beds were in excellent order—and thankful that a kind Providence had thus far preserved us, we sunk to profound repose.

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PARIS, Nov. 10th, 1830.

I have now, my dear sister, been eight days in Paris, and have met much to interest me. We have had our maps of the city, and have been riding and walking about to get an idea of the exterior of things, and to feel ourselves a little at home. When I say ourselves and our party, you are to understand Mr. and Miss D., my son and myself. It was a kind Providence that sent them along with us. Mr. D's example and conversation are precisely what I would wish for my son, and his daughter is to me, every thing that is polite and compassionate. Moreover, we make a most convenient party, as we just fill a coach. In order that our young folks may never be without staid counsel and sober example, when we walk out all together, Mr. D. always walks with his daughter, and I with my son.

From Gen. La Fayette and his delightful family, I have met a reception kind, beyond my deserts or my expectations. But I will endeavor to arrange my adventures a little in the order of time.



After our arrival at the Hotel de l'Europe, (where we still are,) we kept our beds till late in the morning ;—it having been about two o'clock when we took them. When we were dressed, we rang for a servant; (it was mere accident we did not ring before,) and a young Frenchman made his appearance. We had been informed, that we should have nothing given us to eat unless we specially ordered it, although we had taken up our abode for some days. We still continue in the same situation in regard to these matters as with us a traveller, who stops for the night at an inn ;—and yet not quite as much at home neither. At our inns if we call for a meal, we mention perhaps one or two leading dishes, and leave the rest to the discretion of the host or hostess. Here, we must call for every thing we want ; and pay for every article that we have. So many eggs, so many rolls of bread, and bits of butter for a breakfast, appear on the bill ; so that the expense of our eating depends on the quantity, as well as the quality of what we consume.

Although this policy may perhaps be carried to an extent in France which looks like meanness, yet there is far more justice in it, (and probably temperance too,) than in the plan pursued at our inns. There, if you take a cup of tea and a bit of toast, you are charged the full price of a meal, the same as if you fared sumptuously on a variety of fish and flesh ; whereas here, if you live simply, you pay comparatively little.

Our *man chamber-maid* having put our rooms in order, (for Miss D. and myself have here two adjoining apartments,) our breakfast was brought up about ten. It was a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, that is a breakfast where forks are used. The mutton cotelet seems the grand article for these breakfasts. Nothing can exceed the deliciousness of the *café au lait*. The bread is fine, and the butter exquisite. It is served in little flat round cakes, stamped neatly as a fresh coin. The ordinary hour for dining in the hotel, was five or six ; all the time before dinner being called the morning. To us it seems odd to be wished good morning just as the sun is setting ; but this and other queer things are done in France.

Our windows in the Hotel de L'Europe, look out toward the west upon a small piece of public ground, called the *Cour des Fontaines*, which has on the south the extreme eastern part of the Palais Royal. This building fronts the *Rue St. Honoré*, which is divided from us by this part of the palace. On the western side of the *Cour des Fontaines*, is the commencement of that long parallelogram of buildings, which is connected with the rear of the palace, and extends perhaps a quarter of a mile to the north. This is crossed at a distance from the palace, of perhaps three hundred feet, by a wide gallery, the roof entirely of glass, and the floor of marble. At a little distance on the east side of the gallery is an iron railing, and between that and the palace is the *Cour d'Honneur*, where the carriages wait, of those who visit the royal family.

The king's guards hold a parade there every morning; which our gentlemen often attend, more for the purpose of hearing the fine martial music, than for the show. But I keep getting before my story. When our party had finished our first breakfast in Paris, our gentlemen walked out to get a little familiar with the face of things abroad, that they might venture to conduct us; while Miss D. and myself examined the interior, and arranged our little affairs.

The general style of the building is the same as that of our hotel at Havre;—much more solid and massy than our architecture;—the stairway in the centre of the house—the partitions carried up through all the stories—the floors generally of polished oak, though in some cases of brick painted and varnished. Our rooms, and every thing about them, thoroughly clean—the furniture in ample quantity, and arranged for our convenience. Besides bureaux, we have an elegant kind of mahogany writing-desk, with drawers beneath. Mirrors I believe no one lacks in France.

Our gentlemen having returned with some glowing descriptions, Miss D.— and myself put on our things and went forth full of expectation. Going through the *Cour des Fontaines*, we entered by an arched way, (passing beneath the buildings,) the grounds of the Palais Royal—

crossed the magnificent gallery which is occupied with shops of different articles, and soon stood within the garden ; which is an oblong in shape, and surrounded on its eastern, northern and western sides, with a regular building, the lower portion of which presents an astonishing show of various kinds of merchandise. The spectacle is brilliant and beautiful ;—such a change comes at once over the senses from the unsightliness and clamor of the streets, to the beautiful verdure,—the pleasant trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and walks, of this elegant spot, surrounded by all that is dazzling in merchandise, and promenaded by multitudes of the elegant and fashionable. When we had gazed at things in general, we took the rounds under the arcades, upon the finely paved marble walk, to examine things a little more in minutia. And surely, we had never seen any thing, with which to compare the splendor of the shops, that surround this garden.

The parts of the buildings, above the arcades, are supported by stone pillars. Moving at our leisure upon this elegant promenade, how much did we see that was rich and rare and beautiful. You have not the least idea of the elegance of some of the painted porcelain ; and then there are such quantities and varieties of it ;—such exquisite designs of figures on many of the large vases ;—sometimes from ancient fable—sometimes from modern story ;—such elegant landscapes—and then the coloring,—which nothing else can equal. The shops for clocks also:—I could spend days in examining the endless variety of elegant designs, and beautiful figures which they exhibit. Jewelry too, abounds in all its dazzling sheen, and in every tasteful variety of form. And here were caps of blonde, and hats of many fashions, with snowy plumes, and flowers whose perennial bloom out-vies nature ;—while within the rooms of the *restaurateurs* and the shops for fruit, was to be seen all that might incite the palate. We bought a few wearable things, and then returned ; acknowledging that we had now found that splendid Paris, which we had expected to see.

The next day we took a carriage and made a considerably extensive circuit around the city. There is a

strange mixture in Paris of the grand with the mean,—the highly elegant with the dirty and disagreeable. The finest private mansions have towards the street, a high wall with a great door for the passage of coaches, called the *porte cochère*; yet I am told that on the sides of these mansions, opposite the streets, there are frequently gardens, and ornamented grounds. This may be pleasant for families, but it gives to streets a disagreeable appearance. The public buildings, and especially, the public grounds, in many instances, surpass my expectations. The garden of the Tuileries—the Hospital for Invalids—the *Champ de Mars*, in front of the military school—the Garden of Plants—the bridges over the Seine—the churches and palaces;—all these, I must tell you more of, when I have better examined them.

Capt. R. is still here, and has made me his debtor by many acts of kindness and politeness. Knowing that my first object is to visit schools, he took me to see that of Madame M. where his own daughters had formerly been pupils. What Kleber must, by description, have been for a man, Madame M—, is for a woman, a giantess, but of elegant proportions. Capt. R., who is of a good deal more than ordinary height and size, appeared small by her side; and I, (my acquaintances will laugh,) was but a dwarf beside her. Never did I so look up to a woman before; and I doubt whether ever to a man. She had elegant manners, though some mannerisms. Her dress was perfectly adjusted. She gave to the Captain a most cordial welcome, and to me one truly polite. She asked him kind questions of his family, of his own health, of his sea-faring,—and pleasantly chid him that he had before been in Paris without calling to see her. In the course of the chat, the Captain rallied her on her size, or rather her height. She seemed no way displeased, and helped the joke by her own remarks.

When the Captain mentioned to her that I wished to see her establishment, she took me to view every part of it. It was arranged with perfect neatness, and, as I am told, on the ordinary plan of boarding-schools here. The pupils are lodged in a common dormitory. Of course, they must either be left together by themselves,

or kept under constant servilellance. The last, which is the best of these alternatives, is doubtless the one chosen in this school ; for Madame M---. I am told, stands high in her profession. Her hours for meals are almost exactly the same as at our Seminary, though by no means the common hours for eating in private families. She has a pleasant garden where her pupils were walking, as it was an hour of recreation.

The warrior-like visage of the Captain, softened to an expression of grief as he beheld them. The youngest of his two daughters, who was once one of their number, and is said to have been highly accomplished, is now with the dead.

The sculptor David, in another part of Paris, is making a marble bust of this young lady from a portrait ; and I accompanied the Captain to the *attelier* of the artist.

I admired the specimens I saw of M. David's art ; for he has great talent, and has had great subjects to copy. It is he who has made that fine model of the head of La Fayette, from which the plaster casts multiply, for his millions of children in America, the true expression of his paternal features. The head of Göethe, the German poet, which M. David had been finishing, was, in every sense of the word, a great—aye, a sublime head. Lady Morgan's fine contour of face and neck,—her fine features, spoiled by vanity and affectation, I knew from former pictures which I had seen.

M. David left his work, and was particularly polite to me, because he perceived, I had a lively admiration for his performances. And here, said I, is a remarkable head. "The head of a man of great talents," responded the artist ; "it is the American Cooper." My countryman ! I exclaimed, and in such a case how much feeling does one concentrate in that word.

Yet among this marble exhibition of human figure and expression, I marked how nature exceeds art, as I looked at the countenance of the Captain while he stood by the bust of his daughter. He strove to appear as usual—yet stern as was the will within, which bade the muscles of his face not move, and the tears not start ; grief for a

few moments had the mastery ; though its extravagant expression by strong effort was checked. -

On the evening of the fifth, I went with my son to the Italian Opera, to hear Madame Malibran. I also wished to see the dresses of the French ladies, and the general outward appearance of genteel society. The best seat that we could obtain, was a box directly over the front of the stage. It was a good situation for hearing the music, but a very bad one for seeing the performance. However, we had amends for this, in having an excellent view of the whole audience at one *coup d'œil* ; and this, to a stranger, was really worth more than a sight of the actors and actresses.

The form of this theatre is like those I have before seen, having four tiers of boxes ; but it was more splendid—and had more carved and gilded imagery, and crimson curtaining. It was brilliantly lighted by depending chandeliers ;—but the lights of creation, after all, are the ladies ; and they are not ashamed to own it. Who can see the Parisian dames in their elegant costumes, in a fine light, at a suitable point of view, and not be dazzled?

For a time I could not command my attention to the stage. At length Madame Malibran appeared, and amidst deafening plaudits, she made her elegant and oft-repeated courtesy. When I heard the touching melody of her voice, I forgot the ladies and the brilliant show. The piece was "*Otello*" an imitation in Italian of Shakespeare's *Othello* ; and the Desdemona of Madame Malibran is here said to be her *chef d'œuvre*. In the first part, she appeared cheerful and happy ; and her notes were carolled like the morning birds of spring ;—but soon they were changed to the plaintive strains of the songsters of evening. She is called *la Rosignol*, and the nightingale "that sings darkling" is surely her fittest emblem. In this part the "linked sweetness" of her voice was often long drawn out, and often she touched one low and plaintive note, of thrilling power. As the crisis of her fate approaches, she comes upon the stage, having changed her splendid costume, to a plain robe of dazzling white, and gossamer fineness. This might in fashion, have been imagined after the painted vision of an-

gels. Her fine hair, flows down dishevelled;—she seems faint and feeble with excessive grief—and thoughts of her own fate might have produced it. She comes forward—her steps faltering as she moves. She complains to her *confidante* with such pathos of sweet sound, that tears flow from many an eye;—and as she takes in her hand a little harp of antique form, and sings a simple pathetic melody; even the very actress on the stage, bursts into tears of unfeigned feeling.

Madame Malibran was well sustained, especially by the young man (if young he really were,) who personated Othello. But in the after-piece, as she did not appear, I gave myself again to the task of inspecting the audience; having an excellent eye-glass. I soon got a general idea of what is fashionable in ladies dresses for such occasions; for I could tell to my own satisfaction, where was real gentility, and where was its semblance. I never saw so many well dressed ladies together before; but it was not so much new forms of things which I saw, as it was a greater perfection of material, of making, and of putting on. In manners also, one remarks a difference between these people, and those we see at home, under similar circumstances. All seem to live not for themselves, but for others. Nobody looks dreamy—but all are animated;—gentlemen are on the alert if a glove or fan is dropped, and ladies never forget the appropriate nod, or smile of thanks.

My attention thus busy to find something new and pleasing, soon fixed on a group that interested me more than any other. There was an elegant young lady, small, but finely formed, apparently of eighteen, in one of the boxes near the front; matronized it seemed by another considerably her senior. She was attending to the play, while several young cavaliers were apparently watching opportunities to speak with her; which they occasionally found. I admired her manners, which appeared to blend dignity with sweetness, without coquetry, or prudery, or affectation. Her face seemed less formed for brilliancy, than for the expression of sensibility. Her dress was a robe of rose color. A hat of the same hue, surmounted with one white plume, and a mod-

est scarf of white completed her costume. I pointed her out to my son, and when I returned, described her to Miss D—, as the person, whom, of all I saw, interested me most. I have since seen and known her at Gen. La Fayette's soirée—and she is Mathilde La Fayette, the second daughter of his son George Washington.

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It was not until the sixth, that I apprised Gen. La Fayette of my arrival in Paris, which I did by a note : but I was careful to express myself in such a manner, as to show, that I was aware he had no time to devote to his private friends. I said I knew that France trusted in his cares,—the eyes of the world were upon him,—that he must now give himself to the public ; and those who felt the deepest interest for him, and for the cause of which he was the champion, would be the last to wish him on their account, to neglect his high duties.

I thought he would probably get my note in the evening, and answer it the next morning ; or he might possibly make an appointment for calling on me, when I should have some minutes of his time. A man who commands a military force of two millions (which is said to be the number of the national guards)—who has a seat in the chamber of deputies at such a time as this, when a new order of things is to be arranged ;—and on whose opinion such important results are pending ;—such a man must have on his head a mountain of cares, and his minutes are precious.

The morning came and passed, and I got no note ; but Capt. R.— coming in, said he had seen the General, and added, “ he will call on you : as he spoke of your arrival he looked delighted, you know.” It was indeed what I was glad to know. My room was up four long pairs of stairs. I went to Madame Maziau, mine hostess, and told her I expected a call from Gen. La Fayette, and I would like to receive him in a lower room.\* She immediately showed me the rooms we now occupy,

\* After I had become more acquainted with the French manner of living, I could not but smile at my simplicity, in thinking it would be shocking in Paris, to receive a respectable visitor up four pair of stairs.



which are on the *belle etage*, and are the best in the house.

I had just finished moving, and every thing was in perfect order, when a servant by mistake announced, Madame, George La Fayette. I looked to the door and the General entered. He met me affectionately. His heart seemed to expand as to a confidential sister, and he talked to me freely of his family, and of the most important political movements. He gave me a sketch of the revolution,—detailed the part which he himself had taken,—spoke of the present state of affairs, and of the hopes and fears of the liberal party ;—their hopes however predominating, and their prospect cheering. His greatest regret was, that such was the state of public affairs, and such his relation to them, that he had not the time he could wish to devote to his personal friends. I repeated that those who loved him best, would best know how to appreciate his situation. Yes, but he spoke for himself. His friends might be better reconciled to all this than he was.

He enquired about his Troy acquaintances,—spoke of you, my dear sister, and of his young friends my pupils,—of the pleasure he enjoyed there ;—of the beauty of the place, and his recollection of having been there when there was in it, only one small house. His observations in speaking of political affairs, were such as often gave to my patriotic feelings a thrill of pleasure. He said that he had told the Duc d' Orleans before he was king, that he looked upon the government of the United States as by far superior to any other existing. The Duc accorded with him in sentiment, and also ascribed to our country the credit of having given him a taste for domestic life. He told me that the king and queen did not at present receive company. They ought to do so, and he presumed that they would, after a while. He thought, however, that they would wait till after the trial of the ministers, before any thing of the kind took place, as if these should be executed, they would not wish at the same time to be receiving company.

The French ladies, he said, had had no opportunity of paying their respects to *Madame* as queen, but she

had given one evening to receive American ladies. He asked me if I had been to the house of Deputies. I had not. I must go,—he would procure tickets, and one of his daughters would call for me the next morning. Do not, I beseech you, Général, embarrass yourself about me. "I will," said he, "embarrass myself about you; I will have that pleasure." He asked me if I had been to the Grand Opera. I had not. He had not been this year, the excitement of the times had been such, that it would have seemed that he was vain of public applause, had he appeared in any place of the kind; but however, this was now mostly over, and he would have the pleasure to go some evening with me. I did not utter a word, but bowed very low. I did not feel like speaking. I was deeply grateful for the honour he intended me.

When the General had departed, I sat some time to recall his conversation, that it might not escape my memory. His discourse on the late revolution, and on the condition of France, is past and present history, drawn from its original source; for La Fayette, more than any other man of the present day, is making history for others to write, and for posterity to read. It will not require thought and study, for me to remember the kindness of his manner and language to myself.

But to-morrow morning I was to go to the house of Deputies with one of his daughters. I knew, when the General spoke of this, that I had not yet put myself into suitable attire. Perhaps a woman of more timid calculations, would have made excuses on that account;—but I thought it more respectful for me to receive this attention without excuse, when it was proffered; so I made the more exertion to be in readiness.

I asked Madame Maziau to recommend to me, a milliner who would know how to suit my style of figure as to a hat. She recommended *Madame Lasnier Corot*, at whose rooms I made a call early the next morning. She is a lady of somewhat old-school manners; yet not too much of a lady, for a real milliner. She and Madame Maziau are great liberals; almost idolaters of La Fayette, and zealous friends of Americans; and they really

took great interest in my appearance for this occasion. After I was prepared to go out, Madame Maziau told me, I was wearing my hat somewhat too far over the face, and advised that I should set it a little further back. This important affair being adjusted, and every thing on my part in readiness, between twelve and one, *Madame Latour de Maubourg*, the General's eldest daughter, was announced. This lady has nothing in her features like her father; yet she has an urbanity of manner, which cannot be surpassed:—a kindness of accent which speaks to the heart; and her full lustrous black eye beams with sympathetic feeling. She lost a favorite daughter, some time after her father's return from America; and for a time her grief was so intense, that fears for herself, were entertained by her friends. To a little recollection connected with her, I owe a place in the heart of this tender mother.—I had been the means, she said, of pleasure to her daughter. She had been delighted with the reception her grand-father had met from the young ladies of my institution; and had often sung the verses, which they sung on that occasion.

When we arrived at the chamber of Deputies, we were conducted up a flight of stairs, with the meanness of which, as well the want of elegance in the chamber where the deputies were assembled, I was surprised; till I learnt that this was only a temporary place of session, a splendid room being in a preparatory state.

The person who seemed to regulate the galleries, (to which none are admitted without tickets,) gave to *Madame de Maubourg* and myself, seats in front of the President's chair, and the Speaker's tribune. I looked to the extreme left (reckoning from the speaker,) for Gen. La Fayette—but he was not yet in the house.

The seats of the members were arranged much in the same manner as in the legislative assembly at Albany, and the house of representatives at Washington; except that those who speak, face the assembly, not the President. In a little recess of an interesting debate, there was something of a bustle, and I perceived that La Fayette had entered. Several members left their seats to greet him, and almost all eyes seemed turned to him.

When he had passed the morning salution with his friends, he fixed his eyes upon the gallery, and moved them slowly around till they rested on his daughter and myself; and then gravely, but gently bowed three times.

*Madame de Laysterie*, the other daughter of La Fayette was in an opposite part of the gallery, accompanied by her son and one of her daughters. They met us as we were retiring—Madame de Moubourg presented me to them. We walked a considerable distance, they saying many kind things by the way. Among others, they invited me to come the next Tuesday evening to their father's *soirée*. There has not been a day since, that I have not received some marks of attention from some of the family.

On the morning of the next day, being determined to go in the evening to the General's *soirée*; the important affair of head-gear was again to be considered; and I sent for a *marchande des modes* to counsel and consult. Caps were lying about the room; I had been trying them on and my hair was dishevelled—when suddenly Capt. R. opened the door, and introduced Madame George La Fayette. In spite of the plight in which she had caught me, I loved her the moment I saw her. Without pretensions to beauty, she has a face of perfect goodness, united to high intelligence. She spoke of the manner, in which her father-in-law and husband had mentioned me; and used the kindest expressions of welcome. I understood her French better than any one's else with whom I have attempted to converse; and I sustained with her a conversation of an hour;—a great effort on my part, I assure you; and badly enough performed as to the French: but I was sincerely charmed with her, and I think she was sensible of it;—so things on the whole, went off tolerably well. She repeated the invitation before given me by her sisters, and said I must come every Tuesday to her father's.

But I must not be so engrossed with the La Fayettes, as wholly to forget your republican curiosity about royalty;—a commodity not to be seen, thank fortune, at home. I have already told you of the proximity to it, of our hotel. We see the king almost every day—sometimes

through the windows,—as we have now come down to a level with his majesty, and are located on corresponding stories of the two buildings. Sometimes we meet him as he rides abroad in his carriage. He comes every morning to an apartment into which we can see distinctly ; as it is very near us, and the glass of the windows perfectly clear. We perceive that he is sitting for the model of a bust. The artist is at this moment mixing his mortar with a trowel. Two servants are busy in arranging the chamber ; one in livery, and the other with a large clean apron, which almost covers his person. The servants in livery are very gaudy in their appearance. Their dress is of crimson—their coats with very long skirts without lappelles, and trimmed with a variegated lace ; which I take to be of the same kind, as that with which we trim coaches.

The king himself ordinarily dresses like any other gentleman, mostly in black broadcloth. Yesterday, when he came to sit for his bust, the queen and Mademoiselle Adélaïde his sister, were with him ; nor was there any thing in the dress or bearing of these ladies, (to their credit be it spoken) which might not have been perfectly consistent with republicanism. The queen wore a dark silk dress, with a pelorine of muslin falling full over the shoulders, and covering the back and corsage ; and a cap with broad standing borders. Her figure appears to be fine—of course, at this distance, I cannot judge of faces.

The people in the *Cour des Fontaines*, espying the king, began to shout, “*vive le Roi ! vive le Roi !*” Immediately the window opened, (laterally, like a door, you will recollect.) the king issued from it, on to the balcony, bowed three times with much grace, and then retreated. The shouting of the people in the Cour, and the rush of others towards the place, made it quite a lively and agreeable spectacle.

The royal family seems to be very popular. Yet in speaking of the king, the people here often refer to La Fayette. A respectable trades-woman, with whom I have dealt, said, “it is our good General who made the king.\*” Doubtless as king he did make him,—while he

\* C'est notre bon General qui faisait le Roi.

himself stands as the noblest work of God, an honest man. The enthusiasm which pervades the people with regard to him, manifests itself on a thousand occasions. A woman speaking of the state of anarchy, which pervaded Paris during the revolution, said, "Without him, we had been lost.\* When his arrival in Paris was ascertained, every body wept—burst into tears."† His sympathy in the grief of private families touches the hearts of the people, perhaps even more than his public services. He visited, after the three days, each individual of the thousands who were wounded, and all the mourning families of the slain.

As I intended, I went to the General's *soirée* at about half past eight in the evening, and was received by him and every member of the family, as from previous circumstances, I had reason to expect I should be.

Nothing pleased me more, than in the introduction which I received from Madame George La Fayette to her lovely daughters, Mathilde and Clementine, to recognize in the former, my heroine of the Italian Opera. To prevent mistake, however, I inquired if she was there at the time, thus seated, and thus attired; and found that she was.

There were many interesting people at the *soirée*. I had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. Cooper, and his amiable family. I was also introduced to Mrs. Opie. She attracts your notice, first among the crowd, from her quaker costume, worn however with something of a modish air. She uses also the quaker *thee* and *thou*; yet with her fine flow of thought, and occasionally ornamented style of expression, it can hardly be called the plain language. The other sex seem charmed with her conversation. One is reminded by this, of Swift's compliment to Stella.

I was introduced to one American lady at this *soirée*, who has been sometime residing in France, in whom I am disappointed, for I had heard much of her. I talked sometime with her; and though she is a woman, whom in some things I might admire, yet I am confident

\* Sans lui, nous étions perdu.

† Toute le monde pleurait de joie—fondaient en larmes.

I could never like her. She has personal beauty;—that is, symmetry of form and regularity of features,—and she out-frenches the French in tastefulness of dress. She has grace in her movements, and I am told uncommon skill in music. I hear also, that she is a person of sound calculation, shrewdness and discernment in business affairs; and is, (the best of her qualities, if it was turned to a good account,) industrious; but withal, I can read no thought or feeling of genuine benevolence in any line of her face, or accent of her voice; but cold self-interest instead. To me she seems to move, the goddess of her own thoughts; not inviting, but demanding admiration, as her unquestioned due.

Capt. R., by whom I send, is about to depart. After you have read my letter, send it to mother and Mary.\* There is not an hour of the day that I do not think with anxiety on the state of Mary's health; and when the letters which I eagerly expect from home arrive, that will be the first thing I shall look after. I want also to hear from mother, and from you all. I cease not to make mention of you daily in my prayers; desiring that all among you, teachers and pupils, may be taught of God;—may be safe here and hereafter, in his guidance and protection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Accept, dear Almira, the affectionate adieus of  
Your sister.

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TO MR. ———.

PARIS, Nov. 8th, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just returned from the House of Deputies, where I sat for more than four hours, so intensely inte-

\* Miss Mary Lydia Treat, a niece and adopted daughter, whom I had left at Hartford, Connecticut. She was in a feeble state of health; though I supposed her on the recovery from symptoms of a consumption, which threatened her in the early part of the season.

rested, that I had no feeling of fatigue. I do not understand the spoken French well enough to comprehend fully the meaning of the speakers ; but were it a mere pantomime, so important and critical to the state of the world, are at this time the deliberations of this body, that it would still interest me, beyond any other spectacle that could be presented. It is a theatre, where the action of the piece teems with great results, and where the show of human passions is the reality. Never did I witness a body of human beings so perfectly alive, so fully awake to thought and feeling,—and so prompt to action.

The debate respected the liberty of the press ;—whether it should be left perfectly free as in the United States, or partially restricted.

The speakers, unlike those of our legislative bodies, occupy a rostrum which fronts the members, and places their backs towards the President ; whom they do not at all address, but they commence all their speeches with *Messieurs*. Thus placed face to face with those whom they address ;—speaking directly, not indirectly to them,—there is a sympathy between the speaker and the hearers, favorable to eloquence, though not to good order ;—as it excites a degree of feeling in the hearers, which seems, to their sensitive natures, to be irrepressible ; and it breaks forth in bursts of applause, or in hisses and sounds of disapprobation. Such agitated elements reminded me of a storm at sea, and of the mighty force which there bears you along, terrific if not dangerous.

Many spoke, among whom were our good La Fayette, De Tracy, the brother of Madame George Lafayette, Lafitte, the present minister of finance, and M. Guizot, the ex-minister, M. Dupin, the elder, M. Barthe, and many others.

The gentlemen named were all eloquent, but no one's speaking interested me so much as that of M. Barthe. There was in his manner modesty, mingled with earnestness,—grace with force. The entranced hearers were held in a profound silence ; for which forbearance however, they made themselves amends by a full burst of noisy applause, after the speech was closed.



The keep-order men, whose proper appellation I forget, were distinguished in their appearance by broad crimson sashes over the shoulder. Seeing them "hung round with strings," and more dressed than the others—I thought when I first entered the chamber, they might have been some great ones; but I find that in these days of improving taste, finery is more generally the badge of servitude; and simplicity, of power and consequence. These men, at the times of the greatest disorder, went about among the members, calling out, "*A vos places Messieurs! A vos places!*" but to get them to their places was no easy task.

Their hissing, when a speech displeased them, I thought abominable; and by no means a sample of French politeness—to say nothing of legislative dignity. Of course, my feelings were always with the hissed, and never with the hissing; and I was well pleased when they were beaten, as in one instance, at their own game, by the member speaking. As he first rose, his manner was inoffensive, but the sentiments he uttered highly displeasing to the house; and they hissed like a den of enraged serpents;—so long and so loud, that the speaker was obliged to stop. His venom gathered in turn—his color heightened—his eyes shot lightnings; and he stood before them, as the real "horridus" among common snakes. Then throwing himself forth in a few words of wrathful contempt, he ended by whistling through his teeth, *je persiste*, as though he really shot forth a sting.

Yesterday Gen. La Fayette gave me an hour and a quarter of his time. I was delighted to observe that his health of body and mind seemed unimpaired; and although he talked of fearful chances of wars which might occur, and of perplexities which he now suffered; he spoke as one might fancy he talked in his youth, when he so cheerfully, yet so firmly encountered dangers in the cause of America and of mankind.

In speaking of the late revolution, I told him that in America, some of us thought, that the Liberals must have been organized in expectation of such an event; or they would never have conducted things in so orderly a man-

ner, on such a sudden emergence. He said it was by no means the fact, nor would public sentiment, previous to those obnoxious edicts of Charles X. have borne them out, in the bold measures which were afterwards taken. He spoke with great satisfaction, of the effect which their revolution had produced in England. He seemed to consider, however, that it was the fears of the government, and not their love of the people, which produced the course they were pursuing. On another point he said, "they are playing the deuce with us by means of their money, and that which Charles X. carried out of the country. They embarrass our financial operations, and affect the price of our stocks; and they are endeavoring to excite our people, especially in La Vendée and Languedoc, to civil war."

It was, he said, and had been with him a darling object, that this revolution should pass without any blood being shed upon the scaffold;—and his efforts to prevent this, the royalists had seized upon, as a means to weaken the confidence of the people in him. Those who had suffered by the banishment of Charles X. hated Polignac as the author of their fall, and if their machinations really worked his death, they would not be sorry. But their main object was to excite the people to demand it, in order to place the Liberals in the predicament, either to sacrifice their popularity by refusing them, or incur the censure of making a bloody revolution like the former. This was now the dilemma in which they were placed. Had it been early anticipated, it might have been prevented. It was the crowning act of their own folly, that the ministers of Charles had suffered themselves to be taken. They might have escaped, but that they counted on the forbearance of those in power.

In reverting to the scenes of the three days, the General described his feelings, at the news of the first revolutionary movements at Paris, which he received, while enjoying, in the midst of his family, his rural retreat at La Grange;—his immediate decision to go to Paris, not knowing the things which might befall him there, save that trouble, and blood-shed were in prospect,—himself a peculiar mark;—and his parting with

his children and grand-children, who felt that they might never see him more. One of his daughters, Madame de Laystèrie, was in Paris. He went first to her house ; but his friends, who at once rallied round him, persuaded him to remove privately from a place where his enemies would naturally seek him.

Finding himself made a rallying point by the friends of liberty, he thought it proper to take a public station, and he decided on making the Hotel de Ville his headquarters. With the bloody fray, by which the brave Parisians obtained possession of it, you are already acquainted.

He detailed the circumstances of his own removal thither. When he first appeared in the street, he was received with acclamations. Directly there was a hush.—“ We endanger his life ! ” was whispered from one to another, and in profound silence, often greeted with tears, a way was opened, for him to move through the dense throng, which crowded the streets.

As the revolution proceeded, and the prospects of the royalists became desperate, the General received a depuration from the Court at St. Cloud. To the despatches they brought, he wrote this reply—“ The family of Charles X. has ceased to reign.”

His next thoughts, were the formation of a provisional government. His struggles of mind on this point were intense. He would have preferred a republic ; but besides the odium, which former excesses committed in this name, had cast upon it in France, he knew that he should bring a host of foreign foes upon his country. He thought of the son of Napoleon for king—but only to reject him. He was not a Frenchman ; by his education he had become an Austrian. He would probably gather around him the friends of his father, who would dictate to him his father's policy ; and France had already seen enough of military despotism.

Under these circumstances, his mind turned to the Duke of Orleans ;—not as being all they could have wished, but the best man they could get. He had not yet mentioned the subject, when Gen. Gerard, who was lodging in the same apartment, spoke to him of the

Duke. I have thought of him, was the General's answer, and I will not object to him, provided he pledges himself to support the principles of the revolution, and surround his throne with republican institutions. "That he will do," was the reply.

In the morning of the next day, the Duke, said La Fayette, took a bold measure. He mounted on horseback, and rode openly through the streets to the Hotel de Ville. The General there had a conference with him. He frankly and freely gave the pledges demanded; and required a pledge in return, that La Fayette would not abandon him, but remain at the head of the national guard.

The succeeding steps of Louis Phillippe's introduction to the monarchy of France, the General also detailed; but you already know them.

I remarked, that from what I had learned since I had been in France, I feared they might yet have trouble. Would they be able to effect the abolition of the peerage? How was the king disposed on this favorite measure of the liberals? He was against it; but I have told him, said La Fayette, that though we were willing faithfully to support one family, yet three hundred legitimates were too many. The king, he said, could not take other ground than that of the Liberals, on this subject, consistently with his principles, declared in the time of establishing this government. I inquired, (alluding to the King of England's late speech,) if he did not think there was reason to apprehend that Belgium might prove a bone of contention. He said, it was possible; that the French would not allow Belgium to be interfered with. They would do all in their power to preserve peace, but if war must come, they were strong to meet it.

In speaking of the fires of Normandy, he said thus much is true: there have been fires, simultaneously in different parts of the province,—happening in such a way, that they must have been the result of some plot previously laid. "There have been then, intended fires," said the General. "They could not have occurred by means of our party, or we should have known

something about it. Some of the incendiaries have been apprehended ; and every one refuses to the very last to confess who has moved him to commit these acts. And when people give up this life, it must be from some motives which have reference to another ; and hence it is inferred that the priests have in some way, and for some motive, been instrumental in producing these fires."

I have occupied my letter with political affairs, for I think at this time nothing I could write, will interest you so much. The main actor in these scenes too, is the Father of our own country, that venerable republican "*sans peur, et sans reproche.*"—He it is who has rode the whirlwind, and directed the storm of the revolution. I take an interest in politics myself, too. I always did, from a child upon my father's knee. My husband, who was on a smaller scale, a rider of political storms, took pleasure in instructing me in the principles of general politics, which he had made a study. The writing of history since, has kept my little stock of knowledge in play ;—and it has been put into practice in the government of my little empire at home. That I have succeeded in this, so much to the satisfaction of my friends, I doubt not is owing much to the fact, that I have studied in such a degree as I was able, the general principles of government, and the laws of human nature ; and looked forward to what *should be* in education ; rather than back to imitate defective systems.

Adieu.

E. W.

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## LETTER TO MY PUPILS.

Dec. 1st.

MY DEAR PUPILS :

Having now been sometime in Paris, examining things and making observations ; studying plans, and looking over guide books, I understand the city pretty well ; at any rate, I have learned a good deal that I did

not know before : and now I must try a little to put into your heads, what I have been getting into mine.

Well, we will suppose that I had you all here, with your pleasant faces, and that we had on boots of seven leagues. By the way—I have a substantial pair of leather shoes which I bought at Havre, suitable to French mud; to which I have given this appellation. I assure you, that the sound judgment of my countrywomen, is absolutely called in question by foreigners, on account of the manner in which they expose their health by wearing, in all weathers, thin shoes to walk in.

Our feet, being well guarded, we will go forth in grand procession to see Paris, and get an idea of its most celebrated places. Our starting point is the *Palais Royal*, with which you are doubtless (from my letter to my sister) acquainted. I will conduct you in the first place to the *Louvre*, which may be considered as the very heart of Paris. Observe particularly the first street which we cross. This is the celebrated *Rue St. Honoré*. It stretches westerly through the whole extent of Paris, and also for a considerable distance in the opposite direction. Here you will probably find your substantial shoes of service; for this street is in a low situation;—narrow, without side-walks, paved with the square paving-stones, the edges of which are worn off, leaving the tops rounded. The gutter is in the middle of the street, and the probability is, that you will find a stream of liquid mud to jump over; and you must jump quickly too, or you will be in danger from some stupid dolt of a *cocher*, who drives his *fiacre*, with two jaded horses for public accommodation; or some dashing buck who drives a *cabriolet* with his antic one, for his own. Now if you ask me if this narrow *Rue St. Honoré* with its river of mud, passes directly by the gate of the King's Palace, I shall be obliged to say yes.

To show you at once the most beautiful side of the *Louvre*, I will take you to view its eastern front. This immense pile was three hundred years in building. Is it not majestic?—Scarcely, though you are at some distance, can your eye take in its whole length of more

than five hundred feet.\* And how those beautiful double pillars shoot up—and how finely in the finish of their capitals, falls the graceful Corinthian leaf. How solid is this structure of massy stone, fit ornament in peace, or defence in war. It has lately been the scene of blood and carnage, as you may see it by the broken glass of its lofty windows; and you may read it in the characters, which the leaden messengers of death have written on its walls. Mark those women in black, who stand near the palace, weeping over monuments of the slain. They are widows and mothers, whose husbands and sons, fell during the three bloody days of July, for the rights of their country; and they are buried where they fell.

Before you move from this spot, turn for a moment to take a look at the venerable church of *St. Germain l'Auxerois*. It is a work of the fourteenth century, and is decorated with a mixture of Grecian and Gothic ornaments. It looks old, and seems to stand like some aged pastor, whose own decay, more forcibly than his lessons, reminds his hearers of the frailty of earthly things. Now as we turn again to the *Louvre*, observe in the centre of the front, an arched passage with a gate of iron rail-work.—Thither let us bend our steps, and enter the court of the palace. Nothing like the view within this palace-court, can be seen on our side of the Atlantic, and little on this. Indeed it is one of the most remarkable spots in the world. The four sides of the palace, each of five hundred feet in length, surround it. The massy hewn stone of the edifice is ornamented, espe-

\**Note to my pupils.* One circumstance respecting the pictures you so often see of these edifices, is calculated to mislead you as to the actual grandour of their dimensions. When we meet in books the drawings of different buildings, each one is made to fill about the same space on the paper, let it be great or small;—and we thus fail to acquire those ideas of their comparative sizes, which we should get if they were laid down on the same scale. I wish some artist would give us a book of engravings of the principal edifices of the world after this plan. But as we have nothing of this kind, suppose as you read, you take some familiar building of known dimensions as a scale for your own mind. Our Seminary, which is a hundred feet in length (though it will soon be longer) will be a good object for you, and as I give you the proportions of buildings, read slowly and measure them in your mind by this.

cially over the four gates at the centre of each side, by sculptured figures of colossal size. Here is justice, and fame, and piety, and strength, with many other devices in carved imagery.

Let us now cross the court, and pass out on the other side. O the vexation of walking over these eternal pavements of rounded stones.—The pain of our feet, puts the sublime out of our heads.

Now we are without the southern gate, and the *Seine* is before us. You are a little disappointed. You expected to see our own broad, deep, clear Hudson; and it is not here. But you must make the best of it as it is. There is variety in a running stream, passing through the heart of a great city; and its uses are innumerable. For ornamental purposes it has some advantages, over rivers navigable for vessels of size. There are no stores along its banks. These banks, you observe, are artificial, built up of stone-work. These delightful streets, laid along the water's edge, are called quays. Let us now pass on to the *Pont des Arts*, an elegant bridge, where we shall have no interruption by carriages. It is the only one in Paris, built solely for foot passengers; or where we pay any fee for crossing. We are now at its central and highest part. Let us stop and take a view of Paris from this point.

Mr. Cooper, with whom I was one day walking over this bridge, told me there was no view in any other city of Europe to equal this. If you either look up the river, or in the opposite direction, on either side, you see stately private dwellings, public edifices, royal palaces with towers or domes, and with the groves of their extensive gardens. Mark towards the south east those two gray towers, with a venerable religious aspect.—There stands old Notre Dame, where for ages, so many august ceremonies connected with the history of France, have been performed. Those round and pointed turrets in the same direction, rise from the gloomy prison of the Conciergerie, from whence so many victims have been led to execution.

The next bridge as we look up the river, is called the



*Pont Neuf*,\* though now one of the oldest bridges in Paris. The one below is called the *Pont Royale*, because it leads across the river from yonder palace, long the abode of the Kings of France, and known so well by the name of the *Tuileries*. Across the bridge where we now stand (which you must remember is the *Pont des Arts*,) is the Palace of the Institute, now commonly called the Palace of Fine Arts. You often hear of the French Institute, and probably know that it is an association of men of learning and skill in the arts and sciences; and of which it has long been regarded a high honor to be chosen a member. This building was originally the *College Mazarin*, so called from the Cardinal of that name, who founded it in 1662, as a place of education for sixty gentlemen of four different nations. During the French Revolution it was suppressed, and the buildings, together with a magnificent library, presented to the Institute; who now hold their public session in the ancient church of the college.—When I visited and went over its interior, that old church seemed rife, with literary and scientific inspiration. I said to myself, what stores of living intellect, what boundless treasures of knowledge, have here been collected; and have here passed in eloquent strains from mind to mind. The library, though not one of the largest, is one of the best in Paris. Few of you, have any idea of its size. To see a large hall, equal in extent to one of our common sized churches, filled with books, many of enormous sizes, richly bound; together with maps and very large globes, would be to most of you a new and pleasing sight; yet *The Bibliothèque Mazarin* is small compared to others here.

That long building, which stands a little above the Palace of the Fine Arts, is the Mint, here called *Hotel de Mounoie*. It runs back to a distance nearly equaling the length of the principal front, which is the one we see, and nearly the whole ground enclosed by the square is filled with buildings, crossing each other from side to side. In getting an idea of European edifices,

\* New Bridge.

this is a consideration which is apt to be overlooked by superficial observers. They see pictures of the front of a building, and think it is like one of our college edifices, a long and comparatively narrow building, whereas in this case, and many others, it is but one side of an enormous pile.

Before we move from the Pont des Arts, turn and view from this spot the Louvre, and the long connecting palace which joins it to the Tuileries. What an endless pile ! Within it is that splendid gallery of fourteen hundred feet in length, where Buonaparte deposited the pictures of rifled Italy, (now returned to their owners,) with the choicest paintings of the French and Flemish schools.

Observe towards the west, those irregular masses called pavillions, which rise above the old Tuileries, still the most splendid royal residence of Paris. Beyond is its delightful garden, with its groves and fountains. Thither let us bend our way, passing along the opposite bank of the river on the quay. Here, thanks to Bonaparte, we find broad walks of flat stones. Observe as you pass, what quantities of books are here exposed for sale. They are to be purchased, in these times of pecuniary distress, for such low prices as would astonish you. Many of those handsomely bound octavoes, you might buy for a franc a volume. Here too you may get poor pictures for very little, but if you insist on good ones, you must pay their price. How delightful the promenade along these quays, where you find commodious side-walks, and the views on the other side of the river unobstructed. We might cross the Seine on the *Pont Royale*, and pass that way into the garden of the Tuileries, but it appears better when entered at the other extremity. The walk along the *quai d'Orsay* is charming, surrounded on every side with agreeable objects. The opposite bank of the Seine here presents in the groves of the Tuileries and the *Champs Elysées* such a degree of rural elegance, as you would scarce expect to find in the heart of a great city.

Now we stand in front of the Chamber of Deputies. Bonaparte caused its magnificent portico to be erected. You would not think it 100 feet in length, so high are

its twelve stately pillars. Observe the elegant carving of the Corinthian leaf, which forms their capital. Look at the grand pediment which crowns them, and the beautiful carved imagery, which adorns its centre, or tympanum. Now face about. I am going to take you across my favorite bridge. This is called the bridge of Louis XVI. I love it for the exquisite views it affords of the surrounding scenery, but more especially for the twelve colossal statues of white marble which are ranged along its sides. These give us the form and lineaments of the warriors and statesmen of other days; and that these modern statues, are so clad as not to offend the eye of modesty, is a most pleasing evidence to me, that considerations of decency and propriety, begin here to have their proper weight.

The good taste of placing these statues along the wall of a bridge, is disputed by cavilling critics; but of what use are works of taste but to please? Whenever I am abroad in this quarter, I am ready to go out of my way, to pass this bridge. I am never tired of the acquaintance of these sages and veterans; and should I meet their shades, I am confident I should know them. The fiery Condé, the artful Richelieu, the dignified Sully, and the chivalrous Bayard, has each his history in his visage. A people who erect statues to their great men, are more likely to know well, and intimately the history of their nation. And even strangers, sojourning among them, will better learn it. For instance, you see here the statue of Duguay Trouin:—you are struck with his fine countenance and figure, but you do not recollect to have read his name in history—or you may remember his name merely, with a confused idea of his exploits. Naturally, as when you become acquainted with the name and person of an interesting man, you will hereafter seek out and remember his history, and you will thenceforth remember that Duguay Trouin, was the celebrated admiral of the *grand monarque*, Louis XIV:—that he took Rio Janeiro in 1711, and that it was he, who gave to the king the occasion of one of his very best sayings. The admiral was describing to Louis one of his naval battles. “I commanded,” said he,

(speaking of one of the vessels of his squadron,) "the Glory to follow me." "And she was faithful to your orders"—rejoined the polite monarch. But we linger too long by these statues. In fact, I am always so fascinated by the marble society of this bridge, that I am in danger of running against something that I should not.

Now we are fairly over the river, and here we see some of the greatest lions of Paris:—lions literally, *couchant*, on either side of the gate, which leads to the garden of the Tuileries. Fear not, but boldly advance; they have turned to stone, or rather stone has turned to lions: and though they grin frightfully, they are like many other "lions in the way," harmless to impede our entrance. Yet ere we give our minds to the survey of this garden scene, let us look a little at the objects in the other directions. The broad, open, octagonal paved space which we have crossed, is called the Place Louis XV. Here in the old French revolution, stood the guillotine, that drinker of human blood, that destroyer of the temple, which God has made for the soul of man to dwell in. Oh! what a pang shoots through the heart, when we reflect that we belong to the same inhuman, cruel race, who guided that instrument to do its promiscuous work, on the christian and the atheist, the monarch and the peasant, the hardy warrior and the weeping child. Of all the victims who here perished, it is Marie Antoinette who is most frequently mentioned.—But it is Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland, that interest me most, particularly Madame Roland; and even now her dying exclamation is on my lips, as I think on these tragic scenes.—Oh liberty, how many excesses are committed in thy name!

Along this way lies my road to church. Sometimes my friend, Mr. D— and myself, as we thread our course through the world of French gaiety and fashion, which are abroad on Sunday, pass through the garden of the Tuileries and cross this open space: and sometimes we keep along the beautiful *rue Rivoli* on its northern side, and pass under the arcades of those two elegant and similar edifices, which bound the Place Louis XV. on the north; but in either case our way lies west through

that forest, which covers the celebrated *Champs Elysées*. Here we see throngs mostly of the lower classes, with all sorts of shows and amusements. Beyond the forest, at the chapel of the *Hotel Marbœuf*, once its theatre, we find a little assembly of apparently devout worshippers, where the services of the sanctuary are performed in our own tongue. How often have we made the sorrowful remark, that if a space equal to our little chapel were to be marked out, any where along the crowded way, a number equal to, those who worship there might be enclosed.

Those two similar edifices on the north are, you see, highly elegant and imposing in their appearance. You perceive by the pillars above the arcades, that the Corinthian order still prevails. The length of each colonade is nearly three hundred feet; these are, at present, occupied mainly with public offices. The majestic building, which meets your view between them, as you look along up the *Rue Royale* towards the north, is the church *de la Madeleine*. Louis XV. chose this spot, and commenced the building of a church. Napoleon never did any one act, more expressive of the great fault of his character, than when he changed the destination of this spot, from a temple dedicated to God, to a building expressly termed, a temple to the glory of the *grand armée*; himself of course their head. And where is Napoleon? Say to crest-fallen ambition, that the high God gives not his glory to another. This temple is now re-dedicated to religion, and bears the appropriate penitential name of *La Madeleine*. It is unfinished, but yet it is more imposing, in its appearance, from distant points of view, its roof more seen, than that of any other building in Paris.

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## CONTINUATION OF LETTER TO MY PUPILS.

Despite the lions at the gate, we will now enter the garden of the Tuileries; and we are fortunate in arriving at this spot, at three o'clock of a fine afternoon.—

As you are yet standing in the gate-way, you would imagine that the persons walking, were wholly on a belt of ground, surrounding the garden : and that the broad centre had nothing in it but majestic trees. Yet as the eye wanders up the beautiful vista, which opens through them, to give you a view of the palace, which bounds its further extremity ; the scene within, seems by degrees to become peopled with living multitudes. Let us advance a few steps, and you will comprehend the mystery. You see, we are on an elevated terrace, perhaps at this point, as much as twenty feet above the garden, and the crowds which are below us.

Was ever such an assemblage of gay and elegant objects ? Observe how the sun sheds from behind us, his mild and cheering rays over the groves ;—the glittering fountains, where the swans play ;—the groups of white marble statues, gleaming amidst the green foliage,—and the many walks, bordered with flowers. Observe the groups, who are seated under trees, and whose delighted countenances and animated gestures, mark all the spirit of gay conversation. Some sit apart, in deep shade, with books in their hands. The broad walks are thronged, and here you see every variety of elegant costume. Officers from many different nations in splendid uniforms, move onward with martial air ; or perchance bend to converse with the fair ones at their side. Observe that stately beauty, who seems to move like the Juno of the throng, while near her in tasteful simplicity, a young Venus “wins her easy way.” And see those groups of beautiful children ; they are mostly of girls, for boys go elsewhere for exercise. How gaily they sport, while the young nurse runs after them, if they wander too far from their mother ; who, seated in the shade, smiles at their antic gambols. I would, that some of our country women, who send their children abroad with their arms and necks exposed, could see, with what judgment as well as taste, these healthy and beautiful creatures are attired.

One day I was walking in this garden, near one of the enclosures for flowers, which it is forbidden to enter, when a little sportful girl with laughing eyes and

curling hair, crept under the enclosure, on to the forbidden ground. The nurse, a pretty young woman, perceived, but might not follow her. The mother too, half angry and half pleased, left her seat. The French have an absolute horror of destroying the least thing, or plucking a single flower from public grounds. But the little lawless urchin ran over the plants, picked the flowers and held them up and laughed; to the delight of all around, except mother and nurse, who stood leaning over the rail, vainly coaxing her to come forth.

Have you observed that this broad opening, which gives us, as we look through the trees, a view of the palace of the Tuileries on the east, extends westerly through the groves of the *Champs Elysees*, and the elegant villas beyond; the ground rising by a gradual acclivity, until the vista is closed, and crowned with a triumphal arch. This too was erected by Buonaparte, and it now stands, as truly the monument of himself;—elevated above all surrounding objects, grand in its outline, but exciting sorrow, that it is unfinished and incomplete; thus giving less satisfaction to the beholder, than some humble, yet finished abode of peace and virtue.

But we forget, say you, the gay garden below us, where we are going to join that cheerful throng, and examine those beautiful statues. No—my dear girls, I shall not take you to examine those statues. If your mothers were here, I would leave you sitting on these shaded benches, and conduct them through the walks, and they would return and bid you depart for our own America; where the eye of modesty is not publicly affronted; and where vergin delicacy can walk abroad without a blush.

You have seen this garden in its fairest light. The French are at home here. We, of America, are at home by our own fire-sides. And truly I believe, that far more happiness is found in our own state of society. Men here, seem all devotion to women: love and gallantry are the pervading spirit. But it is rarely that innocent love, where the worthy youth seeks to win the heart of his chosen one, that they may be united in

honorable marriage. Marriage is here a matter of traffic, especially, among such as daily display their elegance and fashion in this garden. Girls are watched. Love is an affair of their mothers, not of theirs. They are bargained away, often sent for from their boarding-schools, to be married to men whom they have never seen; and they go to the altar, delighted that they are now to be no longer guarded; but henceforth free to frequent the haunts of amusement, and receive uncensured the attentions of men.

We will no longer stand moralizing at the garden-gate of the Tuileries. I take you now, along its terrace on the northern side. Look at the countenances of the crowds you here meet, and you will lose the impression, which the first glare of the scene cannot fail of giving, that this is all but the garden of Paradise itself. You meet many that seem moody; some with a deep gloom; and others, where malignant passions seem shooting from baleful eyes. Give me for real, enduring happiness, the faces of the throng, who issue from the door of a New-England church, rather than those of the crowds I meet in the Tuileries,—even those who are flip-pant and gay; and if for the expression of personal content, how much more, for that of those virtues, which make a land a wholesome residence;—one, where we may safely cast in our lot among the people, for this world and another.

The critics censure the plan of this garden on account of the regularity, with which it is laid out; not considering that if all public grounds were made to imitate natural wildness, there would not be as much variety on a general scale as now.

The police of this place is very strict. It prohibits all vulgar looking people from entering; even a dog may not come here except it is led with a string, and the rules forbid ladies to enter, if their hair is in papers.

Let us stop a moment in this spot, which looks across the *Rue Rivoli*, up a beautiful new street, called the *Rue Castiglione*. Our countrymen, Mr. Carter, who has written fine descriptions of Paris, says the *Rue Rivoli*, the *Rue de la Paix*, and the Boulevards, are its on-



ly handsome streets; an assertion with which the French are displeased; and indeed it is too sweeping a remark. That noble pillar of bronze, which stands directly before us, you will not need me to tell you, if you have ever examined views of Paris, is the column of the *Place Vendôme*; made of the melted cannon, which the army of Bonaparte, took from the Austrians at the battle of Austerlitz. It is constructed after the model of Trajan's pillar at Rome; and is another monument of the greatness, and the fall of Bonaparte. A colossal statue of the conqueror, one day crowned its summit;—another day, with a rope around its neck, it was hurled to the ground. The fine street which opens beyond the column, is the *Rue de la Paix*.

We will still keep along the northern terrace. You perceive as you advance towards the palace, that the terrace gradually descends, to the level of the central part of the garden. As we stand in the front of this once gay, but now deserted abode of kings, the whole ground is on a perfect level. There is a certain something to our ears in the word palaces—things not found in our republican land—which is imposing, and we almost fancy a kind of glory surrounding them, so that when we see them, we are at first disappointed;—nothing but stone, and mortar, and window-glass, after all:—it may be in greater quantities, than in ordinary houses, and more curiously wrought, but still this is all. The present plans of building, not uncommon in great cities, where a number of private dwellings are so put together as to resemble one grand palace, takes from them, even this advantage.\*

Passing along the beautiful walk, in front of the palace, we have reached its centre; and now we will make our exit under a grand arched way, where we shall see the magnificent stair-ways on each side.

We are now on the eastern side and within the court of the Tuileries, surrounded, as you see, on three sides,

\* In London, in the new city of Edinburgh, and at the La Fayette Place in New-York, are buildings more imposing in their appearance, than palaces ordinarily are.

by piles of royal buildings.\* On the remaining, or eastern side parallel with the palace, is a tall, massy iron railing, finished on the top with *fleurs de lis*, as is the case with all the royal enclosures. The king's guards were wont, in former times, to watch here, and now military parades are frequently seen. Here begin again those feet-annoying pavements. The gate of the court, leads us to the *Place Carousel*. That elegant arch before us, still speaks of the former emperor of the French. It was erected by him after the model of Nero's triumphal arch at Rome, and it was still his own loved image that surmounted it. The arch remains entire, but the statue is removed.

In crossing the *Place Carousel*, we must look well about us. We shall find such throngs of carriages dashing along on all sides, that when we are fairly on our way, we must keep our eyes in every direction, and hasten with all vigilance over the dangerous spot. Now we have passed it, nothing remains to complete the expedition in hand, but to thread our way through narrow and dirty streets, to our starting point, the vicinity of the Palais Royal.

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## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, Dec. 2d, 1830.

DEAR SISTER :

We have made several excursions into the environs of Paris. The principal objects of curiosity, which these have yet afforded us, are the palaces of St. Cloud and Versailles.

I do not wonder that Bonaparte preferred St. Cloud to the other royal residences. The palace itself is comparatively small, being about 150 feet in length. Its

\* Bonaparte intended to have connected the Tuileries to the Louvre, on the northern side; and with this view, caused a connecting building to be commenced, which was continued from the Tuileries easterly, beyond the palace-court, and now stands incomplete.

structure, too, is irregular ; but it is so charmingly situated, amidst groves of lofty trees—beautiful parterres—and terraces affording magnificent views ;—there is so much, amidst its art, of smiling nature—cultivated, but not tortured,—that it forms a delightful *tout ensemble* ; and is the more admired, because in this respect, it contrasts so finely with the adjacent palaces. From its eastern windows, it commands an enchanting prospect of the objects around ;—of the Seine, with the elegant villas on its banks, and of the distant “towered city.” On entering one of the apartments, which overlooked a garden yet gay with blossoms, we thought at first that the windows were left without glass, for the sake of the elegant view they commanded ; but on inspection, found the large openings were filled with a single pane, (if so it may be called,) of crystalline transparency.

It was not till the 30th day of November, that we went to Versailles. I was sorry to visit that place, which, for expensive magnificence, is the wonder of the world, so late in the season ; but fearing that we might not be able to see it in the spring, my son and myself took an early breakfast,—settled ourselves in the comfortable *coupée* of a diligence, and at half past ten, the morning fine, found ourselves four leagues\* from Paris, at the entrance of the grand avenue, which leads to the far-famed palace of Louis XIV.

Every thing at Versailles reminded me of what the *grand monarque* himself was in his old age, the decaying monument of an outward splendor, which had dazzled and half destroyed his country. It is grand, yet one sees at a glance, that it is a grandeur, in poverty, and coming decay. This you see in the houses of the city—once inhabited by the first nobles of France ; and in the king’s stables of great size and expensive architecture, in which nine hundred horses were once kept. These we see as we pass up the avenue, widening by degrees, till in front of the palace, it becomes the *Place*

\* The measures commonly used in France are the *toise*—6,395 English feet. The *mile*—English measure, 1 mile, 1 furlong, 28 poles ;—and the *league*—2 English miles, 3 furlongs and 16 poles—that is nearly two miles and an half English measure.

*d'Armes*. The appearance of the palace in this direction, was to me, an utter disappointment. The grand court in front, is separated from the *Place d'Armes* by a massy iron railing, nearly four hundred feet in length, ornamented as usual by the regal *fleur de lis*.

At the gate we found a *cicerone* who devoted himself to our service, as if he did it to oblige a dear friend. He first conducted us to the terrace on the south side ; and thence down a solid and superb stairway, consisting of not less than one hundred and thirty steps, to the orangery below. This is extensive—of solid stone-work, and supported by Tuscan pillars. The orange and pomegranate trees contained in very large boxes, had been removed by machinery, from the gardens, which they adorn in summer, and were now placed in rows along this fine receptacle. We thought their numbers astonishing as we first entered ; supposing as we looked through the long rows, gay and fragrant with yellow fruit and white blossoms, that we saw them all ; but when we had walked through the first range, we made a turn, and other ranks presented themselves ;—and there was yet another turn to be made, and other rows to be seen.

Many of the trees are large, but the pride of the whole, whose nativity and exploits are related by the *cicerone* with as much minuteness and gravity, as would have been those of the *monarque* himself, is called the *Grand Bourbon*. In the reign of Francis I. it is said this tree came into the royal possession, and was then a hundred years old. Francis I. being cotemporary with Henry VIII. of England, in whose reign America was discovered, this tree, if we may credit authorities, was a hundred years old, when our continent was first made known to Europeans. It is still a most respectable looking tree, and may truly be said to enjoy a green old age, and to have more of the vigor of life about it, than any other thing of the same name now existing.

Having shown us the orangery, and the flower gardens in this quarter, our conductor received his fee and turned us over to another. He conducted us into the palace ; up the splendid staircase ; and through its endless cor-

ridors, vestibules, salons, eating-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and galleries. We had but time to glance at their decorations of enormous urns, numerous statues, curious clocks and tables, innumerable pictures, and other regal et ceteras.

Of most things which I see I had formed a tolerably correct idea before I came to France ; but of one circumstance I had not. This is the finishing over head, or of the plafond of the grand state apartments, and of the chapels and churches. And here I often experience a sensation of horror at the sight of certain pictures, which make me feel as if I had unwittingly been made a party to a blasphemous act. We had, in viewing Versailles, been conducted through galleries and salons, where the upper ceiling had been painted to represent the heaven of the heathen mythology. This I liked well enough : it is a fair subject for painting, to present to the eye those beautiful fictions of poetic fancy ;—though if the best interests of morality were consulted, we should as fast as possible, banish from the christian world, the remembrance of these heathen imaginations, where vice is made so alluring ; but still they are not blasphemous.

And when again I saw above me,—Apollo as a beautiful child, with his charriot on the clouds,—accompanied by the young and lovely Flora, with her garlands, as spring ;—by the matron Ceres, in grave expressive beauty, with her fruits, as summer ;—and for autumn, jolly Bacchus, with his vines and grapes, followed by the wintry form of stern old Saturn ; I enjoyed the pageant.—And so, in another salon whose plafond represented Hercules just ascended to the court of Jupiter, and receiving, as the reward of his labors, the smiling Hebe from the hand of complacent Jove. And so also, when the ceiling of the *salle* of Venus, presented the exquisite goddess of beauty appearing in the court of her majestic sire, supported by the snowy plumage of her own graceful bird, and crowned by the hand of the graces ; while to greet her triumph, groups of the devoted lovers of every age were around :—Alexander, and Roxamen, Anthony, and Cleopatra, and many other pairs,

where man in his utmost majesty bowed his soul to the charms of woman.

But when from witnessing these I went to the chapel, rich and highly ornamented in every part,—when I turned my eye upwards to the ceiling, and beheld the impious attempt to paint God the Father as a man—Him, whom the heaven, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain ! I felt that my own spirit was debased and degraded by the sight.

And they paint heaven too, with the glorified body of the Redeemer ; and attempt with the poor colors of earth, to imitate that brightness, which no human being can approach unto and live, to bring before the sight, those joys, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive : and which, probably, whoever shall enjoy, must first be furnished with new senses ; for how else can spirits see as they are seen.

Here, I thought, is the spirituality of our sublime religion destroyed, and in its destruction, the foundation of morals overturned. He, who is accustomed to see in one room the representation of the heathen heaven, in the next that of the christian—from the necessity of the case, far less attractive to the senses, will naturally mingle their ideas together ; and lose, or never acquire those sublime visions, with which God vouchsafes to reveal himself, and his rewards to the pious mind : and he will become attracted by the elegant representations of personified vice, which the heathen mythology presents. And what will be the consequence ? Let the sensuality, the unfeeling selfishness, the mean intrigue and deceit of the court, which so long held here their revels, answer the question.

This vast pile, with all its appurtenances, is said to have cost France between thirty and forty millions sterling. Like extravagance in private life, it brought pecuniary embarrassment and vain regrets in its train ; and Louis XIV. is said to have destroyed the records of his profusion ; but its consequences remained, and his descendants to this day may reckon them, among the causes of their downfall.

The king of France at Versailles, must support a style equal to his residence ; and you will find it difficult to stretch your imagination to comprehend its vastness, and the magnificence of its decorations. It is no less than eighteen hundred French feet (more than nineteen hundred English) in the length of the western facade ; besides the central mass, which projects from the main building far into the garden. If my impressions are correct, it is here that the brilliant *gallerie Le Brun* is situated ; which, with the salles of peace and war on each side, extends two hundred and seventeen feet.—The cost of this gallery must have been immense. It rises to the princely height of forty feet. The light of seventeen large arched windows, is reflected by answering mirrors of equal sizes, with which the arcades on the opposite side are filled. Except the spaces occupied by the windows and mirrors, the entire gallery is of marble, or covered with rich paintings, or gilt sculpture.

The plafond is divided into numerous compartments, each of which contains a scene representing some act or exploit of Louis XIV. Here, he appears in equestrian majesty, at the head of an army ; there, in milder dignity, he encourages the poets and painters ; again, surrounded by the splendors of the court, he receives with ineffable grace, ambassadors in all the varied costumes of the world.

Of these multiplications of the king in his various acts, there are in this grand gallery nearly thirty. A proof that he was willing the world should know that he was a great monarch ; he having caused them all to be painted, and placed here in the principal room of his palace. Jupiter, and the heathen gods, though, as I have said, they are well provided for, have but poor accommodations compared with those the *monarque* reserved for himself.

The theatre is another spot, (though it is now in a ruinous condition) which marks the extravagance that here reigned ; it being so large, that it was wont to contain three thousand persons, each night of the performance of an opera ; which is said to have cost the king a sum equal to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Much of the furniture of the palace, amidst the thrilling horrors which were here acted, during the old revolutions was broken, or otherwise destroyed or carried away. The gardens without, display if possible, a more prodigal expenditure than the palace within.

When I stood on the terrace which ranges along the western front of the palace, and looked abroad over the majestic groves, the spreading and placid waters, the long canal and far vista beyond, I found, for a time, the scene too beautiful for aught but admiration. There was something too, in unison with the feeling excited by viewing the deserted palace. In this place, so lately peopled with kings and rulers,—and thronged with those who lived upon their smiles ; now nought remained but the moveless multitude of marble statues. The waters were still,—their urns were dry, and their fountains played not. Nature herself, on this last day of autumn, seemed like art, her mistress here, putting off her gay attire ;—and in a sombrous mantle of dark, dead green, which my own country never presents, awaiting the final loss of her summer splendors.

But I could not give much time to the pleasing spirit of poetic melancholy. I must hurry over the scene ; and these feelings were soon destroyed by the unnatural and monstrous things which crossed my way ;—such as evergreens,—cut into cones, and pyramids, and all other mathematical shapes ;—and monstrous figures, prepared to spout when waters were afforded them ; and whose forever distended jaws, showed the machinery within.

If inanimate things are ever ludicrous, I am certain that it must be a huge pile, where leaden alligators, and other curious monsters of the deep, are assembled in a ring, (an order these gentry in their sports are not wont to observe,) their tails inwards,—and their broad mouths outwards ; and above these, in pyramidal fashion, colossal lizards and turtles,—and frogs a hundred times the size of those, whose roarings once disturbed the sleep of the people of Windham. Conceive this leaden congregation of amphibia, mostly high and dry, staring at you with their mouths wide open ;—and you will find yourself inclined to laugh at *them*, as they seem to do



at you :—a more pleasing sensation however, than should “sympathetic imitation” (no uncommon thing) seize upon your stomach as they are cascading ; which operation they perform at least once a year, for the pleasure of gaping multitudes, and possibly for their health too.

I beg pardon of the *grand monarque*, for speaking disrespectfully of his frogs, and other cascaders. But although there are in the many, and different fountains of this garden, innumerable naiads and dryads, gods and goddesses, and pouring urns, and other water-pots,—yet it is a fact, that the greater part of the boasted fountains of Versailles, are on the plan of spouting monsters ;—a disgusting and outrageous perversion, and turning upside down of nature ;—against which, I feel conscience-bound to bear my testimony. There is a little of it already in our country ;—but, by all the principles of good taste,—by the lovely streams which dash from over hills,—by the wild cataracts of our mountains, which foam and sparkle in the native “joy of waves,”—by the thunders of Niagara,—and the quiet of our stomachs,—“let’s have no more on’t.”

Within the garden grounds, there are two palaces. The first which we visited, called the *Grand Trianon*, was built by Louis XIV. for Madame Maintenon. The other named the *Petit Trianon*, by Louis XV. as a place to retire in sickness, and as it proved, in death. These are both delightful places. They are low, but elegant and extensive structures ;—regally provided and ornamented, within and without. One room of the *Grand Trianon* is wainscoted with mirror. Both have many exquisite paintings. In the *Petit Trianon*, was born the son of Napoleon. It was formerly given by Louis XVI. to Marie Antoinette, and was with her a favorite spot. On the grounds belonging to it, there is, among many other things, the representation of a Swiss hamlet. The cottages are rural in their appearance, but I was told they had within, been finished and furnished, with all that luxury could devise ; and distributed to particular individuals of the high nobility : Marie Antoinette reserving one for herself ; a place of profound retirement, and mysterious retreat.

In our visits to these places, we went over the grounds, and returned on foot, which it had been thought I should be unable to do. My feet now rue the walking of that day; though while I was performing it, the weather being just cool enough to make exercise pleasant, and the varied scenery carrying me from one species of excitement to another, I was not much sensible of fatigue. After all, I could but glance at the innumerable objects of curiosity. There is within the garden, statuary, which it would take a volume to describe. You find it scattered here and there among the trees,—skirting the walks and terraces,—amidst the waters, or occupying the places, where the fountains play in their proper season.

I have already alluded to the difference in the appearance of vegetation here, and that of our own many-coloured autumn scenery. The trees of France, like her women, seem to have no “sear and yellow leaf;” but rather to grow greener, as they grow older. But it is not after all, a youthful green, like that of spring, but a heavy blackening colour, which speaks of decay;—but the foliage is yet thick, and there are still some flowers. The monthly rose often glistened forth, the most cheerful objects of our walks.

The waters, with which the fountains are supplied, are raised from the Seine at Marly, about three miles north, by grand and very expensive machinery; and thence conducted through pipes to the several fountains. These are distinguished by the names of the “*Grands eaux*, and the *Petits eaux*.” The little fountains play every Sunday, in the spring and summer;—the greater, only on particular days, which the Journals announce Versailles at these seasons, is said to be sometimes thronged with gay company.

The world has but one Versailles, and it is to be hoped it will never have another. Men now understand too well their rights, and their strength, to allow one of their own number, again to fancy himself the state; and to use its united toil, and treasure, to uphold his personal vanity, and gratify his luxurious pleasures.

The course of events has brought about a great change

in several respects, since Louis XIV. held his court at Versailles. No man in Europe then kept house in so splendid and expensive a style. Now, there are many private fortunes, both in France and England, that enable their possessors to surround themselves, with the pomp and circumstance of external grandeur, to a greater degree than their kings. Trade and commerce in this respect, thus put even royalty in the back ground ; while the increased facilities of intercourse between mind and mind, in different countries, enlarge the influence of that republic of letters,—that sphere of impartial moral judgment to which all are amenable ; and which, like the gospel, knows neither male nor female, bond or free ; and where superior merit, either intellectual or moral, can alone be invested with the symbols of greatness. How then is king-craft to hold up its head again as in former days ? It may remain the same in title, but in reality, it cannot again, in enlightened countries be the car of Juggernaut, where the unfeeling idol rides high over the heads of its victims. How different was the condition of the Bourbons, after the restoration succeeding the fall of Bonaparte, from that of their predecessors. The Duchess d'Angouleme, I am told, on good authority, caused the seals of the numerous petitions, presented to Charles X. to be torn off and melted over, and the fresh sticks of sealing-wax, she sold to obtain money for her private charities. How different was this deed, of economy, as well as mercy, from the occupations and expensive spirit of the court, where her beautiful mother, Marie Antoinette presided.

## LETTER TO MY PUPILS.

PARIS, Dec. 3d, 1830.

MY DEAR PUPILS :

If you wish to derive pleasure from the accounts which from time to time I shall give you of Paris, you must take the pains to get some clear and distinct ideas of its topography. The main points must first be secured. Suppose, before we proceed farther, you review on the small map I have given you the central part of the city, which is the ground already gone over.

We took our departure from the Hotel de l'Europe, at the south-eastern extremity of the Palais Royal; crossed, at our first setting out, the Rue St. Honorè; proceeded to the eastern side of the Louvre, viewed its magnificent colonade, and faced about to look at the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. We then entered the eastern gate of the Louvre, passed diagonally through its splendid court, and out through its southern gate; and thence to the Pont des Arts. Here we took a view of the city, marking particularly towards the south-east, the Pont Neuf, which crosses the northern extremity of the Isle de Cùè; from which rise the square towers of the old Notre Dame, and the conical pointed turrets of the prison of the Conciergerie. From this point we saw the long and elegant facade of the mint, or Hotel des Monnaies. Pursuing our course we reached the opposite side of the Seine, in front of the palace of the Institute; pursued our course along the quays Malaquais and Voltaire, without stopping to notice the *Palais du legion d'Honneur*;—left on our right the *Pont Royal* opposite to the Tuileries; kept our course along the quai d'Orsay, as far as the Chamber of Deputies; looked at its beautiful colonade; crossed the Seine on the pont Louis XVI.; admired its elegant statues and the charming prospect before us, and reached the northern bank of the Seine on the place Louis XV.

After inspecting the exactly similar fronts of the two fine buildings on its northern side, and looking up the Rue Royale, to view the noble proportions and majestic

colonades of the church de la Madeleine, we entered the lion-guarded gate of the garden of the Tuileries ; saw its beauties in perspective ; looked at its statues from a distance, as the christian does at the world, only to turn from them and pass away. Keeping the terrace, we walked around to the northern side of the garden, observing its beauties, and those of the Rue Rivoli—stopped a moment to look at the Rue Castiglione ; at the column of the Place Vendome ;—then completing the circuit of the northern side of the garden, and half the eastern—we passed the arch-way in the centre of the Tuileries ; crossed the court on its eastern side ; traversed the Place Caroussel ; passed beneath the triumphal arch of Napoleon ; and last of all, had the mortification to thread our way through dirty and narrow streets, ere we arrived at the point of departure.

I hope you now feel sufficient interest in Paris, to give attention to some of its other important localities ; and a short general description of the plan of the city.

The ground, on which Paris is situated, partakes of the form of an amphitheatre or deep basin, of which the portion already gone over is the central or lowest part. It is about three miles and a half, from the hills of Montmartre and Mount Calvary on the north, to the opposite southern boundry ; and nearly five miles in extent, from Mont Louis, the site of the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise on the east, to the Barrier of Neuilly on the west,—where stands the triumphal arch of Bonaparte, at which we have already looked.

The Seine, running in a north-westerly direction, enters Paris on the south-east. The first bridge we meet, is half a mile from its entrance into the city, and is called from that most remarkable botanic garden in the world, which is contiguous on the south, the *Pont du Jardin du Roi*. After flowing about a quarter of a mile beyond this bridge, the Seine divides, and embosoms the small island of Louviers, which is connected by a bridge to its northern bank, but is uninhabited, and used only as a deposit for fuel. Following the course of the river, we soon find the island Lt. Louis, connected by bridges to each of the opposite shores, and on the north-west to

the important isle de Cité, already mentioned ; on which is the Church of Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, the hospital, *Hotel Dieu*,—other public, and many private buildings.

This island originally comprised the whole city. One might have supposed it was here that it originated ; from examining its map, and observing, that to this point, the principal thoroughfares of the city converge. The two principal streets which continue from north to south, along its whole extent, pass through it. Of these, the most easterly is the Rue St. Martin, which coming in from the north, leads by the pont Notre Dame, on to the Island ; continues its course by different names across it, and passes by the Petit pont into the Rue St. Jaques, on the south. Parallel to this, and at no great distance on the west, is the other street mentioned, called the Rue St. Denis, which crosses the part of Paris north of the Seine, by the *Pont au Change*, and passes the *Pont St. Michel* to the *Rue La Harpe*, and thence along the *Rue d'Enfer*, to the southern extremity of the city. Here is the entrance to those excavations of almost incredible extent, now the subterranean abodes of the dead, and called the catacombs.

At the north-western extremity of the isle de Cité, the Pont Neuf crosses the Seine. On the extreme point of the Island, which projects a few feet beyond the western side of this bridge, is a splendid equestrian statue in bronze, of Henry IV.—that most chivalrous, best-headed, and kindest-hearted of all the French Kings.

About a furlong below, is the Pont des Arts ; and below this, at about double distance, is the Pont Royal. Between these bridges, as we have already seen, the Louvre and the gallery connecting it to the palace of the Tuileries, occupies the right bank of the river, and from the Pont Royal to the Pont Louis XVI., the distance of half a mile, the same bank is occupied by its beautiful garden. Just below this bridge, the Seine bends its course, and flows at first towards the west, where is a bridge sometimes called, from its construction, the suspension bridge ; but sometimes the *Pont des Invalides*, from its contiguity to the celebrated Hospital for disabled sol-

diers, to which it conducts through an extensive garden, appropriated to the use and pleasure of these veterans. The Seine then bends to the south-west, where is the famous *Champ des Mars*, where military parades are held. The form of this area, is that of a parallelogram, a quarter of a mile in width upon the Seine, and running at right angles to it for half a mile towards the south-east, where it is bounded by the handsome facade of the pile of buildings, in which is the military school. The elegant bridge erected by Bonaparte, and called by him the bridge of Jena, conducts from the centre of the *Champ des Mars* across the river. This bridge is now sometimes called by the name of the *Champ des Mars*, sometimes by that of the military school.

The boundaries of Paris, as they existed in the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV., are indicated by the *Boulevards\* interieure*, and as they now exist, by the *Boulevards exterieure*. When Louis XIV. ascended the throne, Paris was a fortified city; but he took the resolution to demolish the fortifications, and make in their places broad and beautiful streets, planted with trees. The northern Boulevard was commenced in 1670, and completed in 1704. Those elegant triumphal arches were also erected, which bear the names of the ancient gates of St. Dennis and St. Martin. On my first arrival at Paris, I was much puzzled to understand how objects so formed and so situated, could ever have been gates. I at length learned that they never were, but were erected on the Boulevard for ornament. The southern interior Boulevards, were not made till several years afterwards.

In the mean time the city was, on every side, rapidly extending beyond these limits. In the reign of Louis XVI. the farmers† of the kings revenue, complained to the king that contraband goods were introduced into the

• Bulwarks.

† The kings of France formerly farmed out their revenues; that is, let them to persons to collect for a certain per centage; in thus giving an interest to the collectors of the revenue in oppressing the people, they produced a state of things which led to many abuses, and was one of the incipient causes of the French revolution.

city, and obtained permission of him in 1783, to enclose it with walls. It is not to be supposed that these walls, which are made to keep out wine, cabbages, chickens, and other prohibited articles, from going to market without duties paid by the owners, are like the walls of Havre, which are made to resist an enemy with battering artillery ; and I had been in and out of Paris frequently, without understanding that these enclosures had a name so dignified as that of the walls of the city.

Calonne, the prodigal minister of the king, wishing to impress strangers with the magnificence of the capital, ordered elegant edifices to be constructed for the convenience of the collectors, at the entrance of the principal streets. These are called barriers. Of these there are at least fifty. They generally present two similar buildings on each side of the way. The space between them sometimes contains nothing but a miserable fence, though at some of the principal entrances, the side buildings are connected by an iron railing, with a double gate in the centre. In 1791 the entrance duties were abolished, and these edifices, called *bureaux d'octroi*, became useless. There is now a small duty collected, which goes mainly to the support of public charities. We entered Paris on our first arrival, by the barrier St. Denis. Being in the diligence, we passed without search, but the officers of the city revenue examined our trunks at the diligence office. I asked what it was for ; and some one replied mirthfully, it was to see if they contained any eggs ; these being one of the articles on which duties must be paid.

The exterior Boulevards are about fourteen miles in extent, and like the inner, planted with trees. They are, however, little frequented ; while the interior form one of the gayest and most interesting promenades of the city. This is particularly the case, with that portion of the northern Boulevard, extending from the Rue St. Denis to the church de la Madeleine. The most fashionable part is the *Boulevard des Italiens*. Here the ample side pavements are of fine flat stones, and are promenaded by throngs of elegantly dressed persons. Flower-girls, musicians, and mountebanks, each in their



various calling, seek to please, and those who can be thus easily amused, gather in groups around them. Sunday is especially the day of gaiety.

The *Theatre des Italiens*, where I heard the delightful voice of Madame Maliban, is situated on the Boulevard of the same name. The grand opera, which is thought to be the finest affair of the kind in Europe, to which, as I have mentioned, Gen. La Fayette invited me to accompany him, is in the same quarter, not directly on the Boulevard, but a little to the north on the *Rue Le Pelletier*. The *Theatre Francais*, where the celebrated Talma used to perform, is in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Except this, almost all the principal theatres are on the northern Boulevards.

The central parts of Paris, within the interior, which are generally styled the Boulevards, have a dense population. The streets are generally narrow, and the houses high. The highest house in Paris is nine stories in height. The way of living in this city is different from ours. The hotels, (for so are called houses of considerable size, whether public or private) are ordinarily so constructed, that the fronts of the lower portion, are devoted to shops for merchandize, except the porter's lodge at the entrance. Then is a stair-way, which is a kind of street in the house, being used by so many persons. Each of the stories is calculated for the residence of a family, the hotel, having one kitchen over another, and so on, of the apartments for eating, lodging, receiving company, &c., so that it is by no means uncommon that one house should contain a number of families equal to, or greater than the number of stories. It is easy to see how, in this way, a certain population may occupy less ground-room, than is possible in our manner of living; where each respectable family occupies a house by itself. Many of the streets are not more than half the width, which ours ordinarily are; and are so narrow that room cannot possibly be spared for side-walks. When we consider, what multitudes are thronging in and out, of these large high houses;—what numbers must be passing through the central parts of the city, to go from one extremity to the other,—how many persons,

business or curiosity must naturally bring there,—instead of wondering that it is difficult for foot passengers, to make their way, and sometimes dangerous for carriages, one is almost astonished, that the passage of these streets can be achieved at all.

You often hear of the faubourgs of Paris. This term, seems to carry the idea that they are places without the city: When the name was given them, they doubtless were, but at present they are enclosed between the outer and inner Boulevards; except the faubourg St. Germain, on the south side of the Seine, which is within the interior Boulevards. You would not be likely to remember them all, should I repeat their names; but it will be well to recollect that the names of Mont Martre, St. Denis, and St. Martin, so often recurring, are names of faubourgs, as well as streets, boulevards and barriers, and are all on the north. The faubourg *Poissonière*, is between that of St. Denis and Mont Martre. West of the faubourg Mont Martre, is that of St. Honoré.

The large faubourg of St. Antoine, on the east, you will often find mentioned in reading accounts of commotions in Paris. The workmen and rabble of that quarter, have a character of ferocity, which makes them spoken of with dread by the Parisians.

The Palace of the Luxembourg, in the faubourg St. Germain, is an object of much interest, particularly as it is now the place of session of the Peers, one branch of the national legislature. It is called from this circumstance the *Palais des Pairs*. Its garden is spacious and delightful. The avenue through the centre leads to the observatory, where observations are made concerning latitude and longitude and other astronomical subjects. The *Palais de Justice* on the *Isle de Cité* is the seat of the highest judicial tribunal in France. The Hotel de Ville on the northern bank of the Seine, near the *Isle de Cité*, is that of the prefecture of the Seine, and of the chief municipal court of the capital. The guillotine stands near it on the *Place de Grève*, being still the instrument of execution.

It is not my intention here to speak of all the impor-

tant localities of Paris. Hereafter you will be able to go with me in thought, where I go. Though these preliminaries may seem a little tedious, you will afterwards find the benefit of giving me your attention, and tracing out every thing on the little map which I shall give you. If you can have access to a larger one, by all means use it faithfully.

Of things that pertain to eating and drinking on a public scale, I shall say little, though they figure largely in our maps of Paris. Of course I do not visit the *Abattoirs*, where cattle and sheep are turned into meat for the market: but I remark as I pass them, that they are not offensive, like similar places in our country. On enquiring the reason of this, I was told it was partly in consequence of interior arrangements; yet it was in part owing to colonies of rats, which are not, it seems, so particular here about their living as with us.

Neither have I visited that immense reservoir of bread stuffs, called the *Halle au Blé*; nor the great vaulted receptacle for wine, called the *Halle aux Vins*; nor have I seen much of the markets, except as I pass them.— But they seem somewhat differently arranged from those in our cities: not so much centering in any one spot, but spread over the city; and not so much for all kinds of food together; but more on the plan of having one market for fowls, another for vegetables, another for fruits, and so on. Eating arrangements make a great show, too, as one goes around Paris. Along the Palais Royal, and through the most fashionable parts of the city, you see splendid rooms, through large clear windows, where every dainty that could tempt the appetite is tastefully displayed. Some persons are sitting at their meals, and others are reading the journals of the day. These are the celebrated cafés and restaurants. Their visitors are mostly gentlemen; but sometimes ladies too, who have their lodgings at hotels, take their meals at these places. The Parisians say, that respectable ladies, especially strangers, go there occasionally; but the gentlemen of our party hold doubts on this point; and though I often threaten them, that as I came to see Paris, I may go to one once; I have not yet made

such a violent out-break : and doubt, whether I shall have the courage to face, their—not reproaches,—but silence.

Neither of mercantile arrangements on a large scale, shall I be able to say much ; but the *Bourse*, or Exchange, where the agents of government, and merchants meet to make bargains and transact business, from its surpassing architectural beauty, should not be overlooked, even in the most cursory view of Paris.

It is situated on the Place of the Bourse, a quarter of a mile north of the Palais Royal, at the end of the Rue Vivienne. This street and the Rue Richelieu, which runs parallel to it, a little to the west, are the richest marts, especially for silks, of any in Paris. Many persons consider the Bourse as the most elegant building in the city ; but to me it is less attractive, than the ancient churches and palaces. Its form is a parallelogram, of two hundred and twelve feet, by one hundred and twenty-six. It is wholly of light colored marble, surrounded on every side by fine Corinthian columns, in all sixty-six ; the centres of these columns being about ten feet apart. The entablature which rests on this splendid colonade, is rich and heavy. The finely proportioned roof has a large sky-light in the centre.

I was told before I visited the Bourse, that there were within it, some paintings, which so resembled bas-reliefs, that I should be deceived. Notwithstanding, the morning, when I visited the building, having got into the spirit of admiration at the simple grandeur of its exterior, I mounted the stair-case, entered the grand *salle*, stood on the gallery above the arcades, to which the central part below, (having the sky-light above) leads in every direction ; then I looked on the other side and fell to admiring the exquisite bas-reliefs. After my son had sufficiently enjoyed the joke, he told me that these were the very deceptive paintings of which he had warned me. I could not be satisfied, till I had passed over, and found that there was truly only a flat surface. This is the most astonishing instance of the kind which I have ever witnessed. This magical power is owing, no doubt, in part, to the position of the pic-

tures, and the fact, that the painter knew precisely what light they would have.

I am sensible that my descriptions are inadequate to give you a true idea of things. Paris is a place of contrast beyond all others; the *ne plus ultra* of all that is grand and all that is mean.

Let me take you through the Boulevards, along the quays, through the garden of the Tuileries, and up the main avenue, which leads through the Champs Elysées to the triumphal arch; and if you follow the general impression, without regarding little meannesses, you will, "on home returning soothly swear," that it is the most splendid and delightful of cities.

Again, follow me through its numerous muddy lanes of streets, where, if there is a house of respectable grade, it fronts inwards, and leaves on the street a high unwindowed blank wall, with a *porte cochere*, something like a barn-door,—not a single tree or shrub, or even a blade of grass to be seen,—where you must take care how you read the words on buildings, or look at the pictures which are profusely stuck up around shop windows at the corners;—you may thus be carried all day about Paris, and return at night in complete and utter disgust.

And these contrasts, which the city shows on a great scale, particular edifices, too often manifest on a small one. There is enough of little mean things, about even the grandest of the churches, if one was hunting after them, to destroy the general effect of the whole; but when the emotion of sublimity strongly seizes on the mind, little opposing objects sink unmarked into shade. But was every thing set forth in words, it would take as many to describe, for example, some little chapel of a cathedral, where stands my lady of wax, with her rag-baby, with branches of coarse artificial flowers, and other trumpery around her, as it would to give an idea of the noble cathedral itself, and it would destroy that effect which the eye (seeing all things in just proportions) may convey to the mind; but which the describer can only give when he mentions the capital circumstances which produced the impression of sublimity in his own mind. I judged therefore, that it would be

more in the spirit of truth and justice sometimes to leave out these things, in my descriptions, and give them as here a separate consideration.

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## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, Dec. 7th, 1830.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Since I wrote you last, I have had the happiness of receiving letters from you and from Mary. I was much gratified with the intelligence they contained ; that Mary's health is improving, and things and persons are well at the Seminary.

My health is good ; and I have formed a number of interesting acquaintances. From Mr. and Mrs. Rives, (our minister and his lady,) I have received a kind politeness. I made a call at their house yesterday, and I have been there once, a few evenings since, to a *soirée*, the only one they have yet given for the season. As I was the oldest lady of our party, the custom here obliged me to enter the room first, and a little in advance of the others, which was rather embarrassing, as not enough persons had arrived to fill the centre of the room. A servant announced us, as we entered, one by one, and we immediately mingled with the company ; not making it a point to pay our respects at first to the lady of the house, but waiting for a convenient opportunity. Dr. Niles, the Secretary of Legation, who has been for some time residing in Paris, seems to take much interest in the affairs of the Americans ; and to be solicitous, that we should so demean ourselves, as to do honor to our common country.

Yesterday I fortunately met at Mr. Rives', *M. le Comte Serrurier*, who is going ambassador from France to our government, in a few weeks. Mr. Rives introduced me to him ; and we had a long, and to me, highly interesting conversation. Mrs. Rives has kindly offered to give me an opportunity of meeting Madame Serrurier at her house previous to her departure.

Last evening, I went with my son to Gen. La Fayette's soirée. Mr. Rives, who happened to be near the door of the first apartment of the suite which contained the General's company, joined us. The rooms were unusually full. We edged along, conversing together—expecting to find the General in the next room; when suddenly the countenance of the blessed patriot, full of benevolence, was beaming upon us. After answering his enquiries about my health, I told him I hoped he was not the worse, for the dissipation of the last evening. "Oh no," said he, "I am all the better for having spent the evening with you!" This he said, not emphasising the *you*, but in just such a way that it might mean, "I am the better for having been amused last evening;"—and I told him I was happy that he had been entertained. It may look like vanity for me to tell you of these things; but it is not my pride alone; it is my deeply filial affection, my reverential love, that is gratified thus to meet a return, where I had so little reason to expect it.

I must now tell you, how it was that we spent the evening together. It was at the *Opera Francais*, usually called the Grand Opera. You will remember that he told me he had not been at a theatre since the revolution, and the first time he did go, he would go with me. One evening before had been appointed, and failed from the illness of one of the performers. It was the evening before last that we finally went. I expected that the people would have cheered him as he entered. But he was in a citizen's dress, and went with a determination, as it appeared, not to be known.

The two boxes next, and each side the king's, were for the evening taken by the La Fayette family. There are places in each for six persons, two in front, and three deep. The General, Mrs. S—. of Baltimore, (a particular friend of Madame George La Fayette,) two of the General's grand-daughters, Col. C—, an officer of his household, and myself, filled the box to the left of the king's. Mrs. S—. and myself were placed in the front seats, notwithstanding our entreaties that the General would take one of them; two of his grand-daugh-

ters had the two next, and the General was quite back where it was impossible for any one below to see him.

The first piece was an opera, "*Le Dieu et la Bayadère*." In this I saw the performance of M<sup>lle</sup> Taglioni, the first dancer in the world. Much of this French opera dancing is what it should not be; but of Taglioni, though expected much, yet her performance perfectly astonished me; and I exclaimed in a *pas seul*, where she seemed divested of terrestrial gravity, and to fly, rather than dance, "this is the sublime of dancing!"

The scenery of the theatre—the splendor of the dresses and decorations—the crowds of actors, all capital in their parts—the perfection of instrumental music displayed by the grand orchestra, who were all so perfect in time, that it was as if one spirit played the numberless instruments—all this was admirable.

After we had been in the theatre about half an hour, an officer entered the box, bowed very low, and presented the General a paper, containing a few lines, written, as I observed, in an elegant hand. He looked rather grave, and perplexed for a moment as he read the paper; then said—"the king has sent for me to come to him. I must go, but I will return." I begged him not to return on my account, if it would incommode him; but he said he could not consent to lose all the pleasure of the evening. Before he returned, the first piece was over; and those of the La Fayette family, in the other box, came in the interval, to greet us. Their countenances seemed a little shaded, and I thought they were uneasy that he had insisted on sitting so far back. Mrs. S— then took her place behind my chair, and all appeared determined that he should take the front seat, when he returned. Just as they had completed the arrangement, he came in, but he refused to go forward. Mrs. S— now refused to take the seat, as did the other ladies also, who were in the box with us. Just then the sweet Mathilde La Fayette came from the other box to speak to her grand father. He told her to take the seat; and though she would not for the world have done an impolite thing by voluntarily taking the precedence of older ladies; yet she did not a moment dispute, what she saw was her grand-father's will.



Thus seated and arranged, we went through another dancing piece. It was the *ballet* pantomime of *Manon Lescaut*. The scenery and the dresses, represented the court of Louis XV. The stiff bows and curtsies,—and hoops and trains, and elbow cuffs,—the frizzed and powdered heads, and enormous head-dresses—the silk-velvet, gold-trimmed, long-skirted coats, and silver embroidered white satin vests,—the little boys and girls dressed like their fathers and mothers, and curtsying and bowing as stiffly,—the dancing of minuets—slow, and graceful, and formal,—it was all pleasing : and the representation was historically true.

Gen. La Fayette was much amused. “Why,” said he, “this is exactly my time!” “*Voilà ce petit enfant!*” exclaimed Mathilde, as a little boy, a sprig of nobility, in a long embroidered coat, and flapped vest, with his hair queued and powdered, appeared upon the stage. Said the General, “I was dressed *just so*, when I was of that age!” “*Just so.*”

That piece went off. But I observed that the eyes of the people, were ever and anon, turning towards our box ;—and when at another interval, we rose from our seats, as every body did, suddenly there was a shout, “*Vive La Fayette! Vive La Fayette!*” It resounded again and again, and was echoed and re-echoed by the vaulted roof. In the enthusiasm of the moment, I exclaimed, “you are discovered—you must advance!”—and I handed him over the seats, unconscious at the moment that I was making myself a part of the spectacle. He advanced, bowed thrice, and again retreated—but the cries continued. Then the people called out “*la Parisienne! la Parisienne!*” You know it is the celebrated national song of the last revolution.

The curtain rose. Nourrit, an actor who, in the former piece had the principal male part, came forward. He was dressed as a Parisian gentleman. His figure was bold, and he bore in his hand an ample standard, which he elevated, waving the tri-colored flag. He had himself, been one of the heroes of the three days. He sung the song in its true spirit, amidst repeated applause. When he came to the part where it speaks of

La Fayette, with his white hairs, the hero of both worlds, the air was rent with a sudden shout. I looked at him, and met his eye. There was precisely the same expression as I marked, when we sung to him in Troy; and again I shared the sublime emotions of his soul, and again they overpowered my own. My lips quivered, and irrepressible tears started to my eyes. When the song was over, the actor came and opened the door of the box, and in his enthusiasm embraced him. "You sung charmingly," said La Fayette. "Ah General, you were here to hear me!" was the reply.

When we descended to leave the theatre, the thronging multitude reminded me of the time, when crowds for a similar purpose assembled in America. The grand opera house is an immense building. In the lower part is a large room, supported by enormous pillars, and used as a vestibule. To this room the crowd had descended, and here they had arranged themselves on each side of a space, which they had left open for La Fayette, that they might see, and bless him as he passed. There was that in this silent testimonial of their affection, more touching, than the noisy acclaim of their shouts. There was something too, remarkable in the well defined line which bounded the way left open. A dense crowd beyond—not even an intruding foot, within the space, which gratitude and veneration had marked. I can scarcely describe my own feelings. I was with him, whom from my infancy I had venerated as the best of men; whom for a long period of my life I had never hoped even to see in this world. Now I read with him his noble history, in the melting eyes of his ardent nation. And I saw that he was regarded as he is, the father of France—aye, and of America too. America! my own loved land! It was for her sake I was thus honored, and it was for me to feel her share in the common emotion. My spirit seemed to dilate, and for a moment, self-personified as the genius of my country, I enjoyed to the full his triumph, who is at once her father, and her adopted son.

There are rumours of wars. I think the people of France, especially the young men, desire it. This, and

the trial of the ministers, are the theme of conversation, go where I will.

Some of my best hours are spent with Mr. Cooper and his family. I find in him, what I do not in all who bear the name of Americans, a genuine American spirit. His conversation on various subjects, particularly his descriptions of scenery, are delightful. He sometimes sets before me the vales of Italy; sometimes he makes me see the white spectral form, of a distant mountain among the Alps; or hear amidst their profound gulfs, the roar of a cataract, which falls to some viewless chasm below. I often tell him, that I hope he will give us a work, whose scene shall be laid in Switzerland, so deeply does its scenery seem impressed upon his mind, and so finely do his words delineate it. One day I told him the report, with regard to his having borrowed the plot of his "Wish-ton-Wish" from Miss Sedgewick's "Hope Leslie." He said, that he had never read "Hope Leslie" in his life, nor had he heard of the subject of it at the time of writing his book. This would perhaps be considered incredible, but for the fact, that he reads little. He prefers originals to copies, and studies nature. My last minute for writing has come. God's blessing be with all my dear household.

Yours, ever.

## LETTER TO MY PUPILS.

PARIS, Dec. 8th, 1830.

MY DEAR PUPILS :

To get an idea of things here you must take into consideration, the very different condition of Paris in respect to the affairs of government, from that of the cities of our own country. The frame of society with us, is very simple in comparison with that here. Paris is the seat of government for the kingdom of France ; and a royal establishment has a thousand offices, military and civil, and of course officers to fill them, and public buildings for their uses, with which a republic, happily for us, is not burdened.

Paris is also the capital, of the province of the Isle of France, and of the division of that province, called the department of the Seine. It is also a great city, having its own organization as such, to maintain. It is divided for the purposes of city regulations, into twelve *arrondissements*, each of which has a mayor with suitable assistant officers, and each a *marie*, or mayor's office. — The prefect or principal officer of the department of the Seine, is a kind of general mayor over the whole. His office is at the Hotel de Ville. This being the people's house, and not a building of the royal establishment, was the reason, as Gen. La Fayette told me, why he erected there, the tri-colored flag in the revolution of July.

We have already seen, that the king is at present residing in the Palais Royal ; but he is expected, ere long, to remove to the Tuileries. We have also seen that, of the two branches of the national legislature, the Peers hold their sittings at the Luxembourg, and the deputies of the people, at the Chamber of Deputies. The highest judicial tribunal in France, is called the court of cassation, from the French word *casser*, to break ; because it has power to break the decisions of the other courts. This court, together with several other inferior ones, holds its sessions at the *Palais de Justice*, as we have already mentioned.

The Police of Paris, is not so rigid as it was in the time of Bonaparte. Then it was so exact in taking cognizance of all the affairs of strangers, that it is said, when a certain foreigner forgot his residence, he learnt it by applying at the office: and it is supposed that he might have stood a good chance to learn even his name, had he forgotten that too,—by the exact description which was kept of his person. The Police Office is on the *Isle de Cité*, south of the *Palais de Justice*.

The fluctuating multitude of Paris is held in check, by the constant watch of a military force. You cannot walk the streets without meeting officers and soldiers in a great variety of uniforms. You cannot go to a theatre, or any public spectacle where crowds assemble, but you find armed horsemen ranked along the way, or moving here and there, as there may chance to be indications of disorder. Of those we see, there are the king's body guards,—other corps of the royal army,—the *gens d'armes*, who are under the direction of the Police,—and the national guards, of whom General La Fayette is chief. Besides these, there is a corps, some of whom we are constantly meeting, called for shortness, the *sapeurs*, though their whole appellation is *les sapeurs-pompiers*—which last word means pumpers; as they are the regular firemen of the city; though from their costumes one would take them for the very last persons to perform that service. They seem as they walk with measured tread, to be of the sons of Anak,—real giants.—They wear a bear-skin cap, pointing directly upwards for something like a yard above the head. They have white leather aprons, covering the front of their military gear; and they keep about their faces all the whiskers and mustachoes that nature gave them, and sometimes more: as I found by once meeting one who had lost a whisker:—and last of all, they carry in both hands perpendicularly before them, an enormous axe; which always reminds me of the picture of that, with which lady Jane Grey was beheaded in the tower of London. Happily they have little to do with sapping buildings, or pumping water; for fires very seldom occur. I have not yet heard of a single one since my arrival in the city.

Of the ministers belonging to the royal government ;—the minister of the interior, resides at the *Rue Grenelle*, in the faubourg St. Germain,—the minister of foreign affairs a little north in the same faubourg, where most of the foreign ambassadors have their residences.—Among others is the American minister Mr. Rives, who lives in the *Rue de l'Université*. The minister of the finances (at present M. La Fitte) has his hotel in the *Rue Rivoli*.—The chancellor of France, and the minister of Justice, have their offices at the *Place Vendome*. General La Fayette resides at a public hotel, called the *Etat-major*, or Head quarters of the National Guards, in the *Rue Chaussée d'Antin* ; which is a broad, pleasant, and fashionable street, a little north of the Italian Boulevard.

The buildings appropriated to the public charities of Paris, form a distinguishing feature of its topography. Of the public hospitals, where the sick alone are received, and the hospices, where those who need charity from old age, unprotected infancy, or infirmity, may be admitted, there are thirty ; besides others, founded by benevolent societies, or individuals. The whole are said to contain more than a hundred thousand objects of charity. The *Hospital des Invalides*, is the most extensive in its buildings, and grounds, for pleasure and utility. I have already adverted to the inadequate ideas, which we are apt to get of the extent of these establishments, from having little in our own country with which to compare them ; and from seeing in pictures merely their facades. The northern front or facade, of this little world, inhabited by the halt and maimed, is in length more than six hundred feet. The southern side, presents the facade of the chapel with its splendid dome, towering to the majestic height of three hundred and twenty-three feet. From its ground plan, which is delineated in our maps of Paris, we perceive what a mass of buildings are here connected together. They are at right angles to each other, and enclose about twenty oblong, or square courts, or gardens. Seven thousand invalid pensioners can be amply accommodated.

The other hospitals are scattered in different parts of the city. They are more generally, especially those of recent date, near its confines. The oldest one in Paris is that of the *Hotel Dieu*, which is near the centre of the city. Here are 1500 beds for the sick ; who are attended by the Sisters of Charity, an order of nuns, held in high estimation for their self-devoting cares in the abodes of distress. As I meet them hurrying to and fro, about the streets of Paris, or see them watching at the hospitals, I know them by their robes of black woolen, the silver cross hanging over their breasts, and the clean, stiffly starched sun-bonnet and cape, with which their heads and necks are covered ;—and which often shows, in the enclosure of its projecting front, a face where religion seems to have exerted its purifying and composing power. All give way as they pass. What contrasts does Paris present, in the female character !

Of the public edifices for schools, that which is the most imposing in its external appearance, and I believe the most expensive in its provisions, is the Military School already mentioned as fronting the *Champ de Mars*. It is under the direction of the minister of war. It was founded in 1751, by Louis XV. for the education of five hundred young noblemen. At some periods, it has been diverted from its original destination, and converted into barracks. The pile of buildings which it occupies, covers an extent exceeding in length, that of the Hospital des Invalides, but falling short in breadth. Like that edifice, the parts which compose it, so cross and unite as to form right angled courts and gardens within its enclosures, of which there are fifteen. The cadets are instructed, as at the Military Academy of our own country, in the arts and sciences requisite to form the soldier. From what I could learn, I was disposed to believe, their standard of scientific attainment, was much inferior to that of the cadets at West Point ; and also to that of the Polytechnic school of Paris.

The Polytechnic school, of which we often hear, on account of improvements in education, here commenced, is also a military establishment. It is situated near the Luxembourg. The number of students is three hun-

dred and sixty. The course and objects of instruction here, were, I believe, adopted in no inconsiderable degree in those prescribed at West Point; as the students, in both schools, are qualified for civil engineering, as well as for military discipline.

Both the students of the military schools, and those of law and medicine, are generally liberals, admire the political regulations of our country, and have for La Fayette, an enthusiastic regard. They are prompt to act, and in the revolution of July, played a conspicuous part. In viewing the buildings of L'École militaire, I was shown a high wall, which some of the young cadets scaled to make their way into the city and join the fight; and General La Fayette, who speaks of them as his children, described to me astonishing instances of their valor, and commanding energies during the three days; which show that if the veteran commanders of France have mainly passed away, she has among her youth the best of material for a new set.

There is less resemblance, in the manner of educating young men in our country and in France, for civil, than for military occupations.—The term Academy, which is here used in reference to the very highest grade of education, has by some means, been brought into use in America, as the name of a grade of institutions, just above our common schools; while the word college, both here and in England, is used to designate institutions, on the whole, inferior to those of the same name with us. There are several colleges in Paris, where youth are received at an earlier age, kept longer, and learn the dead languages more thoroughly, than in ours. But they look to other sources, for completing their literary and scientific education if they expect to be accomplished scholars.

Paris shines preeminent above all other cities, for the facilities afforded to these; and hence it is the place of resort for students, from every part of the civilized world. In the various branches of natural history and natural science, in medicine and surgery, the French professors stand unrivalled. And they are supported too by public munificence, so that the student can come to their



learned lectures without money or price. Nor are the facilities of the student less, in the libraries, apparatus, natural and artificial specimens, provided for his use,—than in the instructions given him. The Royal Library contains seven hundred thousand volumes.

There is nothing in the world so complete in its kind, as the Cabinet of Natural History, at the Garden of Plants. The living animals from every region, and vegetable productions of every clime, are spread out before the student ; arranged to suit the principles, both of science and taste. Although my first object is to learn the state of education in France, particularly that of my own sex, yet no species of information seems so difficult of attainment. In our country, the education of the young, is one of the primary subjects of conversation in the parlor ; and one of the first mentioned in public prints. Here, you are told of theatres, balls, concerts, and politics, but not of schools. Every one knows the names of public singers, dancers, actors and actresses, but no one speaks of teachers ; unless occasionally of learned, and distinguished professors.

Those who labor for the instruction of youth, especially for those of our sex, seem to be regarded as following a servile occupation for gain ; and there is much reason to fear, they too generally regard themselves in the same light.

I have, however, traced out and visited a few female schools. I find them all modelled on the same plan ; and similar to that of Madame M.—, described in my letter to my sister. The common dormitory I find in all, with large halls for common study.

When, in conversation, a lady is described, I frequently hear the expression—she is *parfaitement instruite*, (perfectly educated) followed by the assertion that she can speak a certain number of languages, play on so many instruments, and perhaps to this list it is added that she understands mythology and history, and is mistress of drawing. This is evidence to me not only of the defective, but of the wrong views here entertained of female education. Yet if the female mind *could* become the subject of a proper moral and intel-

lectual culture, how would the evils which abound in Paris be ameliorated ! How different had been the past history of France, if the influence of women had been what it should be !

Nothing I have seen abroad, has so exceeded my expectations, highly as they were raised, as the appearance of the ancient churches. Why I did not get a more just idea of the grandeur of their proportions, I cannot tell, unless it were, that I did not read the numbers which described them, slowly and with thought ; taking some familiar object of known dimensions, with which to compare them.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is four hundred feet in length, and 150 in width, and one hundred and four in height. Now think how vast must be the interior of such an edifice. The material of which it is constructed is massy stone. Look from its entrance through the long, long perspective, till beyond the nave, the objects are diminished, in the distant choir, to mere miniatures of altars,—and candles, and pictures, and statues. The priest as he moves in his pompous robes, and the boys in white linen, who serve him at the altar, are, in size, but as the moving puppets of a show-box—and look far upwards to the vaulted roof ;—and around, to see from whence are streaming those many-colored unearthly lights, which tinge every object with magical hues. They come from more than a hundred windows, three of which are round and of forty feet diameter ;—painted in curious figures, and of the richest dyes. Lower your vision to examine the thifty rich *chapelles*, receding far into the sides between the massy pillars, and peopled by the painter and sculptor, with a moveless congregation of saints and angels.—And hark—that slow and solemn sound, as it rises, at first faintly, then louder, and now swells out in the full tones of the grand organ. It is as if the notes of angels, mingled with the roar of waters. Amidst such a scene, one might fancy, it was the final trumpet ; awful, yet pleasing, as it will sound in the ears of the just.

Now let us pass out of the church, and examine for a moment, from a suitable distance, its exterior. Lift

your eyes slowly,—slowly,—and mark how long a time it takes to raise them to the top of those two square towers. They are two hundred feet in height. Six centuries, these giant towers, yet strong, though aged, have withstood the assaults of nature, and of time. Think of the multitudes, who have thronged, from generation to generation, these lofty and venerable portals. Here, in the thirteenth century, congregated a multitude, to hear one, who preached the third crusade.—But priests with their flocks, and kings with their people, have now gone down to the dust. What now avail the mitres which have here been worn ; or the crowns, with which proud heads have been encircled. All who have here received them from pontifical hands, have not waited for the grave, to show them how unsubstantial is the dream of ambition ;—not he, the Alexander of modern times, who sought the empire of the world ;—whose gaudy robes of coronation are yet displayed, the very mockery of human grandeur. And ye too, ye towers, ye shall one day rock upon your base, and fall. But there is that remaineth ;—a “strong tower, a sure defence to the righteous.

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### LETTER TO MY PUPILS—CONTINUED.

The church which the royal family at present attend, is that of St. Roch, situated west of the Palais Royal, on the northern side of the Rue St. Honoré. Louis XIV. and his mother Anne, of Austria, (who was a great builder of churches,) laid its corner stone, in March, 1653. It is a large and solid structure. Its entrance, or portal, is eighty-four feet in width, and of about the same height ; and it has some very striking ornaments within. I have once attended this church with some pious catholic ladies, who worship constantly here. The assembly was so numerous that it could not have been contained, in what we should call a large

church, but it occupied only a small portion of this. The part of the church where we stood on our first entrance, called the nave, is in length ninety feet. Its vaulted roof is supported by twenty pillars. The continuation of the nave called the choir, is in length fifty feet ; where is the altar, and all the paraphernalia of the Roman Catholic service. Beyond the choir, is the chapel of the virgin, forty-seven feet in length, and ornamented with statues.

This church, like others on the same grand scale, though so imposing and splendid in appearance, is yet a most uncomfortable place for the worshipper. There are no pews as with us ; but chairs with flag bottoms, like ours for kitchen use ; with lower ones of a similar kind for kneeling. These were placed, by hundreds, for the accommodation of the assembly. But beneath our feet was the cold stone pavement. This splendid church with its costly ornaments, and these mean looking chairs, form another of those contrasts, which one so often meets in Paris.

After the service was ended, a preacher mounted a pulpit, attached to one of the pillars which surround the nave ; of course not in the choir, where the service was performed. The congregation gathered around him ;—those in the front of the preacher looking diagonally across the church.

This pulpit is considered as quite a curiosity. Colossal statues of the four evangelists form its base. Above them, rises a winged genius, who with outstretched arms supports the body of the pulpit. Another genius meant to represent Truth, throws back a mimic curtain, representing the Veil of Error. This is so arranged, as to form the sounding-board behind the speaker.

A French writer, makes this sensible remark concerning the ornaments of this church. “There reigns in the *tout ensemble* of the church of St. Roch, a marked intention to strike the imagination, which makes itself too much perceived. Such curiosities as it contains, are not in my opinion, agreeable to the grave and reverential dispositions of piety.” The preaching of a Massillon or a Bourdéloue, would not have been in

keeping with this place ;—but it suited exactly with the oratorical flourish of the over-animatèd preacher, whom I heard. At least, such was my opinion. He was, however, a favorite orator with the ladies, whom I accompanied, who perhaps were better judges. His subject was the church ;—the church in its divine miraculous powers ;—the church, now in danger, and needing the most vigorous aid of its adherents. Of the meek and lowly Jesus, who went about doing good, little was said.

After the sermon was ended, my attentive friends placed me in a favorable position to get a near view of the ladies of the royal family, whom I had seen, as they sat in a kind of pew, constructed above one of the side chapels of the church. The lady who first descended was Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the king's sister ; next was the queen—then the princesses Louise and Marie. I took the first lady for the queen, and so it seems did a poor woman, who knelt and presented a petition. Mademoiselle d'Orleans took the paper,—gave it, and directed the attention of the suppliant to the queen ; to whom she spoke a few words, which were listened to with graceful condescension. The scene was, however, but for a moment. The ladies were in mourning. Nothing in their dress or deportment would have distinguished them from other very respectable and genteel people. The king's sister has an ugly face, but a good person ;—the queen appears to me delicate, graceful, and pleasing, and her daughters handsome.

Republican as I am, I was silly enough to be pleased, that the queen wore a cloak, in fashion and material, like one I had just been buying ;—of a blue-black *gros des Indes*, with a broad velvet cape. I do not however put this important matter altogether on the ground of her royal dignity. From all I hear, and from what I have had opportunities of observing, I like the woman. The enemies of Louis Philippe, who say hard things of him, speak well of his queen ; as being a pious, virtuous, charitable and amiable person ; a frequenter of the church, a good wife,—a setter of good examples to her daughters ;—and to her country-women,—too many of

whom need them. And so I am pleased to wear a cloak like hers ;—or rather to speak in the character, which our poet Halleck gives of the people of my native state, willing that she should wear one like me.

To speak more seriously, poor human nature is sometimes abused for its deference to power. In things without life, the rhetorician tells us that power and force is an element of the sublime :—the sun which warms and fertilizes, and the storm which destroys, alike possess this attribute. And when man pays the homage of involuntary awe to power, found in inanimate things, how can he do other, than reverence it, when associated with the noble faculties of his own species.

The church of St. Sulpice, of which, as well as of St. Roch, Ann of Austria laid the corner-stone, is in the vicinity of the Luxembourg ; and is superior in some of its dimensions even to that of Notre Dame. But I find its general appearance less commanding, inspiring less of religious veneration. The style of its architecture is Grecian, being mingled of the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders. The portico has a magnificent aspect, and the ground in front, is such as to give you a proper point of view. In fact it is throwing away the fine facade of a building, not to allow a sufficient space before it to give the beholder an opportunity of such a distance, as to take in the whole at a *coup d'œil*.

Let us now take a look at this portico. The length of the whole front is three hundred and eighty feet.—At each extremity are two square towers rising to the height of two hundred and ten feet. On a line with these towers, commences a row of majestic Doric pillars, each having a square base of ten feet. The shafts of the columns rise to the height of sixty feet. Over these, is solid work to support a tier of Ionic pillars, which are placed directly above the Doric, and carry the eye up in continued lines thirty-eight feet higher. The pediment, which once pointed upwards between the towers, has been destroyed by lightning. A heavy balustrade now supplies its place, which carries the eye between the towers, in a line parallel with the

horizon. Now turn your eyes downward, and at the foot of the bases of the columns, you perceive a flight of fifteen steps, by which you ascend to the floor of the portico, on a level with the tops of those bases. Upon this floor are other columns of corresponding dimensions, whose grandeur seems increased by their receding into shade. The whole number of columns above and below is sixty-eight.

The interior is grand from its vastness, the whole length being four hundred and fifty-two feet, and its height one hundred. But it seems to me to want uniformity and simplicity ; as not only the two orders on the outside, but the Corinthian and Composite are here found also. The image of the virgin is, in this church, as in most others, the principal figure. Mary and the infant Saviour are represented by beautiful statues of white marble. She stands on a globe, (her infant in her arms,) treading a serpent beneath her feet—her head encircled by a glory. The deep recess, which contains these statues, would be too dark, but a fine light falls in from above, beautifully touching the figures, while all around them is comparative shade.

At the distance of about a mile from St. Sulpice to the southwest, is the elegant edifice sometimes called the Pantheon, though sometimes the new church of St. Genevieve. It is called the new church, because it occupies the site of an ancient one of the same name. The present building is recent, being begun so lately as 1764. The name Pantheon was given it during the revolution, when its destination was changed. Its vaults beneath, were appropriated to receive the ashes of the dead, whom the men of those days wished to honor ; and the church itself was to be their monument. The bones of Voltaire and Rousseau were among the first placed here ; and themselves deified (as one would suppose, by the name given to the monumental temple,) by men, who had become too wise and great, to worship the majesty of Heaven.

Bonaparte, though he still retained the usage of burying here, those whose memory he wished to honor, caused the building to be restored to its rank as a church,

and re-dedicated to its patron Saint ; whose shrine had been on this spot since the days of Clovis and Clotilda, with whom she was a cotemporary. Louis XVIII., in 1822, having stripped the church of a variety of emblematical bas reliefs, representing philosophy, morality, and other deities, worshipped with such bloody rites, during the revolution, caused it to be consecrated by the Bishop of Paris.

This church is, to my eye, a perfectly beautiful edifice. Its dimensions are such as to claim for it the sublime, but the lighter style of Grecian architecture, throws it behind Notre Dame and others, in this respect ; and its elegant proportions give the predominance to the beautiful ;—whether viewed within or without. Take a suitable point of distance from without on the Place St. Genevieve, and you have before you a colonnade advancing from the centre of the church ; which extends to considerable distances on each side of the colonnade.

In front of this, a flight of steps conducts to superb rows of Corinthian columns, six of which stand forward. These are fifty-eight feet in height, and five in diameter. Other columns are seen farther back in the shade, the whole number being twenty-two. Over these is a pediment of perfect proportions ; above which the eye marks with delight as beautiful a dome as the sun shines upon. It is sixty-three feet in diameter at its base, upon which rises, in the fashion of a circular temple, a peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns. On these rests the cupola.

Now enter the church, and stand directly under the centre of the dome. Look upwards, and the concave seems almost fading in the distance. It is two hundred and eighty-two feet above your head. Look around and you will perceive that the body of the church is, in its ground plan, in the form of a cross. The four naves centre where you stand, and each one extends more than a hundred feet from your point of view. The nave between you and the entrance of the church, is perhaps two hundred feet. Mark the white marble pavement be-



neath your feet. It is of mosaic, into which is wrought at regular intervals, in black marble, the *fleur de lis*.\*

Since I have been in France, I learn that there is a strong party, and among them are some of the high catholic clergy, who wish to place religion on its own proper basis ; acknowledging not the Pope, but Jesus Christ, as prime head of the christian church. Relying on his divine aid to support it, they would neither seek to direct, or allow the church to be directed by human authority. Of course, these are with the liberal party in politics : General La Fayette named this subject to me ; and on his remarking, that among other reasons which withheld their raising the standard of open revolt against the powers that be in the catholic church ; was the want of a suitable place of worship, (all the churches being under the control of the arch-bishop and his adherents) I immediately thought of St. Gen  vieve ; which is not now used as a place of worship ; and I asked him why it would not be, the proper spot. He said it had been much thought of, but there were difficulties to encounter. Probably the queen's attachment to her religion, is one of those difficulties.

The church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, the irregular ancient pile, at which we formerly looked, was built by Childeric I., and completed as early as A. D. 606.—Its bell, called the tocsin, sounded the first signal for the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, contrived by Catharine de Medicis, that woman—and no woman.

It has rich and beautiful decorations, having been for a long time the parish church of the royal Bourbons, of whom I hear Marie Antoinette, more frequently mentioned than all the rest together. You must visit, I am told, the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. Marie

\* After the disturbances of December, while the populace were showing such dislike to the fleur de lis, and destroying whatever bore this hated emblem of their former servitude, I visited this church, and missed the fleur de lis on the pavement ; the whole of the stones which contained it appearing to be of black marble. I asked the monk who showed the church, the meaning of this. With a crafty smile he stooped down, and with a wet cloth rubbed one of the stones, and the fleur de lis appeared. They had painted the stones lest the mob should destroy the church.

Antoinette attended the service, and received the sacrament there ; and then I am told that the pastor of this church, disguised in a military dress, entered her prison and administered the communion to her, the night before her execution.

There is an expiatory chapel, erected near the *Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré*, northwest of the church de la Madeleine, to her memory, and that of her husband, over the spot where it is said, they were first interred ;\* and where their remains were discovered, and afterwards removed to the abbey of St. Denis. Our party had taken a carriage, and directed the coachman to drive us to the English ambassador's chapel. Mistaking his directions, he drove us to this monumental edifice. We entered a sombre court, and proceeded through rows of the melancholy yew, along arcades in which were tombs, to the entrance, of the dimly lighted, and mournful edifice, dedicated to the unfortunate couple. It brought back to me all the feelings of sympathy, with which I had once regarded Marie Antoinette ; considering her a high-souled, persecuted, suffering woman ;— which have since given place, to more painful thoughts, of gifts perverted, and crimes punished, with which I am now led to regard her fate. More hapless, it is true, than that of suffering virtue ; but not like that, entitled to respect, and complacent regard. She was corrupted by her situation ; and by means of her situation, she spread widely around her, the influence of vicious manners. How can the philanthropist believe, that it is well for the world that systems of government should be upheld, whose natural tendency is to corrupt those who are at the head of society ; and who, of course, are looked up to as examples for the whole community.

In visiting these churches, I am sometimes amused with the accounts of their origin, which show the superstitions of former days. The old church *St. German des Près*, (a little north of St. Sulpice,) was founded by

\* I was told in Paris, that notwithstanding the accounts given of the discovery and removal of these remains, that the thing was impossible—that they were thrown into a common receptacle of the dead, with such a quantity of quick-lime, that all the bones were reduced to an indistinguishable mass.

Childebert in 543; at the request, we are told, of the saint whose name it bears, that he might place there an efficacious morsel of the true cross, and a wonder-working piece of the tunic of St. Vincent.

The principal church of the metropolis, as we have seen, bears the name of Notre Dame—Our Lady. Besides this, there are at least three others, which bear the same name, with some additional appendages. *Notre Dame de Bonnes Nouvelles*—Our Lady of good tidings; *Notre Dame des Victoires*—Our Lady of victories; and *Notre Dame des Blancs Manteaux*—Our Lady of white mantles. Besides this, the chapel in each church, having the richest ornaments, is dedicated to the virgin.

There are few places of worship in Paris for the Protestants. The one best known is called *l'Oratoire*, and is situated on the Rue St. Honoré, near the north-west corner of the Louvre. We here sometimes listen to the pious Mr. Wilkes, who notwithstanding his feeble health, fails not to encourage, warn, and exhort, a little company of believers. His room is small, and is approached by ascending a long flight of stairs, and winding through extensive and narrow passages; and it appears to be in a corner and under the roof. We have once or twice attended the service performed in a lower and larger room, where a son of bishop Luscomb sometimes officiates, and sometimes the Rev. Mr. Lefevre. It is a striking change, in the use of the spot of earth where this building stands, that it takes the place of the hotel of the beautiful Gabriella d' Estrees, so often mentioned in the history of Henry IV.

There is also a service performed, which at first we attended, at the chapel of the English ambassador, at present a Scotch peer, Lord Stuart de Rothsay. This chapel is in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. Here the English nobility, and other distinguished persons of that nation, generally resort, to attend on the ministrations of the venerable Bishop Luscomb.

Things here have an air of fashion. You must go very early to get a seat at all; and you must wait for the service to commence, till the ambassador, and his

family (for whom a row of seats next the altar are reserved) enter, at a side door. Not much liking all this, after a few Sundays, we left attending regularly here; my friend Mr. D.— having found at the Hotel Marboeuf, a place, that, on the whole, suited us both, better than any other we had tried. I must say, however, that I was well pleased with Bishop Luscomb, the resident English Bishop. In doctrine he seemed to me sound, in manners grave, and unaffected. With the appearance and countenance of Lord Stuart and his family, I was also pleased. Indeed, the Scotch even appear to me like Americans. I think Lord and Lady Stuart, and their family of daughters of all sizes, with their neat simple dresses, and pretty, though plain bonnets, might have entered any church in New-York, without being thought foreigners, or other than a very genteel family of Americans.

The place of worship we now settle upon, as our Sunday home, is as I have said before, at the Hotel Marboeuf, beyond the Champs Elysées. Here we find countenances betokening pious reflections; looks that seem “*commercing with the skies*,” and a preacher whose soul seems kindled with holy zeal. He sometimes denounces the corruptions of the Romish church, with Lutheran energy and boldness. We of course as Protestants, look on some of the practises of this church as calculated to bring down that spiritual worship, which “*God who is a spirit*” demands of his creatures, to something not much better than a kind of idolatry of the senses. I wish pious Roman Catholics, who from being used to the numberless statues and pictures of their churches, cannot be sensible of the first feelings which are excited on viewing them, could know the horror which a mind, accustomed never to think of God, but as the formless, viewless soul of all things, and all worlds,—is filled, to behold Him pictured forth, bounded by form,—and the tenant of a little space. I shun to look at such pictures, as I would seek to save my richest treasure—as I would avoid dropping into the flames, the deed of my best possessions.

From the church where man learns to die, the transi-

ition is natural to the place of his last repose. In the interesting character of their cemeteries, the Parisians excel all other people. Of the great subterranean charnel-house, which, under the name of the catacombs, spreads its dreary confines under so great a part of Paris, and contains such an immense congregation of the dead, I have already spoken. Here are collected, from the former cemeteries of Paris, the bones of thirty generations ; a number said to be eight times more numerous than the busy multitude within the walls of the city.\* These excavations were made by quarrying for building stone. They came at length to be considered as endangering the lives of the inhabitants. At one time, from the falling in of some buildings, so great was the alarm felt, lest the whole ground above them should give way, that supporting pillars and props were erected, to correspond with the streets and edifices above. The crowd now pursue their business and pleasure, reckless alike, that their foundation is undermined, and that the bones of the dead are beneath their feet ;—though one would suppose that they would be reminded of it, by the horrible name of the Rue d'Enfer,† the street which leads to their entrance. I believe that strangers are not at this time permitted to visit the catacombs.

Pere La Chaise is a cemetery where the feeling of awe and solemn contemplation on human mortality, is wonderfully and sweetly tempered, by the emotions caused by its great beauty. I had dwelt with pleasure on the excellent description of our countryman, Mr. Carter, and others ; yet the reality surpasses the imagination. The main circumstances which strike us at first view, are the extent of the ground, covered by the thickly placed monuments ;—the variety and elegance of the monuments ;—the contrasts made by the different form and color of the yew and willow, and other funeral trees ;—and the varied appearance, which the fine ir-

\* I find that the authorities as to the numbers of the dead collected in these catacombs, differ from three hundred thousand to more than six millions.

† Street of Hell.

regularity of the ground presents,—now rising by gentle slopes, and now by bold acclivities.

In our approach, we passed through ranks of women, who sit near the gate, making and selling artificial flowers, to be hung over the graves. They also twine the real natural flowers, into “amaranthine wreaths;” a name more imposing to the ear, than these little clusters of white and yellow globe-flowers are to the sight. Yet as they fade not, nor wither, they are regarded as fit emblems of the virtues of the dead, and the affections of the living.

Leaving these, we entered the solemn gate—read its awe-inspiring inscriptions—were conducted by our guide up the broad avenue, and examined many of its monuments—passed the little sepulchral chapel, beneath whose roof of pointed arches the figures of Abelard and Eloisa are stretched out in the semblance of death, their ashes mingling beneath:—we had viewed amidst thousands of other monuments, those of Admiral Colbert, Derville, and the recent one of Talma; we were examining others, when the sound of martial music warned us of the approach of a military funeral on our left. Some of our party, of whom I was one, desirous to see the parade, sped across the graves, in the nearest course to the place indicated by the sound. We were politely aided, in clambering some monuments which impeded our way, by two women of decent appearance; who perceiving that we were foreigners, gave us directions how to proceed. But with all our efforts, we could not get near enough to view the ceremony; though a part of the numerous procession were near, and the guns, as it were, in our ears.

We had, however, reached a part of the cemetery where were monuments more splendid than any we had before seen; among which was one of the wife of a former Russian minister, Demidoff. Beneath a curiously wrought roof, (if so it might be called,) of grey marble, supported at the corners by pillars, is her figure, reposing as if in death, on a mimic couch of marble. We lingered awhile to examine this, and other exquisite specimens of art; and then thought of finding our way and

our guide, which we had left in this erratic excursion. But we were lost, and went forward and around, and for some time could find no trace of any thing we had seen, or by which we could retrace our road,—at last, in the main avenue, we met our companions. This little incident shows the extent and variety of the grounds. We afterwards went to another, and still more distant quarter; and here were superb monuments of several of Bonaparte's generals, and the no-monument of the unfortunate Ney; more noticed from this peculiarity, which would deprive him of notoriety.

Were I in the spirit of criticism, I could find subjects for it, in the shabby decorations, which we frequently see in the little box-like chapels made over the graves; where are waxen figures of the Virgin, surrounded with coarse, artificial flowers; and also in the ill-judged epitaphs, over many of the graves. We are told, by good authority, that there is one here to the memory of a merchant, erected by his wife; who, after assuring the public of the virtues of the deceased; informs them, that his business will be continued at the old stand, by his widow.

We visited this cemetery, soon after our arrival at Paris, on a delightful day. The grass, and foliage of the trees were yet of the deepest and richest green; and many of the flowering plants, with which the graves in all directions were adorned, were in full blossom. The monthly rose every where shed its perfume, and displayed its blushes; while garlands of artificial flowers were hung by the hand of bereaved affection on the deep green boughs of funereal shrubs; and in some instances emblematical flowers carved in marble, fell on marble stones, laid with artful irregularity to imitate a natural pile. Here and there an obelisk—a pyramid,—or a single pillar rose high; then a sculptured figure lay prostrate on a tomb. Here was a marble bust, and there a “well dissembled mourner.” Every form of monumental beauty, which genius can execute, or wealth can procure, is here to be found. It seemed to me as I looked around—as I wandered far—as I regarded from the height of St. Louis this wilderness of monuments; that as much mo-

ney had been here expended as on all the public buildings of Paris ; though they are acknowledged to be more rich and elegant, than those of any other city in the world.

There are in Paris several other cemeteries. That of Mont Martre, in particular, is worthy of examination; though it bears no comparison in point of elegance to Père La Chaise.—But in them all, is apparent a portion of French character, which is worthy of imitation. It consists in the care, which all feel bound to take of public monuments, and in that respect for the memory of the dead, which prompts to the utmost attention to the places where they repose.\*

\* The Baroness Piehon, daughter of the celebrated Brougniart, with whom I afterwards became acquainted, called on me one morning, with a countenance bearing marks of recent tears. She apologized for her want of spirits by saying, "I have been to Père La Chaise to take care of the graves of my poor parents." It is to Brougniart that Paris is indebted for the elegant plan of this cemetery.





## JOURNAL.

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*Thursday, Dec. 9th.*—From my first arrival, I have been seeking an opportunity of visiting St. Denis, on account of the celebrated female school there located. St. Denis is about three miles north of Paris. It owes its first celebrity to its church, and this our party first visited. It is a Gothic structure, of an irregular form, having been built at five successive periods; the first of which can claim an antiquity of twelve hundred years: it having been founded by Dagobert. It is a grand edifice, and although undergoing some repairs, will yet, from the solidity of its structure, outlast a dozen successive churches, such as are built in our country.

The stained windows have great richness and beauty. The church is cruciform. The two great round windows at each extreme side, are richly stained, and seem to radiate from a centre, and form concentric rings of similar objects, like the magnified image seen through a kaleidoscope.

Beneath this church, the kings of France were buried; and their monuments are placed partly in the body of the church, and partly in the low-arched and darksome vaults beneath. Here seems to dwell the genius of her history, and point you, one by one, to the marble figures of her former sovereigns;—some as if reposing on their tombs, in their royal robes upon couches of stone: and some extended to view as if in the habiliments of the grave;—their dead faces and feet exposed; for marble can imitate either death or life.

Here frowns a warrior in his helmet and mail; and there, with countenance of saintly show, stands an abbess, with her fillet, her veil, and her low depending robes. In the solemn vaults of St. Denis, amid the sculptured congregation of dead royalty, you see not

only the warrior, and the aged statesman ; but the marble infant smiling beside its dead mother. These were of royal blood ; and while the good and great often sleep unhonored, these little useless beings must have their lineaments preserved to posterity. Yet, Heaven rest their souls ! they were innocent. Would that their fathers and mothers had been so too !

It is said that Louis XIV. would not inhabit the palace of St. Germain, because it was within hearing of the bell of St. Denis ; which reminded him, that regal splendor, must at last end its career, in its damp and silent vaults. This bell pealed, while we were at the church. Its sound was melodious, yet grand, beyond any other which I have ever heard.

In the body of the church, near the altar, and on the right-hand as you approach from the entrance, stands an object of funereal gloom. It is hearse-like, of black velvet, with white plumes nodding at the corners. The arms of France, glittering in silver lustre, are embroidered upon its descending folds. We are told that under this pall, always reposes the last king of France. Louis XVIII. is now resting beneath this sombre canopy.

From the church, we proceeded to the Royal House, which was constituted in 1809 by Bonaparte, for the education, of the daughters of the officers, belonging to the Legion of Honor. This school, was at first placed under the direction of the celebrated Madame Campan at Ecouen, and was afterwards removed to St. Denis.—The object of Napoleon was, to attach the military more firmly to his person, by making a safe and popular retreat, for the daughters of his indigent officers, or of those who died in his service. Had our sex owed this monument of his bounty, to his wish of elevating us in the scale of intellectual and moral being, we should have been still more his debtors, by this liberal act.

This school has, for a long time, been with me a special object of curiosity ; and we were indebted to the kindness and influence of Mr. Cooper, for a permission to visit it, obtained from the Marshal McDonald ; who, as Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, is its head, and the only person who has power to grant such per-

missions. He also nominates the pupils to the king, who appoints them.

The number of gratuitous pupils, is fixed at four hundred-; besides which, one hundred boarders are admitted who defray their expenses. At the head of the house, is a lady called *la surintendante*.\* The ladies under her orders, who perform the duties of instructing and governing the school, are seven *dames dignitaires*, ten *dames* of the first class, thirty-six of the second class, and twenty novices.

These ladies wear decorations according to their rank. That of the *dames dignitaires* is the silver cross.

The central building, I should suppose, not less than three hundred feet in length, and it is three stories in height. Extending in a circular direction from each of its ends, is a long low building of only one story. These two wings extend to the street, and enclose a fine area in front. We observed from the windows as we went over the building, that there were other extensive gardens and pleasure grounds on the other sides, attached to the establishment. We entered at the street gate, and showed the portress our letter to the superintendent.— She took the letter, and conducted us along one of the low circular buildings, through a corridor, the windows of which on our left, looked into the area in front; on our right, there were doors, over which were written the names of the apartments. These were little parlors for the Dames or Teachers of the several classes. And for the first and second classes; at the end of the corridor we were invited into a small room, and introduced to a lady, whom I have since learned was one of the *dames dignitaires*, and this, her week of duty. She examined the permission given by Marshal McDonald; and immediately, with the utmost kindness of manner, proceeded to conduct us through the apartments. We then entered another corridor; and here we saw the pupils, as it was an hour of recreation, walking as if for amusement and exercise: some in small groups, many in pairs, walking arm in arm, and here and there a soli-

\* She is mother-in-law to the Grand Chancellor.

tary one walking and musing by herself. They reminded me of my own dear girls ; but there were differences in their appearance. Their costume was entirely of black woolen stuff, in no way distinguished, the one class from the other, except by the color of the long red, or white, or striped girdle, which each wore around the waist ; and which I understood was the badge of her standing as a scholar. Their countenances were in general the appearance of health, and yet less of contentment, (so I thought,) than my own pupils. Their faces were generally less beautiful, than my own American girls ; but their persons were generally better made, and their movements more graceful. Their carriage was erect, and all the younger ones appeared to me uncorsetted.

Our conductress next showed us the chapel, which was handsome and commodious. An altar with images, candles and crucifixes, after the Roman catholic fashion, was at the further extremity. Along each side of the middle aisle, were seats for the pupils, and at one end of each a cushion for a *dame*.

We next went to the refectory, a long room arranged with tables and seats running transversely. As we passed through the centre of the room, these tables were to our right and left. I think there were places for twenty at each, with a *dame* at the head. Near the centre was a raised seat for a *dame dignitaire* ; a hammer for rapping to order, lay upon it. At the head of the room was a hand writing on the wall, "Place for criminals," which I was sorry to see. We saw also the kitchen ; every thing was on a grand scale, and nothing crowded or inconvenient.\*

\* A lady, who was educated at this school, gives me the following particulars respecting the fare, hours of repast, &c. Study hours begin at seven in the morning. At eight the pupils have soup and bread ; sometimes in the summer, bread and milk. At one they dine. At four o'clock in the winter, they have dry bread, in summer bread with fruit ; seven o'clock, supper ; two dishes warm in winter ; always something at nine in winter, at half past nine in summer. Dinners.—Sunday, always boillon (boiled beef) and soup. Monday, breast of mutton with potatoes. Tuesday, beef fried, radishes and butter. Wednesday, mutton fricaseed with potatoes. Thursday, roasted veal and sallad. Friday, soup-maigre, lentiles (beans) or sorrel. Saturday, two dishes of vegetables.

These rooms were all on the ground floor, and besides these, were two large apartments for drawing scholars. Here I saw their progress in every stage. The beginners had black boards of a portable size, on which they drew eyes, and mouths, &c., from copies which had been set them; then hands and feet. Their next stage was to draw the whole face from copies. Afterwards they drew heads, hands, and arms, from models in plaster, and thus by degrees they learned to draw from nature. Their first drawings were altogether in crayon; but after they began colouring, they mostly painted in oil. They had I think some models for fruit and flowers, as well as for figures. They painted many landscapes and history pieces, after patterns taken from pictures in the Louvre.

After seeing the apartments on the first floor, we ascended to the second story, where we saw the two great *dortoirs* of the establishment; one containing two hundred, the other three hundred beds. Those for the pupils had no curtains; those for the *dames*, which were intermingled with them, had each a simple white curtain. There was near the centre a raised bed for a *dame dignitaire*. From the dormitories we proceeded to the apartments of the physician, of which there are three; one for his library, one for preparing medicines, and another where they are kept. From thence we went to the apartments used as hospitals, which are on the third story. Here every thing was clean and in good order; there were two rooms, and a number of beds in each. The measles was prevailing, and there were perhaps fifteen or twenty sick, two or three of whom were in bed, and the others sitting up in their night-gowns and caps. I said some kind words to them, and they looked towards me with affectionate smiles. Contiguous to the hospital, were rooms containing baths, which we understood were used in rotation, in such a manner that all were accommodated.

From these apartments we were taken to a room where the more advanced pupils were learning to draw from nature. A young lady was painting the likeness of one of her companions, who was sitting for that pur-

pose. Another was taking a matron of a dignified appearance, who sat with her back to the door, dressed in a black silk velvet, and holding forth her gloved hand with untiring patience. I stole round to get a look at her ladyship's face, and laughed in it without any breach of politeness, for it was of wax. From this room we proceeded to another on the same floor, where embroidery was taught. There was one piece done in flowers on silk, the colours and work very beautiful; it was for the long piece which in the priest's dress depends from his neck, and hangs down his back. Most of the work however, was for covers of tables, footstools, &c., done in worsted yarn of bright colors; a kind of work which is quite fashionable among the French ladies, and of which they make socks to be worn over the shoes, and a variety of other little articles. I was told that the pupils did not spend much of their time at embroidery. The *dame* of this department said, that they were however all obliged to learn the use of the needle, and that each made her own clothes. As we were descending, we passed a room where a class of about thirty, were paraded for a dancing lesson. A *dame* stood by to govern them, and I observed they had a female teacher. We also saw a large apartment where music lessons were given, where were ten or more pianos for music practice.

In descending to the lower floor, we were shown into a large room, whose walls were covered with paintings, said to be wholly the work of the pupils during the last six months. Many of them were works of which masters need not have been ashamed; and showed that the art was well understood by the pupils. After seeing the school, we were introduced to the superintendent, who is the mother-in-law of the grand chancellor. Her parlor was elegant, and the reception of us lady-like. She asked me questions of my own school, and if I was pleased with the arrangements at St. Denis. Our conductress then took us back through the corridor, by which we had entered. She remarked in the course of conversation, that all strangers could not be shown this place as we had been,—that it was seldom shown so entirely, ex-

cept to members of the royal family. This was a compliment rather to Mr. Cooper, than to our party. The order for our admittance was given to "Mr. Cooper and his friends." It seems the ladies had had previous intelligence that such a one had been given, and they were much disappointed that he did not come in person, and said they hoped that he would yet honor them with a visit.\*

During my visit, I hinted a wish to see some of the classes at recitation; but my hint was not taken. I expressed many thanks to the lady who had so kindly spent the morning for our gratification. I had before told her, why I was so deeply interested in female schools,—I was myself devoted to the cause of female education. In America, we were comparatively a recent people, and hoped to learn much, from their skill and experience. I then asked her, if it would be consistent with their usages, that I should be allowed to peruse the rules and regulations of the institution. She replied with the utmost politeness, that she would seek permission of the grand chancellor, when she had an opportunity; as without this it would be impossible.†

The government pays a large sum, for the support of this establishment; probably not less than one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

Besides the pupils of St. Denis, there are about four hundred contained in its two dependent institutions, called *Succursales* one of which is located at Paris, the other at *St. Germain en Laye*.

\* Mr. Cooper is esteemed in France as a better writer than Sir Walter Scott, by the majority of those with whom I have conversed on the subject. In fact, they place him here quite at the head of the novel writers of the day.

† She did not forget her promise. I repeatedly heard during my stay in Paris, that things were in a train for me to see the rules; but to my regret they were not yet in readiness at the time of my leaving Paris. One of the *dames* at St. Denis was afterwards desirous of accompanying me to America, as a music teacher, (her occupation there) but her mother would not give her consent. The lady whom I brought out as a teacher of the French language, was one of the pupils of this institution. She entered when very young, and remained in it as many as twelve years.



*Friday, 10th.*—This morning was spent in visiting with Dr. Niles the Chamber of Deputies. The subject of appropriating money for an expected war, was before the House, and it was discussed as every thing seems here to be, with great animation.

*Saturday, 11th.*—I went to the college of France, to hear a lecture from the Bar<sup>on</sup> Cuvier. The personal appearance of this wonderful *savan* answers my expectation, which is saying a great deal. His large and strongly marked head, is to me sublime. I regarded it with attentive observation, and considered how the works of God, exceed those of man. Within the little circle of that wall of bone, what stores of knowledge reside ! The mind, which there inhabits, has been nourished to its prodigious growth, by the products of the whole earth ; and it has sent forth an impulse which every part of the civilized world has felt. Suppose for a moment the whole knowledge of events and facts, and all the reasonings and deductions past and present of that mind, were developed in words ; the world could scarce contain the books that would be written. Suppose every conception of things external—whether of the concave heavens, or of the broad earth with her mountains and vales, which those eyes have conveyed to that mind, could be brought forth, and stamped on some material medium, in the size which it has conceived, or now conceives them ; with all the mingled forms into which fancy has arranged them, and all the images with which other minds have furnished to that skull of a span's diameter ; if the channels of the deep were dry, the mighty cavities could not contain the pictures. What then are towers, and domes, and palaces, to that little temple, where dwells unbounded mind.

The lecture was introductory to a course of natural history ; and brought forth in simple and forcible language, the peculiarities of this philosopher's researches into comparative anatomy ; precisely the subject on which I wished to hear him. He repeated that wonderful truth, that a profound knowledge of the animal structure may enable its possessor, having one single bone, to determine its species and character. He

dwelt upon this subject, and explained it, with pious ascriptions, of unerring wisdom, to the Author of that structure. It was the finding of His design, who never works without a purpose, or fails of accomplishing it; which was the key of the whole mystery.

The enunciation of Cuvier was very different from that of the speakers at the Chamber of Deputies;—more like the speech of a grave and dignified, yet polite English orator; not that perpetual flow, of unemphasised and unaccented words, which French speaking often presents;—the close of a period seeming to bring up to such a pause, as a horseman in full tilt makes, when an unexpected ravine crosses his way. The consequence was, that I understood his French more perfectly than any other, which I have heard in Paris; except it may be, that of Madame George La Fayette.

I compared the physiognomy of Cuvier, with that of La Fayette; and find in each, the peculiar differences of their character. They have both noble countenances; but mental strength is Cuvier's leading characteristic,—benevolence that of La Fayette. Cuvier's visage invites the student to approach with profound respect, and ask for knowledge. La Fayette's beckons the unfortunate to come with confiding love, and receive sympathy and protection.

*Sunday, 12th.*—We attended church at the Hotel Marbœuf. The funeral obsequies of Benjamin Constant were this day celebrated with much parade. The fatigues of General La Fayette gave apprehension that his health might suffer, and a report was spread to this effect. I was pleased to remark that the Carlists, whom I had heard say, that La Fayette was a man of straw,\*—

\* Accustomed as we are to hear of French politeness, it will hardly be credited, that French gentlemen would make such remarks to me, or in my hearing, with knowledge of my filial regard for La Fayette. But, for a time, I scarcely ate a meal, without being thus entertained. I remonstrated—begging the gentlemen to consider that La Fayette was not only the acknowledged father of my country, but that individually, and from personal acquaintance, I had those feelings of friendship for him, that whatever was said of him, affected me, as if it were said of my own father, or brother. With regard to his political course, that was a proper subject of free remark; but expressions of contempt against him personally, it afflicted me to hear. Notwithstanding this.

that the government were tired of him—that there was talk of sending him to Algiers ;—these persons now showed an involuntary alarm at the news of his ill health, and were obliged to acknowledge how important, at this crisis, pending the trial of the ministers, was his life and exertions. Nevertheless they treated the memory of Benjamin Constant with the most decided contempt. I remarked to them, there is one difference that I notice between your manners and ours. If we think ever so ill of a man, we generally bury our animosities in his grave. I said to Mr. D—, that the anecdote which had been told us by one of our royalists, of a human arm being carried about the streets on a pole, during the three days, might well be true. If the character of the dead, could, while his friends were yet mourning over his remains, and his funeral rites unpaid,—be mangled in the salon ; their bodies, we could well believe, might be mangled in the streets.

It is almost incredible to me to hear with what contempt the people are spoken of ;—as wretches who have nothing to do, but to plod on in whatever occupation they may chance to follow ; and who, for a few sous, could be influenced to do any deed, however dark. I was last evening in company with a royalist, and said something of the opinions of the people. These sentiments of contempt were expressed. I replied, that certainly there were a class of low individuals every where, especially in all great cities ; but for the body of the inhabitants, the case was different ; they deserved more respect, and kings would be obliged to learn that they must respect the people they governed. “The people !” was reiterated in a sarcastic tone. “The people are not the nation !” I dropped the conversation, thinking

declaration, the offence was repeated, till I was near leaving the house, where I was then boarding. Things were, however, different afterwards. These gentlemen, who were thus guilty of a rudeness, such as I never witnessed in my own country, were yet, in other respects, truly polite. Another example under the general remark, that France is a land of contrasts, where every thing good and bad exists in its extremes : and sometimes individual characters resemble in this respect their nation.

that one might as well discuss a mathematical question, with a person who denied that the whole was greater than its part.

*Monday, 13.*—Our party went to visit Sevres, the great manufactory of porcelain. It is beautifully situated on the Seine, about three miles west of Paris, on the road to St. Cloud. Our conductor first showed us some of the clay of Limoges, of which porcelain is made. He then showed us the manner in which the first operation is performed, after the clay is wrought to a suitable consistence. The instruments are of the most simple kind—hands, a lathe, and a few implements after the fashion of knives and scissors. A man was to make the central part of a vase. He took a ball of clay in his hands, passed through its centre a spindle, which was attached to the lathe, and was the axis on which this little globe of clay turned.—Then by his hands, he worked it as it was turned, into a shape which was nearly as he wished; then applied to the clay, still turning, the instruments to make it exact. It was then set to dry, after which, we were told, another operation was to be performed upon it with sharper instruments. I saw a man cut a fluted cup, when the ware was in this stage of its progress. It was done by an instrument fixed in a lathe. After this process, the ware was placed for a time in a furnace. Then the liquid which is to constitute the enamel, is put on it, with brushes. We were told that this liquid was made from a species of feldspar, found in the vicinity of the porcelain clay.

After this process, the fine ware was put in a vessel of coarser clay, and placed in furnaces where it was kept eight days. After this the painting and gilding was performed, and it was again put in a furnace, where a less degree of heat was employed. In passing through the room where the painting and gilding was done, we observed a number of little boys who were taking their first lessons in drawing. I found these were taught much in the same manner as the pupils at St. Denis.—After going through the various rooms, where these processes were performed, we were next shown a suite of

apartments, containing specimens of the porcelain of Sevres as it was made at the commencement of the manufactory; and at different periods since. This served to mark the steps by which it has advanced, from a rude state, to the most splendid manufactory of the kind which the world affords. We were next shown specimens of porcelain from every other nation, where this art has been cultivated. China, Italy, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were all honored in their works; but Sevres surpasses them all.

We next visited rooms where were innumerable figures of persons known in history. These are left in an unfinished state. The material of which they are made is called *biscuit de Sevres*. Here the history of France is illustrated by the semblances of her monarchs and great men. Some of the figures were about a foot in height, some smaller, some larger, and some busts were as large as life. There were also likenesses in relief. I purchased those of Henry the Fourth, and Marie Antoinette. There was a set of little figures of the Roman worthies, and many representations also, of the gods and goddesses of the Greek mythology. There were also arms, hands and heads, as models for scholars in drawing.

On the subject of likenesses of kings, who are important (if in no other point of view) as marking the history and chronology of the nation;—and of the illustrious men, to whom the nation owes a grateful remembrance,—and of those who have done good in the church,—I see much to admire in France. Every where we find the personal appearances of these preserved,—from the colossal marble figures, which look majestically down upon the passer of the *Pont Louis XVI.* to the beautiful, and perfect little images of clay at Sevres. We see them where the philosopher delivers his lecture,—where the legislator gives his vote,—at the entrances of private houses—in the halls, and gardens, and groves of palaces,—upon the public square,—within the solemn shades of the cemetery, and along the aisles and chapels of the churches. Every where we meet the countenances of the great or good of former times. Every where the

religion, or virtue, or beauty, or valor, or power, of departed days is commemorated; and to those who delight in history, there is the pleasing illusion of communing with the illustrious dead. I think we have too little of this in our country. Washington, and almost he alone, is preserved, as the French here preserve their heroes; but there are many of our patriots, whom succeeding ages will regard with admiration, whose mortal semblance can no where be found.

After viewing the porcelain figures, we returned to the room into which we had first been shown, and from thence went to another part of the building, where we passed through several rooms, filled with the most exquisitely finished articles. Here were sets of plates of a size smaller than our ordinary dining plates, of which each plate bore a price of three hundred francs, about eighty dollars. The most superb of the articles were large urns and vases, and a kind of secretary. Of these last, there were only three.

There were also some exquisite pictures in porcelain framed. Here were an abundance of cups, plates, tea, coffee, and dining sets, and, in fine, every thing of the kind, that well paid ingenuity—could invent for luxury. I was desirous of making a few purchases, but found the articles so dear that I was discouraged.—Their great price is mostly to be ascribed to the expensive nature of the labor employed. They are painted by superior artists, many of them as carefully as miniatures, or flower paintings, of the nicest kind. The colors employed, must also be costly. If the least imperfection is found in any article, it is not painted, but sold white. Much porcelain entirely white, is used in Paris, for ordinary table furniture.

*Tuesday, 14.*—A report was yesterday in circulation that General La Fayette was ill. The anxiety manifested by the royalists, I had again occasion to remark. They well know how important is his existence at this moment, to the tranquillity of France. I had in passing the *Etat-Major* yesterday, sent a servant to enquire his health, and learned that he had, as was reported, suffered in consequence of having walked, as

one of the bearers, at Benjamin Constant's funeral.—Madame George La Fayette, called on me this morning, and from her I rejoice to learn, that the General is now well. She spoke of the pending trial of the ministers; said it was a serious matter, and, advised me, if I wished to visit schools, or any thing of the kind, to be industrious this week, as the next, it would probably be better to remain at home.

She insisted on my coming this evening to the soiree; which, as I had been so often, I had intended at this time to miss. I saw again the benignant face of La Fayette, and felt the kind paternal grasp of his hand, and heard his affectionate—"How do you do, my dear friend." Once in the course of the evening, he made his way through the crowd, and came to me. He asked me if I was going to Mrs. Rives' the next evening. I said I was. "Then" said he, "I will see you there." I preserve his words, because I think they often display, as in this instance, a peculiar tact.—He did not in direct terms, flatter me by saying that my being at Mrs. R.'s would influence his going, yet, he gave me a chance, by his manner of expression, to flatter myself, if I chose to do so.

Wednesday, 15.—Mr. and Miss D—, my son and myself, went this evening to Mrs. Rives' soiree. We were the earliest there, and enjoyed a pleasant chat with Mrs. Rives, and afterwards saw a very agreeable circle, many of whom were Americans. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, and their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, (formerly a Miss Curtiss, of Catskill,) Mrs. Carnes, Mr. Dwight, of Springfield, Dr. Duane, of Schenectady, and two Mr. Storrows. Besides these, there was Mr. Warden, (to whom I was introduced by Mr. Rives,) who was formerly an American Consul, and is now a member of the Institute, and one of its corresponding secretaries. He gave me interesting information on the subject of education. Among the agreeable French ladies whom I met, was Mrs. Sue, the widow of an eminent medical gentleman, once the family-physician of the Empress Josephine.

Mrs. Rives, in the course of the evening, introduced

me to the Countess Surrurier, who is about to sail for America. She is elegant, graceful and sprightly. She very politely offered to take letters from me to my friends in Washington. I again conversed with the Count, and found his conversation, as before, animated, intelligent and agreeable.

*Thursday, 16th.*—We visited the Tuileries, to examine its interior. The name Tuileries, originated in the circumstance, that the ground on which the palace now stands, was once occupied as tile-kilns.\* Francis I. bought it of the proprietors in 1518. Catharine de Medicis began to build a palace for herself in 1564, but abandoned the work, (so timid is guilt) because the place was within a parish, in whose name was the word St. Germain; which an astrologer had foretold would be fatal to her. Henry the IV. completed the exterior of the edifice.

When the palace is seen from a distance, it has the appearance of a building very long for its height; but the monotonous regularity, which the top of such structures commonly presents, is broken by the elevation of three large masses, each differing in appearance from the others:—the largest and highest of which, composes the whole central portion of the edifice; its roof rising like a square pyramid, which is rounded at the top into a dome. The two others, are at the ends, and less elevated. One preserves the angles and straight work of an ordinary roof; the other is rounded at the top, yet not so much as the central portion.

On a nearer approach from the side of a garden, you perceive that these three portions project, and have the appearance of separate buildings joined by connecting galleries. Yet these are again broken into irregularity, by two smaller pavillions intervening between the centre and the ends; whose roofs, like them, rise unequally. Thus it is said in descriptions, that the exterior of the Tuileries, as viewed from the court, presents five pavillions, connected by four galleries. Yet the interior seems to lead, from one splendid apartment to another, without any appearance of being disjointed; or of wanting that degree of uniformity, needful to elegance

\* In French *tuilene*.



and convenience. But doubtless, a connoisseur would find many faults here ; as the building was in reality made at different periods, and in separate parts.

The entrance to the state apartments, is by a magnificent stair-case, of which every part, even the ballustrade, is of stone. Statues and carved work, the common ornaments in France, of passages and stairways, even in private hotels, are here found in abundance. The chapel is inferior in magnificence to that at Versailles

The *Salle des Marechaux* occupies the whole of the central pavillion. Here are portraits of all the living Marshals of France. When one dies, his portrait is removed to the *Hospital des Invalides*. The *plafond* represents military subjects, painted in a kind of daubing style, called *grisaille*. Near this is the *Salle de la Paix*, a beautiful apartment ; where the upper ceiling shows the sun, flinging his morning rays abroad on the earth ; time, showing him what space he must traverse ; spring, leading abundance in her train ; and emblematical figures of the four quarters of the earth, rejoicing in these gifts. This room derives its name from a colossal silver statue of peace, which stands opposite the fire-place. On each side of this statue, are splendid candelabras eight feet in height, and throwing off unnumbered branches. In different parts of the room, are costly ornaments in bronze, such as busts and vases.

From this apartment we enter the sanctum sanctorum of regal power, the *salle du trone*. The three windows which light it, are on the east towards the court. Opposite to these, on the centre of the western side, stands the throne of France ;—a sounding phrase, but when you view the thing, it is after all, nothing but a very large carved chair, with velvet-covered cushions ;—which, a man to sit on, must first take the trouble to mount up three steps. And when he is in it, his mortal bulk, even if equal to that of Louis XVIII, cannot fill it ; so that it must, from the necessity of the case, be less convenient, than the seats, which we occupy ; who live on a level, and are large enough to fill our places.

There is, it is true, depending from above, a beautiful drapery of crimson velvet, on which is sprinkled the gilded *fleur de lis*, and which is edged with a golden fringe; and over the top of this splendid canopy, is the oak and laurel twined in a golden wreath, and a helmet, with as fine a tuft of feathers, waving over the whole, as ever graced an ostrich's tail. But these canopies, and curtains, and plumes, are not so good after all, as the light of heaven above, and that of friendship around; which they too often hide from the occupant of a throne.

The apartment is hung with a rich crimson velvet brocade, of Lyons manufacture, embroidered with *fleurs de lis*, and other royal emblems. Two candelabras stand at the foot of the throne on each side; and four of twelve feet in height, occupy the corners of this room. A chandelier of great richness and beauty, depends from the centre. The plafond is painted with figures representing religion protecting France. Would that religion had indeed, protected France!

Behind the extensive range of state apartments, and on the side next the garden, are those appropriated to the king, some of which are never shown to strangers. The state bed of majesty, is not less dazzling, and I should think not more a thing of comfort and use, than the throne. This room is hung with purple velvet, embroidered with gold. The covering of the bed is similar. It is surrounded by a balustrade of gilt columns, and hung around with rich drapery;—the ostrich feathers, still keeping the most dignified station, and waving above.

On the ground floor, are elegant and pleasant apartments, for the accommodation of different members of the royal family, when they inhabit the Palace. The duchess of Berri, lately occupied those towards the Rue Rivoli, and her son, so lately regarded as the heir of France, had apartments near to hers. They now wander with the exiled Charles, over the ruinous halls of Holyrood. Great Britain, by thus giving them a shelter, is but paying France for the place of refuge which

she gave at St. Germain, to the abdicated James and his family.

The Parisian royalists complain, because Louis Philippe, does not remove to the Tuileries. They say that the Palais Royal, though very well for the Duke of Orleans, is not a fit residence for the king of the French.\* It is thought the queen, who with her children is comfortably accommodated where she is, feels unwilling to remove;—and that she thinks with terror of the scenes of blood and carnage, which her predecessors have passed through, within these fated walls.

I went in the evening to the Italian Opera, by a polite invitation from a French lady, who offered me a box which a friend had invited her to occupy. The piece was the *Barbier de Seville*. The principal performers were *La Blache* in the *Barbier*, and *Madame Mericke La Lande* in *Rosina*.

I was thinking of other things and not precisely in a humor to be pleased with the performance. Those singers, seemed to me to consider it the perfection of singing, to shake, and trill, and quaver, and make an enormous squall, and take a breath longer than any one else had ever taken before. It is certainly a physical exertion, at which I can be astonished as well as others; but it is not the soul of music;—it does not find its way to the heart. I have read in books, that it is difficult to define the difference between singing and speaking.—That was abundantly exemplified in this performance. There were, without any exaggeration, many sentences pronounced; which if taken by themselves, would puzzle any ordinary ear to decide whether it was to be called saying or singing. Such passages it is difficult to praise aright. If it is called *saying*, I think it pretty good;—if *singing*, very poor. Yet *La Blache*, deserves the credit of possessing a grand bass voice.

As for the morality of this celebrated piece;—we

\* One of the royalists, or rather Carlists, of our family, a lady of a great deal of wit, on hearing some one speak of Louis Philippe, king of the French—repeated sarcastically—"Louis Philippe king of the French! King of the men—not king of the land—and certainly not *King of the beasts*."

have old age made contemptible, and youth taught to condemn it. Our hero and heroine are plotting with low people, and acting lies. To gratify a momentary pique, she breaks her engagement with her lover, and agrees to marry the old man, whom she has the moment before been cheating, before his eyes. She next breaks her engagement with him, and after these praiseworthy acts, goes gloriously off, with her lover, crowned with honor and happiness.

So much for this celebrated opera. I like to be amused, but not at the expense of virtue. That in fact is not amusement to me, which I find serves the interests of vice. The habit of considering these things as they affect the morals of the young, thus multiplying a little evil by the number who are affected by it, and carrying its effects into futurity,—doubtless magnifies them in my mind: but such magnifying only brings them out in their just proportions.

*Thursday, the 17th, I visited the Palais des Pairs.*—I have now seen the interior of four palaces; St. Cloud, Versailles, the Tuileries, and the Luxembourg. The latter is more a place of business than the others. The room where the Peers hold their sittings, is very similar in its arrangement, to the Senate Chamber at Washington. Contiguous, is the *salle de trone*. This apartment is hung with tapestry of Beauvais, in which groups of figures taken from ancient fable, are represented as large as life. The colors are however faded, and the shades not well blended. The throne is a plain affair, compared with that in the Tuileries, though both are covered with the same material, rich crimson silk velvet, wrought with gold. Both are placed on platforms elevated three steps. In both, the form is not much different from that of a large arm-chair, the whole stuffed with some soft material. Two candelabras in both instances are placed at each side, but those of the Tuileries are far more elegant.

There is now a fine collection of pictures, both of living and dead artists, at the Luxembourg; which are exhibiting for the benefit of the wounded patriots of July. Louis Philippe has permitted the garrets to be

ransacked for those pictures, which Bonaparte caused to be painted of himself, that his various good deeds in peace and in war, need not be forgotten ; but which the Bourbons, determining that they should be, caused to be packed away out of sight. Some of these are highly interesting ; and present not only the lineaments of the emperor, but those of many of his generals. The composition of several of the pieces, representing battles, and other historical subjects, I thought fine, particularly one, which recalled the horrors of the Russian campaign. The dead lay stark and stiff upon the recent battle field ; and the driving snow was fast covering them ; while officers, richly clad in fur-trimmed overcoats, and elegantly mounted, were occupied in deeds of mercy.

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, Dec. 18th, 1830.

MY DEAR SISTER :

When I tell you that I devoted this morning to viewing the pictures in the gallery of the Louvre, you will probably expect me to come out in quite a rhapsody, as you know my great fondness for paintings. I was indeed quite rapt, as I walked slowly up the long gallery, and got into the spirit of the different feelings, which the whole scene is calculated to inspire ; admiration,—loathing,—pity,—disgust,—veneration,—and the spirit of laughter, (all the kinds of laughs of which Lord Kames speaks—including the laugh of derision)—and besides this, the spirit of severe reprehension ; all these feelings rose by turns, or mingled together in my mind. In short, not more were Collins' family of the passions, moved by my lady music's instruments, than mine were at this display of her sister's art. A part of the notes were pleasant, a part were disagreeable,—but when they all struck up together, though it created what might truly be called, a "great sensation," I could hardly say, it was a consummation much to be desired. Yet I dare say, I shall go often to the gallery, but I shall learn to do by these pictures, as I do by Paris generally, (of which this gallery is a kind of epitome) where, as I cannot control external things, I control my eyes, and my mind ; and look at what I like, and pass over the rest as if it were not.

There are two, comparatively small apartments, filled with paintings before you enter the grand gallery.—Among these my attention was particularly fixed by one landscape. It had, upon the grass and shrubs which skirted its living waters, the fresh dew of morning when the sun's first rays give to it, its sparkling brightness. The first coup d'œil given by the entrance of the long gallery, is imposing and admirable. The eye is carried through sixteen hundred feet ;—and we see the men and women, who are walking up and down, or stopping to examine the pictures or statues, which are placed by

distances along the gallery,—the students of both sexes, who are copying at unequal intervals such patterns as please them; these we see diminishing, till in the far end of the gallery, they are as motes:—while the approaching sides and descending roof of the perspective, have almost vanished into a point.

Thus far, you admire this splendid room, and the genius of Napoleon to whom we are indebted for it, in its present state, as a receptacle for paintings. But when we turn to examine the arrangements of the pictures, we find that important considerations have been overlooked. Had the religion or morals of the nation, the interests of virtue and decency been at all consulted, many of the pictures here would have been dismissed, as fit only for the abodes of pollution. And not only this, but there is such an irreverent mixture of sacred subjects with such as should never approach them, that the christian heart cannot but feel afflicted. You look at one picture and you see the Saviour, crowned with thorns, pale in his agony, while blood is dropping from his sacred head:—you look at the next, and you see the sovereign of the Grecian Heavens, in the form of a Satyr, withdrawing the drapery which covers female beauty, personified in the sleeping Antiope. Such a collection of paintings as is here set open to the view of the Parisians, is enough to demoralize a city, when considered in all its effects.

Some of the French philosophers, I am tempted to think, got their ideas of religion here, or in similar places. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the lights in which that best friend of humanity, is here displayed by her misguided votaries; a favorite subject oftentimes repeated, is the marriage of St. Catharine, a nun, to the infant Saviour, who puts a ring upon her finger. Here is a series of pictures concerning St. Bruno, the founder of the monastic institution of Chartres. The saint it seems was turned to this holy vocation by visions, concerning the fate of a certain Doctor of Divinity, who once preached at Notre Dame with great éclat; though it seems he was all along a hypocrite at heart. The devil performs an important ministration in the

course of this affair. The Doctor, in one of the pictures, is represented in the agonies of death. The priest presents the crucifix to the dying man, but above his head Satan appears, and makes a sign that he dies in his sins. The next picture in the series, shows the funeral procession, horror stricken to behold the resurrection of this child of perdition, who rises partly from his coffin, to say that he is condemned by the just Judge. The next picture shows them throwing the accursed body to the earth, while St. Bruno is kneeling before the crucifix. Thus is set forth the history of this saint, and miracles of such fashion, are placed by the side of those, which the Saviour of the world and his apostles wrought to attest the truth of a revelation, which brings life and immortality to light.\*

The paintings in the gallery, are arranged by schools into three grand divisions; those of the French school, the Flemish, and the Italian. Mighty important that these should be separated, though of no consequence, that the greatest incongruity of subject prevails, not only bringing virtue and religion into shameful company, but producing an assemblage so *outrée*, that taste to say

\* The day of pious frauds, is not yet over. During my absence, from my country, circumstances brought me acquainted with a nun, whom I believe to be now engaged as a principal of a house for the instruction of young females, somewhere in the Valley of the Mississippi, as I know she crossed the ocean for this purpose. She was an amiable woman in her manners, nor do I believe she would willingly have done wrong. But error in opinion, leads to wrong in action.

This nun had been instructing a female child, in whose spiritual welfare she felt much interest. The child was going among those, she thought heretics; and she wanted to strengthen and build her up in what she considered the true faith. The child came fresh from a lesson she had been giving her, and repeated it to me and to a French lady, (a catholic) who was present. The story was no whit less marvellous than that of St. Bruno, and like that, it made the devil a conspicuous personage.

It was of a certain lady, who at a given period of the French revolution, performed things much to the annoyance of satan, who appeared to her. The two "did battle," but the lady gained the victory, though she came off bruised from the contest. Did *Madame* (the nun) said I, see the devil beat her?—No, said the child, but she saw the bruises on her arm, which the devil gave her. *Quelle betise!* exclaimed the French lady, and then proceeded to explain to the child, how the whole story must be a falsehood, as it contained an anachronism—the lady in question not being alive, at the time mentioned by the nun.



nothing of piety, turns away disgusted. For one example, we have the institution of the eucharist, beside a *bacchante* teaching to children the rites of Bacchus.

Things often seen together become associated in the mind, and when men see such objects constantly conjoined, it is very natural that they should learn to look upon all with a common feeling. Thus they insensibly learn to consider all religions as being on a level; and fancy as Volney did, a great assemblage of men of every faith collected together as these pictures are, and all to be regarded alike;—all right, and all wrong,—their religions all true and all false; which, if I rightly recollect, is the sum totum of Volney's book of Ruins, which to many has proved a ruinous book.

I shall not attempt to give many descriptions of pictures. It is comparatively labour lost to give descriptions of descriptions, for paintings are such in one method, words in another. Words have advantages over pictures, particularly in describing stupendous or living things, if they are so used as to excite the imagination and make her paint within, where her space is illimitable in all its dimensions; her colours surpassing those of nature itself, and her figures full of life and motion. But a picture, describe it as you may, is after all, a flat piece of canvass, and you cannot give by words to the mind of another, that illusion of the reality of the things represented, which painting itself gives to your own mind when you look, and look, till the figures start into life, the trees take root in the receding ground, and the mountains remove to their places. Indeed it is this illusion of his own mind, and not the picture itself, which the describer of a painting generally seeks to give.

But you will feel some curiosity, to know how the first sight of the works of the great masters affected my mind; and which of them I most admired. The truth to say, the first sight of the *Claude Lorraines*, *Titians*, and *Raphaels*, disappointed me; but the wild sublimity of *Salvator Rosa* struck me at the first with admiration. Some paintings of the French school, particularly those of *Girodet*, I found more striking on first acquaintance,

than any other. Of these, a scene of the deluge, is I think, the most remarkable. Amidst storm and tempest, and hundreds of sinking victims, one couple have found the side of a precipitous mountain, on which stands the remains of an aged tree. The man had seized one of the branches, raised himself, and clinging by the bough with one hand, is raising his loved companion with the other. But the treacherous support has failed ;—the branch has splintered, and you see that the next instant, both must be precipitated into the abyss.

But these pictures of Girodet; show you all that they are at the first look ; but to the pictures of the Italian school, you return again and again. You find a fascination that keeps you hovering around them, you hardly know why ; till at last you get to like them best ; but you naturally incline to think, it is your own peculiar fancy ; and are still a little surprised that any body else should.

No painter of this collection has so disappointed me as Rubens, the boast of the Flemish school. His works here, are full of faults, and the greatest of all are moral ones. He has as many pictures, as would cover the walls of a church, to flatter the queen regent ; the widow of Henry IV., Mary de Medicis : the same of whom Leonora de Concini said that she “governed her by that magic, by which strong minds always control weak ones.”

But I maintain, that what is bad in morals, is bad in taste. The feeling of moral beauty,—of fitness to produce moral good, is no less a part of man’s mental constitution, than the perception of the beauty of figures and colors, and of the fitness of works of art to minister to the convenience of man. When this is better understood, the painter and poet will feel, that it is in as bad taste, to deify, from base flattery a silly mortal,—to trick out vice to make it alluring to the unwary ;—as it would be to place a beautiful window in a floor, to let darkness into a room, and trap the heedless, to fall, like the Countess Amy, into a cellar.

Rubens has not only given little heed to the moral tendency of his works, here exhibited ; but he has min-

gled with real persons, all kinds of strange allegorical figures, good and bad, decent and indecent. Surely, he must have painted other things than these to have given him his great fame. I own, however, that I have not yet sufficiently recovered of my first disappointment and disgust, to give what judgment I have in these matters, fair play in his case.

I am not ashamed to say, I have not visited the statuary which is kept in other large apartments of the Louvre. I should rather be ashamed to say that I had.

The subject of most frequent occurrence in the gallery of paintings, on which many of the most eminent painters have tried their hands, is that of the Madonna, with her infant son. But no figure of all I saw at the Louvre, has so haunted my mind, as a *Madelaine*, clasping her hands, with upturned and streaming eyes, and dishevelled hair, which is, I believe, by *Annibal Carracci*. There are in the gallery, many charming landscapes, at which I should never be tired of gazing.

Some of the landscape scenery is made to represent the golden age. I could not but reflect what a vapid and low affair, these happyfiers, with the best their imaginations can produce, make of human happiness. It is something at which even bad men, if possessed of the least spark of mental vigor, must look upon with contempt. I mean when the occupations which they represent are considered as constant. Men and women dancing under trees,—the young billing and cooing,—the old sitting in the shade and telling stories—while some are reclining in a state of indolence, or draining the vine-wreathed bowl. Of all the groups, the children alone seem respectably employed, and truly to enjoy existence. Childhood is the only golden age, where mirth and frolic are real glee. When this changes to manhood, it is in vain we seek to renew it, or to make amusement business. Even the pictures of such attempts, are felt by the good and bad alike to be vapid; while those which display struggling, and suffering virtue, command the lasting admiration of all. What better proof is needed, that God has made man, not to be

the slave of pleasure, but the child and follower of virtue :—

As on a theatre his course to run,  
In sight of mortal and immortal powers.

And never does he feel such inward satisfaction as when conscious that he seeks to fulfil his high destiny.

I might in closing my letter, change this sentiment to an allusion, "with a conscience void of offence," so far as truth is concerned ; but I know that praise from me to you, is less becoming than confidence ; and that no assurances can make more sure, what a life has proved ; that

I am truly your friend, as well as  
Your affectionate sister.



## JOURNAL.

On *Saturday*, the 18th, I had an interesting call from Mr. Warden; who gives me much useful information. He has put me on the track of finding some books on education, which, at his suggestion, I shall purchase. He has also given me the means of introduction to a lady from Edinburgh, Mrs. D—, who he thinks, will assist me in finding some teachers for the French language, and music, to accompany me to America.

In making inquiries on the subject of education, of Madame George La Fayette, she had advised me to become acquainted with M. Morin, an intelligent gentleman, who is here much known in the business of instructing youth. Her two young sons, were entrusted to his care, in a school kept at Fontenaye-aux-Roses, a few miles from Paris. There was also belonging to him, and under the care of his wife and daughters, a house in Paris for female education. I visited this establishment, which is situated at the northwestern extremity of Paris.

Mademoiselle Morin, who was at this time doing the honors of the house, received me with the utmost kindness and attention; Madame La Fayette having previously notified her of my visit. This house in its arrangement reminded me a little of home. I went into a gate not made for horses, and entered a little court, paved however, with the square paving stones; and I found a small parlor on the ground floor. From this, I was conducted through the house.

The pupils were mostly from ten to thirteen. Two classes were writing,—and two young ladies were teaching them;—but I think their method bad. Their first lesson was the word *Calypso*, which contains different principles of figure and movement; and therefore, in my opinion, improper to be given in this complicated form, so early in the course. The method may, however, be a simplification of former ones taught here; as I find it is popular in several other schools. It is called the *Methode Jacotot*, from its author, who has con-

trived to make to himself a great name in Paris. The *Methode Jacotot* of teaching the French tongue to foreigners, is, I am informed, to make them commit, as an introductory exercise, the whole of *Telemachus* to memory.

These specimens of Jacotot's *Methodes*, satisfy me that he is not all he sets himself up to be ; otherwise his fame would make me seek him out. Not but that it is well for those , who wish to learn a language, to commit phrases or pages to memory ;—but to learn a whole book, is quite too much of a good thing,—and there is no special charm in *Telemachus* that a pupil should spend so much time in learning one species of style ; and that not the style to be used in writing or speaking of matters relating to the common concerns of life.

The arrangements respecting the lodging, eating, &c., of the pupils, were the same as at St. Denis, except on a smaller scale. Every thing was perfectly neat and in order. A scholar was taking a music lesson from a lady ; apparently in the same manner as our pupils have been formerly taught. I asked her if music pupils in France were never taught in classes. She said never. Going farther, I found two pianos in the same room. I asked if the pupils practised at the same time. She replied, yes, but they often took the same pieces.

She showed me the compositions of some of her best pupils—each of which was written on the side of a leaf, in a book kept for the purpose, as large as that of a middling sized music-book. The chirography I think much inferior to that of my best pupils. The compositions which I read, I think were charming *morceaux*. One was an imaginary return of *Telemachus* to *Ithaca*, describing his meeting with his father. Another was on maternal affection. Both these little pieces were in the spirit of poetry, and showed more cultivation of the imagination than of the reasoning powers.

*Sunday, 19th.*—We attended church this morning at the English ambassador's chapel. In the afternoon, my son and myself, went, by a previous arrangement, to call on M. Brogniart, at his hotel, in the *Rue St. Demi-*

*nique*. This arrangement was made in a series of notes between M. Brogniart and myself. I had brought a letter of introduction to this celebrated savant, from my townsman, Prof. Eaton; to whom M. Brogniart looks as one of the most distinguished of our naturalists. My son had carried this letter with some specimens which Eaton had sent, to Sèvres, where M. Brogniart holds the important office of Superintendent of the Royal Manufactory of Porcelain. After missing each other at calls, when the visited party was not at home, I went at this time, as I have remarked, by written arrangement. Sunday was his day of receiving company; and the only time when I could expect to see him, as he spends much of his time at Sèvres.\*

The hotel of M. Brogniart, like other genteel ones which I have seen, is approached from the street, by a large double gate sufficient to admit a carriage. In pleasant weather we do not enter with the carriage, but on foot. We then find a paved court which we cross, where is a door with *conciërge* written over it. This is the porter's lodge; and he directs us how many flights of stairs to mount. At M. Brogniart's, he told us *au troisieme*;—so we kept going upwards, till after the third flight of stairs, a servant appeared, enquired our names, and ushered us into the parlor;—where we were soon joined by M. and Madame Brogniart. I was much pleased with both. His person is small, but his face agreeable. They made many kind enquiries about my voyage—the time of my stay in Paris,—my establishment for education,—and my country.

Madame B.— speaks English, though not well enough

\* One might perhaps as well make visits on Sundays, as to be in one's own room, when music and dancing are in the next. Yet my visits to the Brogniarts were the only ones I paid on Sunday; though often invited out on that day. I found that the feelings of American ladies on this subject, were in a degree modifying the French manners; and think, to give no better reason, that it is a respect we owe ourselves, not to abandon our well-known principles and habits of observing the day. If we preserve our customs, the French will in some measure meet us on our own ground. I heard it several times remarked, that such a concert or fete would not take place on Sunday, "*parce que les dames Americaines n'assisteroient pas*—the American ladies would not attend.



to satisfy herself. Mon. B—, reads, though he does not speak it. He complimented me on my "Republic of America," and gave me the credit of originating a new method of developing historical subjects.

I inquired of him respecting improvements in chemistry, and whether I should find new works in Paris on this subject. He and Mr. Warden both speak of Thénard's new edition, as the best chemical work extant, and as containing all the latest improvements in the science. Some of my ideas on the subject of teaching chemistry to female pupils, seemed to strike him, as new and singular; and he manifested much surprise at the fact, that my pupils made chemical experiments. Madame Brogniart is a dignified woman, of fine, but simple manners. She kindly expressed a wish on parting, to make me acquainted with others of her family.

The trial of the ministers has commenced. Paris begins to assume an agitated appearance. We hear reports of collections of suspicious looking persons in various quarters, especially about the Luxembourg, where the trial is going on. Apprehensions were entertained, lest the ministers should have been taken by the mob, who threatened it, and massacred on the route from Vincennes, where they have been confined, to Paris, where they are kept during their trial; but Gen. La Fayette, at the head of a detachment of the national guard, went at night to Vincennes, and himself guarded them during their removal. The speech of M. Martigny, at the Chamber of Peers, in defence of the parties accused, is spoken of, as an effort of uncommon eloquence.

*Monday, 20th.*—Paris is in a state of alarm. Miss D—, and myself remained at home all day. Mr. D—, and my son were at Mr. H—'s. room, near the Luxembourg. The people were crowding and endeavoring to force their way; their behavior indicating a high degree of excitement. Detachments of the national guard, were keeping them in check, in a manner the most gentle possible, consistent with a decided performance of duty.

The populace, enraged at the tyrannical proceedings of the reign of Charles X., attributing to the ministers

also the blood of their friends and relatives, shed during the three days,—determine that their lives shall be sacrificed. If the Chamber of Peers do not condemn them to death, their design is to take them by force and kill them. The hopes of all who wish for peace, now centre in La Fayette, as the only man who can avert this terrific storm. The royalists, who believe every thing ill of the people, and think that law and order are already subverted; look with terrible apprehensions for the renewal of the bloody scenes of the former revolution. Yet notwithstanding this, Madame B—, with whom we now board, has taken to her house the family of Peyronnet, one of these obnoxious ministers. We knew there were ladies living in concealment in some of the upper rooms, who were spoken of as the “Spanish ladies.” Niceties were often sent to them from the table. At length we learnt that they were persons unhappily implicated in the consequences of these alarming movements.

Both Peyronnet and Madame B—, were natives of Bordeaux; companions in youth, and friends since. And now, though she knows not but the populace may prevail, the ministers be murdered, and their families dragged to destruction, with all who befriend them, yet she takes them to her home. I admire in her this constancy in friendship, and my feelings are touched by the unfortunate situation of those so near me. I said this morning, “Madame B—, you and I do not agree in politics. I do not like the course heretofore taken by the ministers,—but that hinders not my sympathy for their sufferings, or for the distress, in which their families are involved. I have understood that our Spanish ladies above stairs are of the family of Peyronnet. I sympathise in their sufferings, and if they need my services, I will, if possible, serve them. If things come to a crisis, I might assist in their removal, or in saving their property. As an American woman, and the friend of La Fayette, I might pass unchallenged, where perhaps, neither they, nor you could.” Madame B—, thanked me with feeling, but did not acknowledge that these per-

sons were of this family, though I am fully convinced that they are.

I understand now the cause of the very great anxiety which has been manifested for the health of La Fayette, and why it was that when I have expected to meet him, Madame B—, has put something into my mouth to enquire about the ministers. I knew her anxiety for her friend Peyronnet, and did as she wished ; and the General was not displeased that I should speak to him on these affairs, as they are what occupy his own mind. I do not regret that I have thus unwittingly served as the instrument of conveying information to the family of the unfortunate Peyronnet,—and from them doubtless to him ; for he has a son, who is alternately at our house, and with his father.

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The judgment of the peers is declared. The ministers are none of them condemned to death ; but they are sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. This sentence became known late last evening to the crowds at the Luxembourg. They became infuriated. The national guard partaking in their rage, threw down their arms. La Fayette appeared among them. His loved aspect and voice allayed the tumult, and they resumed their arms at his entreaty.

It was not until the dawn of the morning that the national guards on duty at the court of the Louvre heard the judgment rendered by the peers. They also threw down their arms. Some were in such a state of excited feeling, that they dashed their muskets to the ground with a violence which broke the stocks. They shouted "*Vive la République !*" "*Vive La Fayette, notre President !*" The populace without were about to rush in and take possession of the artillery. At this moment some of the officers stepped forth, and said if they failed in their duty, their good general would be stricken with grief.\* This argument alone prevailed. They resumed their arms,

\* Notre bon General etait desolé."

and maintained their posts.\* A similar scene, it is said, occurred at the Place Carousel.

We heard continual noises in the night ; of people moving and drums beating to arms. The whole of the national guards were called out.

*Tuesday, 21.*—There is still great agitation among all classes. The streets leading to the Luxembourg are guarded. Our party moved by these stirring times to a spirit of adventure, accompanied by Mr. Cooper, took a carriage, and attempted to make our way into that part of the city. But we found it impossible. None were allowed to pass, but such as were on foot, and accompanied by one of the national guards.

*Wednesday, 22.*—The movement continues—the peers are threatened. Ninety thousand of the national guards are under arms. We have passed the day in great anxiety, looking out at our windows to see the hurrying to and fro, of men and women. Dark Marat-looking faces were intermingled in the crowd, or in discourse together. The military were in motion, either in bands or single. We apprehended something dreadful ; we hardly knew what. Towards evening we saw pass near our window, a great number of young men marching in regular files ; with here and there an officer in the uniform of the national guards. They shout, but for a moment we know not what. They wear a placard in their hats ; of this also we know not the meaning. They come nearer, and shout, “*Vive le Roi ! Vive le Roi !*” We see that their motto is, “*Liberté et l’ordre, Public, Public.*” We breathe free, for we had feared that the multitude would prevail against the government. Soon after we saw a numerous body of troops, their spears glittering by the light of the lamps. They shouted, and again we were all anxiety. At length we hear distinctly “*Vive le Roi !*” We waved our handkerchiefs from the windows as they passed ; and in the joy of deliverance, hardly restrained our-

\* These facts I had from one, who was an actor in the scene at the Louvre. Nothing of all this appeared in the public prints, but the national guards were, as I am told, no longer trusted by the king to keep the Louvre ; which is regarded as the citadel of Paris ; but the care of it was thenceforth transferred to the royal corps of artillery.

selves from joining the shout. Candles were carried to the windows of the houses which they passed, to light the welcome band as they patrolled the streets. This was also a demonstration of rejoicing; and as such, the spirit was caught from house to house; and thus without any directions from authority, or preconcerted plan, Paris is illuminated.

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All is becoming tranquil. Every one we see praises the national guards, and declares that La Fayette has saved France from another revolution.

*Thursday, 23.*—Paris is quiet, and the city is still rejoicing. The national guards, distributed in the different places and parade-grounds of the city, are to be reviewed by the king, and their generals. Our party with the good Mrs. B.—, an excellent and agreeable English gentlewoman who boards with us, took a carriage, and went to the Place Vendome, to see the review. We staid two or three hours, expecting the king and General La Fayette. It was rainy—the pavements muddy, and the air chill. The national guards, who had already been five days on duty, presented an aspect, not only uncomplaining, but gay and even frolicsome. Some were chasing each other across the place;—some were singing the *Marseillaise* or the *Parisienne*. At length they made one enormous circle, and danced with rapidity to these patriotic sounds, around the column of Napoleon. The king came, but not until after dark. We had left the ground before he appeared; but we heard soon after at our home, which was near, the hearty shouts of “*Vive le Roi!*” La Fayette was not with him, and we learn to our astonishment that he has not been out during the day; and that from all quarters, the people and national guard inquire, “Where is our good general?” “Why does he not appear?” “We fear his labors have been too great for his health.”

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, Dec. 29th, 1830.

DEAR SISTER:

I have done with French politics, and I have learned a good deal of French character; or rather of human nature.

It was on the evening of the 22d, as you will see by my journal, that Paris was illuminated; and resounding with the praises of the national guards, and their beloved chief. On the 23d, when he was expecting to enjoy the review,—to see the faces of his companions in arms,—the children of his cares, and his affection; the king sends in the morning an order for Col. Carbonel, his private secretary, to accompany him to the review; omitting both the General and his son. This of course amounted to a prohibition.

The self-same day, the king's party in the Chamber of Deputies, introduced a law to abolish his office of commander in chief of the national guards. It was brought forth accompanied with great praise of the incumbent. In answer to the objections of his friends, it was said, that there was no fear of tarnishing the glory of La Fayette. It was his praise to have created the national guard,—to have been for a time its living law,—to have been the friend and companion of Washington;—and that he himself would be the first to say (if the thing in question was done,) “the law is past—my functions have ceased—I become again what I am, a citizen of two worlds.”\* After thus felicitating themselves on the great actions of La Fayette, and on the anticipated nobleness of his conduct if they proceeded to treat him ill; the President of the council said, that he was authorised on the part of the king, to say, that he would confer upon him the *honorary* title of Commander in chief; and this bright thought was applauded by the

\* “Sans doute il sera le premier à dire: “La loi est votée, mes fonctions sont finis, je redeviens ce que je suis, le citoyen de deux mondes.”—*Debates in the Chamber of Deputies—Courier Français.*

chamber. La Fayette to have an honorary title from Louis Philippe ! Grant me patience ! or rather grant it to him, when thus they offer him, a vile weed to wear among his laurels.

To this point, things had come, on Saturday the 25th. On Monday the 27th, the secretary of the interior, reported to the king through the *Moniteur*, the resignation of General La Fayette ; informing his majesty, that the illustrious General had taken this course with such decision, that not the most pressing and reiterated entreaties, would move him to renounce a determination at which his majesty (how amiable) would be profoundly afflicted. Therefore the minister (seeing how useless it would be to wait,) thought proper to name, and thereby did name *M. le Comte Lobau* to succeed him, with the title of lieutenant general.

Then came out in hand-bills (*affichés*) the king's proclamation to the national guard ; and his majesty's grief was plastered on the stone walls of Paris. He felt all the more afflicted (call for a pocket handkerchief,) because it was but a few days, since the worthy General took a glorious part in the maintenance of public order ; which had been by the national guard so nobly and efficaciously preserved, during the late agitation.\*

By the side of this mummery, how noble appear the few touching words of La Fayette, expressed in the order which contained his farewell address to the national guard. In bidding them farewell, his heart, he said, was filled with a sentiment, to which he felt compelled to give utterance. His confidence in their attachment and their regrets was entire ; and it was by redoubling, if possible, their punctuality and ardour in their duties, that they would testify more and more their regard for him. He should know how to appreciate this new tes-

\* "Vous partagerer mes regrets en apprenant que le General La Fayette a cru devoir donner la demission ; je me flattais de le voir, plus long temps a votre tête, animant votre zele par son exemple, et par le souvenir de grands services, qu'il a rendus à la cause de la liberté. Sa retraite m'est d'autant plus sensible, qu'il y a peu de jours encore, ce digne General prenait une part glorieuse au maintien de l'ordre public que vous avez si noblement et si efficacement protégé pendant la dernière agitation."

timony of their affection, and indissoluble union with him, in devotion to liberty and public order. The king would make all necessary arrangements. It was with the attached feelings of a softened heart, that their old and grateful friend, addressed to them these few words. But few as they are, there is, I doubt not, a magic in them; it may be a spell, to keep the ungrateful monarch in his throne. But they cannot give him the hearts of his people, who must feel the more indignant, that such goodness should meet nothing, but the betrayer's kiss in return.

No better comment can be made on these transactions, than is found in a letter from Gregoire, the former Bishop of Blois, which appears in the *Courier Francais*, probably by a coincidence not unintentional, following the proclamation of the king, and La Fayette's farewell.—“My dear old colleague and friend,” (says Gregoire to La Fayette,) “The study of man, always useful, and even necessary, is not always consoling. Envy glooms over an eminent merit; and when she cannot escape the obligation to decree its eulogy; her concentrated venom vents itself in explosions, which relieve her inmost heart.”

You can well imagine that these affairs have made a change in the tone of my spirits. I had felt in common with you in America, the joy of believing that France was free—that our good La Fayette was gratified in his dearest wishes. Arrived here, France was the ship in which I had myself embarked for the time, and circumstances had increased my interest in La Fayette, its noblest mast. A storm came, and with it, a quickened feeling at every passing breeze.—In the midst of terror, in a moment, the clouds dispersed and light broke forth. France was saved; and La Fayette honored.—The elevation of my spirits at these events, was soon checked.

On the afternoon of the 25th, it being Christmas day, our party walked forth, to witness the imposing Catholic solemnities at Notre Dame; and after returning from our walk, we received calls from some friends; and among others, from young Mr. S., who informed me



that the chamber of Deputies had proposed removing his office from Gen. La Fayette. I felt as if stunned by a sudden and violent blow. Referring to the words of Washington, I said to myself,—“now have I learned what ingratitude is.” What, not wait a week, not one little day, since he saved the government? Even his bitterest foes had joined to praise his wise arrangements, his sleepless and active vigilance, his generous self-devotion, when aged and lame as he is, he went at night among the infuriated populace, and with an energy and benevolence almost divine, hushed the deadly elements of passion, and thus preserved the lives of the ministers so late his enemies, and saved a government which had violated its pledges to him; thus preventing another revolution, which would have had for its object, to establish principles dearer to him than his life, and to place him in France, as Washington had been in America, at the head of a free people. But he would not allow the horrors of a bloody revolution, while the government was tolerable, for the prospect of uncertain good; nor would he suffer his name to be stained, by a suspicion of personal ambition.

This we had witnessed, and we had all felt it; for none can be in Paris, at such a time of commotion without feeling a sense of personal danger. We owed our safety to him, and to the spirit which he had infused into the national guards. We felt the joy of deliverance—the flush of gratitude, exalted by our love to this dear father of our country, and we looked to see what new mark of grateful honor, France had for her deliverer, *her* Father as well as ours; and behold! while we are looking, her government aims a blow at his venerable breast.

On the 27th, I called on Madame George La Fayette, hoping to learn some consoling circumstances. But Oh! how my heart was pained, to find that this dear, this elevated woman, felt deeply the blow. I saw it in her countenance, in the unwonted carelessness of her dress, and especially in her tone and manner, as she grasped my hand, and exclaimed, “Ah! my dear Madame, what will the Americans say to this? America could remem-

ber the services of my father for fifty years. France can scarce remember them five months." Say not months said I, it was not even days. "Yet," said she, "it is not the *peuple* of France. They say republics are ungrateful, and monarchies are not,—let this treatment of my father bear testimony."

The ill disguised satisfaction of the royalists, the hypocritical pretences of those, who wish to stand well on all sides, suit so ill with my feelings, that I now choose to keep silent, or retire when these events are made the topic of general conversation.

Last evening I attended La Fayette's *soirée*. I went early in hopes to have a little conversation with him.—But I would not have dared to speak to him of the late affairs, had an opportunity presented. I saw that his mind was for the present sealed, and it would be impertinence to seek to pry into his thoughts. Yet he appeared calm and benevolent as usual;—not the least touch of *chagrin*, or resentful feeling was visible in his appearance;—but his countenance was to me, as though he was struggling to overcome an inward sorrow, and wished not to be disturbed in this work of self-government. He was pale, but smiling. "Well," said he, "now I shall have more time to see my friends." His family evidently feel, that they have met with a reverse.

The General on resigning, had immediately removed from the *Etat-major*, to his own Hotel in the *Rue d'Anjou*. His rooms are not so spacious and elegant, as those of his public establishment, although perfectly well arranged. They were filled to overflowing. All his friends were anxious to show him their countenances on this occasion, and one would have thought he had had an accession of friends and influence, rather than a decline. The way to his house was for a long distance thronged with carriages.

My time for writing draws to a close. I meant to have given you a more minute account of my own proceedings, but often as it is said that we of New England origin, make ourselves our constant theme, (and our language, it is true, sometimes countenances the assertion) yet after all, I believe no people in heart and in

truth, oftener forget themselves for others ; though many, particularly the French, have much more frequently the appearance of doing so.

You, my dear sister, have cheerfully and voluntarily, for my sake, taken the burden of my cares ; and you know that

I am truly, your confiding,  
And affectionate sister.

## JOURNAL.

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*Wednesday, 29.*—My son and myself went with a ticket presented by Mr. Warden, to an exhibition of national industry. I did not find it as interesting as I expected ; there were however, a number of curious and useful things exhibited. Persons, who had specimens of their work were ranged around the room, as candidates for employment. Among these, was a man, who exhibited his drawings, and I told him I wished some one to make some small sketches for me, of the size of an octavo leaf, and he agreed to call at my lodgings for more particular directions.

*Thursday, 30.*—Our party attended a *soirée* at Mr. and Mrs. V—'s. These excellent people are of French extraction ; both, though at different times, went to America in early life. There they became acquainted, were married, and resided for a few years in one of our southern cities, much respected and beloved. There my friend Mr. D— became acquainted with them. On our arrival in Paris, he called on Mr. V—, and soon after Mrs. V—, conforming to American manners, which she loves, called on Miss D— and myself ; and gave us a standing invitation to her *soirées*, which she holds on Thursday evenings.

We often attend them, though if we miss one or two, no wry faces, or reproachful enquiries into our reasons are made. Mrs. V— gives us tea, and a more elegant variety of French *gateaux*, and niceties, than we find any where else.

As people are apt to attract around them, their own sort, so those we meet here are generally sensible, and well informed. The company is French ; or otherwise a portion of the best American society in Paris. This evening Mrs. B—, our English friend to whom we have all become attached, accompanied our party, and appeared to enjoy highly, her favorite game of *carté*.—

Mr. V— seemed to penetrate my mind in regard to late affairs, and to be actuated by the benevolent wish, to reconcile me in some degree to the new order of things ; and he talked more good sense and reason than I often hear on these subjects. He regretted with me, what had happened ; but I must consider that General La Fayette, had about him young, ambitious, and often undeserving men, whom the kindness of his heart disposed him to gratify ; and to please them, he was sometimes led to dictate to the king.

There may be something in this ;—but yet it would not be like La Fayette, to assume a dictatorial tone.— But why should not the king, even if he did, meet him in a manly way, and set him right where he was wrong ; not thus descend to play the hypocrite. Gregoire was nearer right, when he attributed his conduct to envy.— Why did he send to get him out of the Opera House ?— Why hinder his appearance at the review ?—Louis Philippe was afraid there would be other shouts than “ *Vive le roi.* ”

*Friday, 31st.*—The last day of the year. This evening a party of Madame B—’s friends were here, among whom were Mr. Hennessey, a deputy from Cogniac, with his lady, a dignified and agreeable woman, M. and Madame L— and several other French persons.

They staid for the new year. The clock was watched, and the moment it struck twelve, commenced a racket, which took me by surprise. The gentlemen immediately set to kissing the ladies, and the ladies to kissing each other after the French manner, first on one cheek, and then on the other, and there was such a shouting—and wishing of happy new-year,—and in short such a din of mingled voices, and half screamings, that in our country there would have been a chance for a cry of fire from those out of doors, if not a ringing of the bells.

*Saturday, Jan. 1st.*—My son and myself, called on Mrs. Opie and Mrs. V—, both of the ladies being near us in the *Rue de la Paix* ; and we in the *Rue neuve des Capucins*, within three doors of the *Place Vendome*.—Miss D— and myself sent our cards, to the other ladies of our acquaintance. Our male friends noticed us, either

by sending us their cards, or calling in person. Presents however slight, are here exchanged on the new year, by intimate acquaintances.

*Sunday, 2d.*—We went to church all day at the Oraison,—heard a sermon in French in the morning, and in English in the afternoon, from the good Mr. Wilkes.

*Monday, 3d.*—I breakfasted at the Hotel Mont Blanc, with Mr. and Mrs. O—y, who are much admired here. He is a fine musician, which gets him much credit with the Parisian ladies. After breakfast, we took a turn in the gallery of the Louvre. Mr. O— is a connoisseur in painting.

In the course of the evening, I called on Madame de Maubourg. The conversation turned on the subject of the late events, as they referred to her father. She exclaimed, "It is incredible—is it not?" It is afflicting, said I. "But for that it is *incredible*," said she, "and you—you are not then satisfied with these events?"—"Not with events, but always with the conduct of your father. He is always himself." "Ah, is he not!" said she, "always above events?"

M<sup>lles</sup> Mathilde and Clementine La Fayette called to see me two or three days before this date. Wishing to know some further particulars of the obnoxious message, sent by the King to Gen. La Fayette, I asked Mathilde respecting it. She said, it was Colonel Carbonel, that the King sent for, to accompany him to the review. He did not then send for your grand-father? "*Ni mon grand-pere, ni mon pere*," said Mathilde with a starting tear, and half-choked utterance. This slight of Col. La Fayette, was an aggravation to the king's offence, needless on any supposition. He has resigned his commission. Dupont de l'Eure, prefect of the Seine has also resigned his office, and I am told that the officers of the national guard are generally desirous to do so, but La Fayette opposes it.



## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, Jan. 5th, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER :

My Journal and letters will give but a slight idea of my occupations and pursuits here. I am so anxious to make the most of my time, feeling that I shall never again have the opportunity I now have ;—and my curiosity embracing such a variety of subjects, that I constantly feel as if pressed with business.

I lose no opportunity of learning the state of education. The Morins to whom Madame La Fayette introduced me, I like much. They asked me to dinner, a great stretch of hospitality here, and invited to meet me, M. Colart, the former preceptor of the Duke of Bourdeaux, the young prince, who as you know, was before the three days, heir apparent to the crown of France. He teaches at this time, a class of boys, and I am to go some day soon to witness his teaching ; of which the highest opinion is entertained. I have also had a conversation with the Count de Laysterie ; he recommended, on my enquiring for improvements in education, that I should visit the institution *Cochin*, lately established for the instruction of the children of the poor, partly, I should suppose on the plan of our infant schools, partly on the monitorial system, for older scholars. This is not precisely the kind of improvement which most interests me :—yet I intend to go when I can find time.

One of my objects is, as you know, to learn to speak the French, which, with the knowledge I had of the language when I came, I thought I should soon compass. But I find it more difficult than I had apprehended ; and failing in some of the advantages which I had expected, I have to contrive other ways. I had thought the society I should visit, and the family I am boarding in, would perhaps be sufficient. But in the circle of friends which I meet either at home or abroad, English, as well as French, is spoken by many, and when for the honor of my country, as well as for my own credit, I wish to put the best foot foremost, I do not like to be laboring to



utter bad French, when I can help it ; and besides, to those who speak English well, it would be no great compliment to insist on their playing the instructor for my profit. However, I do not hesitate to do my best in conversation, when I meet in society with those who cannot speak English.

I take regular lessons in French between the hours of twelve and one. My instructor is M. D'Arbel ; who is not only an excellent teacher, but an accomplished gentleman. He is an officer of the national guards, a liberal, and of course an admirer of American institutions. As my object is to learn to speak his language, I spend a part of my hour in conversing with him, he correcting my mistakes. From him I derive many interesting facts on various subjects. I could wish that some literary institution of our country, which is able to support a first rate professor, might secure his services.

I contrive also to make my different objects work together, by spending a good deal of time, with other classes of people than those with whom I visit. I want to learn the French character in all stations, and to know things, as well as people. So I often put on my hat, sally forth in the morning—and spend three or four hours among the shop-keepers. Not however to pretend to want something that I do not, for I have many things to purchase ;—articles for my wardrobe,—books, of which I am making a pretty large collection,—prints and paintings, of which I am ambitious to own some good ones, and need them too as patterns for my school.

But I hold it not unfair, to get some knowledge and practice in French, of these persons to whom I am going to pay money, and among them, I do not mind making mistakes in speaking.—So I hold them a parley respecting their articles,—make questions concerning their merits, and patiently listen to their whole story. In this way I learn French, and French character, and get slowly along with my purchases.

These people are more unconscionable in money affairs, than any thing of the human kind, I had imagined before. They will take any sum they can get, if it were your whole estate, and for any article. Of this, I

was partly aware before hand, by the advice of friends, and have now learned the particulars. So if I go into a book-shop, or call at a book-stall, of which thousands are found, especially on the boulevards and quays, I look over the books, and if I see a volume, or a set, that I want, I turn immediately away from that quarter, and look at some others, that I do not mean to purchase : then I ask the price of these ;—when they inform me, I tell them that I am not altogether ignorant of the value of books ;—and when, they begin to fall, I set my face like a flint, and will have nothing more to say about it. Then I carelessly ask them the price of the book I want. They will then, give me one much more moderate ; and I generally make them an offer of half what they ask. If they refuse to accept this, and I do not want the book very particularly, but only determine to buy if I can get a good bargain, I turn to go away slowly ; considering it an even chance, that I shall be called back, and my offer accepted. When matters go to this length, and I return and take the article, I think I have got it at its true value, according to the market ; for of course the owner is under no compulsion, and would not sell, unless he could make something by his bargain. I dislike to deal with such people, but determine if I must, to pay no tribute to dishonesty if I can help it. However, as I become acquainted with the state of the markets, I can proceed with my purchases, without the necessity of such means as were my only safety, in learning the real selling prices. But I ought in justice, to remark, that I have made purchases of dealers, who as far as I can learn by observation or testimony, never vary their prices. The most respectable retail dealers of silks, are of this character. I have dealt with *Richer*, in the Rue Richelieu, in this article. He keeps the very best of silks, such as I have never seen for sale in America. Every thing is, I believe on their part, managed with fairness, but the prices are not low. My French friends say that I have got my things at good bargains. I have purchased sets of handsomely bound octavos at a franc (one fifth of a dollar) apiece. These, though standard works, are not new. These books come probably, from the li-

braries of persons, whom these troublesome times have ruined, and the dealers have bought them for almost nothing. For new books I have to pay much more. I gave for Thenard's chemistry, I think, nine francs a volume.

I find my sight-seeing, as well as my shopping, quite conducive to my improvement in the French language. I have been three times to see a panorama of Rome, which is on the Boulevard. A moderate spoken woman explains the different parts of the picture; and is very patient, when I ask her questions; and I pay her my franc cheerfully, thinking I have got its double value, for the representation is beautiful, and doubtless correct; and I have learned Rome, and French at the same time.

The picture shops, with which Paris abounds, and the *ateliers* of the painters are very attractive to me; that is, those of a higher character; and I have learned a good deal with respect to methods of teaching in drawing and painting,—in which I think the French excel. I have also made valuable acquisitions in this line. At Mr. Warden's recommendation, I have attended to the method of teaching drawing practised by *Mlle Le Breton* and her father, and have purchased their work. This I consider the best system I have yet met with, in that branch of education.

Another way in which I make my plans work together, is by hiring French women to sew for me, whom I take on the recommendation of persons of my acquaintance. I have one now in my employ, who is an interesting, delicate looking woman, with the same characteristics in her language and manners. In the course of her employment, she spends days in the family of a Duke, and also in some other high families;—and while I have her services, I encourage her when I am in my room, to talk to me of the customs prevailing in private life, and whether they are changing from former ones.

I have been over the same ground with other women, whom I dared to ask the same questions, and though allowance is to be made, for some lack of veracity, and for the wish which they naturally feel to make their country appear well in the eyes of a stranger; yet by the par-

ticular incidents which they relate, and comparing one story with another, I think I can get near the truth. In short, from all I learn from various sources, I am happy to believe that French women, in the highest class, are improving in their manners, though still far from the proper standard, in customs which concern their chastity.

If American women are careful to maintain that character which is now accorded them,—and which makes men, even of other nations, pronounce them to be the best of wives, the safest to trust;—I believe the growing intercourse of our country with France, will make them useful to French women.

But it is harder to teach virtue than to learn vice; and I pray heaven this intercourse be not the means of ill to us, rather than of good to them. I am quite satisfied, that American women, especially young ones, are better off at home than here. Yet I know several, who having resided here for years, and are highly appreciated in the first circles, who are American women still; but I know some instances where I have reason to believe otherwise.

LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN,  
CONTINUED.

We may make many valuable improvements from the instruction of French women in regard to dress, which after all, is no unimportant affair to a woman. They certainly observe economy in some things, beyond the women of our country. Their nice things are not put on in the morning, or worn in patrolling the streets. They regard a *grande toilette* in the morning, as decidedly vulgar; at the same time I must exonerate them from the charge, as far as I have had opportunity to observe, of wanting neatness.

A plain dress of calico, or of some cheap material, made close,—a kerchief of plain Jaconet muslin or *tulle*\* finished at the neck with ruffles exquisitely quilled or plaited, and a cap of tulle, completes the morning costume of a French lady. The queen of France would not be so ungenteel as to wear a cap of blonde, or the princesses, her daughters, to wear dresses very low in the neck, or of slight material, before dinner; which here is ordinarily at six o'clock.

In the care taken of their dresses, the French ladies observe economy. I have learned many useful things in the manner of folding dresses to lay away, and packing them to travel. If a good dress was to be laid on a closet shelf for only a day, it would be folded with the utmost nicety, and pinned in a large napkin. It then comes out unwrinkled, and apparently fresh.

The use of large napkins at the dinner table, is another way by which they display care in this particular. The practise too, of covering the chairs and sofas of salons, with covers of brown linen, which are kept clean by frequent changing, has no doubt its origin in the same spirit of nicety, though it saves the elegant cushions of the chairs also, which are often of beautiful figured material, of some delicate color.

\* Cotton lace.

More regard is paid to convenience and health in morning costumes in France, than with us in America. It being now winter, their morning dresses are generally made with linings throughout, and frequently with a slight wadding inserted. Ladies here never walk the streets with thin shoes, unless they have a pair of clogs over them.

In what I have said of the neatness of the French ladies, I judge more particularly from those I have lived with. Madame B— and her two daughters are models in this respect. Their bed-rooms are as neat as their persons. In most of the French families where I am in the habit of making morning visits, I find the ladies in neat and becoming, though simple attire, but I see some opposite examples.

The ladies, as they walk the streets, sometimes make a sorry figure. The trimmings of their hats, from the humidity of the climate, are apt to get a stringy crest-fallen look. A kind of cloak is now quite in vogue, and worn by the most respectable ladies, made of a sort of woollen cloth, which looks like a thin inner blanket of a New-England housewife;—died in the yarn, and woven like kerseymere; presenting checks of about an inch square, of different colors. Some of these cloaks, have these checks alternately of deep and pale blue; some of deep and pale red; and though a Parisian lady wears such a cloak to church, and in the streets, I am sure a New-England woman would not, on account of its vulgar appearance.

What I have said of their dress for the streets, is to be understood mainly of their shopping excursions, which take them through narrow and muddy walks. All make these when they have real business. The newspapers, which give an account of all the out-door proceedings of the King's family, frequently say, that at such an hour, Madame Adelaide, the king's sister, and his two oldest daughters went out to make purchases.

I never knew a French woman guilty of making a shop-keeper, show her things merely for her own diversion. When the ladies go out for morning visits, for a promenade in the garden of the Tuileries, or take the

fashionable drive two or three miles west of Paris in the *Bois de Boulogne*, they dress with care, yet suitably to the occasion.

Although I did not intend when I came to Paris, to change much the fashion of my dresses, yet as I find real improvements, I am pleased to adopt them, for the sake of utility and health, and besides, I find myself in a manner obliged, in the circle in which I am, to conform in a degree to the modes here.

Yet though I endeavour so far to conform to the customs, as not to disgrace my acquaintances, still in some things, I will have my own ways. If I happen to hit upon something a little new, which takes, they give me more credit for it, than if I had written a good book ; but if it does not, then I have trials. You know I would never have my ears bored. Of course I do not wear ear-rings, and it really requires no small independence of character to get along with it. On a subject of such importance as this, even French politeness sometimes fails. The ladies seem to speak of it, as if it were a kind of deformity ; and one advised me, to fasten ear-rings by strings passing over my ears. Sometimes, when I am asked the reason of my singularity in this respect, I say, (speaking according to the rule for answering questions, given in the book of Proverbs,) that I always fancied, I had an uncommonly well-shaped ear, and could not bear to spoil it. If I had had a homely one, I should not have minded making a hole in it, and drawing it down to an acute angle. One gentleman asked me if it was unfashionable in America to wear ear-rings. " Oh no," I told him. " Men as well as women wore them there ; not only at the bottom of the ear, but throughout the whole rim, and in their noses besides."

One evening, after I was dressed to go out, I stepped into the salon to wait for a carriage. Among other company, there was a great beau of an old bachelor, who knows almost every thing ; speaks four languages, sings, and plays the piano, makes speeches that would grace a novel to us all in our turns, sometimes standing and sometimes kneeling : and who is as renowned for impudence, as for learning and accomplishments. After making his

elegant bow, "Madam," said he, "if you were my wife, I should order you to change that turban for a cap, since you refuse to wear ear-rings." "When I am your wife," said I, "you will find me very obedient. I hear the carriage—bon soir."

It is incredible what a nice eye, a French woman has, for dress and personal appearance. It is like a musician, whose ear has become so acute, that he discovers discords, where to ordinary persons, there seems perfect harmony. But they are not in dress, what they are sometimes supposed in our country to be, dashing and finical; but they really understand the matter, and their taste is chaste and correct, and though I will not relinquish my fixed principles, either of morals or taste, yet I endeavor to profit by it; for whatsoever things are really lovely, are to be thought of. Besides, they invent a thousand convenient methods, which I like to learn, many of which I hope to show you when I return. I go through all the shops where various articles of dress are made, and when I see something new, which is promising, buy a specimen to carry home.

Whatever they may have been in times past, the French women at this day, are more simple and natural in their dress in many respects, than the American. They dress their own hair without false curls; and this is considered, (truly I think) more becoming, even when their locks are partially changed by age. At first, the grey hair of ladies, past their youth, elegantly curled and put up, and worn in evening parties without hat or cap; or if these were used appearing in front; had something unpleasant in its aspect. But in truth, the hair, the complexion, and the figure each suit the other; and why should ladies conceal grey hairs more than gentlemen? Some of these ladies, prove as I am told, the most dangerous of coquettes. Yet notwithstanding the assertion of a young gentleman, made in the height of his passion for a woman of twice his age, that he considered a lady's beauty materially improved by her hair's becoming a little grey; yet I am far from believing that this opinion is generally held. I am told there are persons in Paris who earn their living by plucking the white hairs from



ladies heads ; and gentlemen's too, for aught I know. One day my consequential French hair-dresser, who comes regularly before dinner, fell into a graye discourse with my sewing woman, on the point, how far in the case of female beauty, art would make up for the deficiencies or decays of nature ; and he ended by uttering, "*des cheveux et les dents ! voilà l'essentièl*" !\*

The French ladies at this time do not generally paint ; yet I have seen some instances where it is evident they do ; and others where, though I have had the best opportunities of observing, I still remain doubtful. This is the case of a titled lady, whom I meet almost every day. Her complexion seems a pure transparent red and white, showing the veins ; but they say she paints the veins too. I think she dresses with more taste and elegance, take her one time with another, than any other woman I have known in Paris. She is beautiful to appearance, and I can scarcely believe her faded, though I am told that she is ; and that the grand climacteric of her charms was some fifteen or twenty years ago, when she was one of the most admired beauties at the court of Vienna.

When I first saw her, I passed her on the stairs, as she was going out with her hat on. She struck me at first sight as a model of real elegance. I thought her a woman of twenty-five. In figure, she is of medium height, slight and delicate. On closer examination, I should have thought her more than twenty-five,—it might be thirty. She has a son of about twenty. She affects nothing girlish in her dress, but wears most, those things which are common to maids and matrons. Nor is there ever any thing about her appearance which could offend even the eye of prudery itself.

I would you could have seen her as she came to our dinner table yesterday, dressed for the opera, where she has a box for the season. Her dress was a silk velvet, of rich maroon color, made to fit her shape exactly ;—or her shape to fit that, I cannot say which ; but there were no exaggerations by which to detect art. Her

\* The hair and the teeth ! these are the essentials !

throat was slightly displayed through a frill of blonde lace,—her belt was perfectly matched in color with her dress, and fastened with exactness by an elegant buckle. A golden chain was thrown over her shoulders, depending with a graceful sweep over her back, and in front falling to her delicate waist—her black hair, (it might be her wig) was tastefully curled and arranged over her forehead, and set off her clear complexion, which blended the rose and lily. Her hat was of surpassing elegance, neither too large or too small, worn as if placed by the hands of the graces. Its color was the shade of a fresh damask rose. A slight trimming of the same color rose a little above the top of the crown; and over the front was thrown a beautiful curtain of white blonde. I think I have seen her wear a small tuft of white plumes on the same hat; but she probably thinks with the blonde, this would be over-dressing, and she always hits the precise mark.

Our French ladies admire and praise her taste, and often appeal to it, though they sometimes make a profound critique after she has left the room. She is the lady in her manners, as in her dress. Her language too has its own peculiar style. But amidst her *badinage*, there is a certain something in her expressions, as well as in the twinkle of her bright dark eye, and in her laugh, that is sometimes as if she derided those to whom she spoke. They call her witty. I should think her satirical.

Once when we were in the salon for the evening, (she rarely shows herself before dinner) and no gentlemen present, we were looking at one of the prints of the *Journal des Modes*, which lay upon the centre table, she came up, broke into one of her giggling, satirical laughs, and immediately threw herself into the stiff affected attitude of the engraved figure. She was truly comic, and in this attitude would have made a fine subject for the elegantly comic pencil of Leslie. But a thought struck me at the moment, which half made me weep. These figures, said I to myself, thus ridiculed by those who understand dress in its perfection, by which the very milliners of Paris, who send them abroad, would

not for the sake of good taste, (modesty out of the question,) dress themselves,—these are the very patterns by which my young and lovely country-women are making themselves up;—the idols to which they sometimes sacrifice decency and propriety.

To show you that I do not exaggerate the importance given to dress here, and do not burlesque instead of describing, I will give you an extract from the directions of a respectable French writer to travellers :

“A person badly dressed in Paris, is like one infected with the plague, or at least must be an isolated being, whom every body avoids, or scorns. Such is the empire of dress in this city, where fashion reigns supreme. If not fashionably attired, one can appear nowhere, without experiencing some vexations :—not even among the shop-keepers. It is therefore necessary, even indispensable, to dress as well as possible ; always avoiding exaggerations of fashion, and adopting a style of dress suitable to age, state and fortune. A nice propriety, is peculiarly indispensable for ladies, and those of Paris are models in this respect. Whoever is suitably and elegantly attired, without negligence, and without affectation, is every where received, and treated with all the respect due to a well-bred person.”

Apropos to affectation.—The French ladies sometimes accuse the American women of this fault. They praise most those here, who are the most entirely free from it. Mrs. S—, of B—, they often speak of, on account of the sweet simplicity of her manners and dress. American gentlemen they admire. There is some truth in these distinctions. In France there is more affectation among the men than the women ; with us, more among the women than the men. But general rules, you know, have their exceptions.

7th.—Last evening I was again, caught with a French custom, something after the manner of a raw sailor at the tropics. We were told of the king's days, which must be duly attended to, before the twelfth. Some of us being every evening from home, the *fête* was deferred until this time. A cake was handed round with a bean in it ;—if a lady got it, she must

be queen, and choose the king; if a gentleman, then he must be king, and select a partner to the regal dignity.

They manœuvred to give me the bean. Immediately I was declared queen, and Madame B— was ready at my elbow, to say “choose Mr. —,” “choose Mr. —.” So I chose Mr. —; and like other kings and queens newly inaugurated, we little knew what was before us.

Having been jointly proclaimed with more than three cheers,—tea was served according to due precedence. We went to drink, and immediately all cried out, “*Le roi boit !! la reine boit !!*”\* and roared into a laugh. The same again, whenever we put our cups to our lips; and if we laughed with the rest, they cried out, “*Le roi rit !! la reine rit !!*”† If we rose from our seats, “*La reine se lève ! le roi apporte la musique !*”‡ and so whatever we did, was audibly announced by the whole company; and then all roared again. Thus we were the observed of all observers. Our dignity held on, making occasional merriment, until we purchased the next cake for another fete, which we did not do until the Wednesday following.

This scene was truly comic; and a good burlesque of what the Parisians are really practising from one year’s end to another. “The queen rides out! the king makes his bow! the princesses dance!”

8th.—In the course of my walk up the Boulevards, I called to see a Neorama of the interior of St. Peter’s church, and another of Westminster Abbey. These are so perfect in deception, that by looking awhile, every thing recedes to its proper distance; and I feel as if I had really been within these celebrated edifices. One of the most curious objects to be seen, as we walk along the fashionable part of the Boulevard, is the figure of a Turk, which is placed in front of a building that leads to a garden and sitting rooms. The figure is on a level with the second floor, standing in a shaded recess, so

\* The king drinks ! the queen drinks !

† The king laughs ! the queen laughs !

‡ The queen rises ! the king brings music !

that we cannot examine it too closely. A most formidable, looking Turk, he is. His eyes are rolling, and he seems to dart fierce looks at you, and you might suppose his very beard was "curling for ire."

Many of the shops in Paris have some strange figure painted as a device by which they are known. If you ask where did you purchase such a thing—you are answered, *A la Giraffe*, *A l'Abeille d'Argent*, *A la Pandore*, *Au Grand Frederic*, &c.\* These devices are sometimes in gilded carving, and sometimes in painting: and they really give to some of the streets the look of a museum.

*Sunday, 9th.*—We went to church at the Champs Elysées. In the evening my son and myself attended a soirée at M. Brogniart's, and spent the evening delightfully, with this most amiable family. It appeared to be composed of two sons and their wives, one daughter and her husband. I was entirely charmed, with M. B—'s sister, Madame *La Baronne* Pichon, whom M. and Madame B— had mentioned in their invitation, as having resided heretofore in the United States.

The Baron Pichon is also very agreeable. He unites with the polish of a French gentleman, a character and manner somewhat diplomatic. He was *Charge des Affaires* in America, in Mr. Jefferson's time.

The most elegant exhibition of engravings, that I have seen in any private salon in Paris, was here. Among others, were many heads of the distinguished characters of past and present time, large and elegantly executed. These led to interesting associations common to us all, and thought and feeling flowed spontaneously into words.

The repast was tea, which from some little circumstances I thought was not a customary beverage with the family, but got at this time, because it was the custom of our country. The tea-tray, with an exquisite collection of *gateaux*, were placed on a large round table, and never children among themselves seemed more at their ease, or happier, than were all the company.

\* At the Camel-Leopard—At the Golden Bee—At Pandora's Head—At Frederic the Great.

The servants having brought in the things, left the room, as is the custom here, and the gentlemen served the ladies. The French are so active, that these little attentions on the part of gentlemen, to ladies, I do honestly believe, it gives them pleasure to perform; and with this belief, it gives ladies pleasure to receive them.

*Monday, 10th.*—Passed the evening at Mrs. Opie's soirée. I have often met her, especially at General La Fayette's; and we have frequently exchanged calls. The gentlemen as usual, sought to engross her. I much applaud their taste, for they no doubt receive instruction, as well as entertainment from her conversation. When I have had her to myself, I have found the same. Particularly I find in her discourse, a vein of pious and philanthropic sentiment.

I met numbers of English people that I did not know. There was a Mrs. Webster, daughter of Lady Holland, her husband the brother of Sir Godfrey. She was very desirous, to be introduced by Mrs. Opie to Madame de Laysterie, whose unaffectedly meek, yet dignified, and lady-like manners, I am ever pleased to observe. When persons approach to speak with her, especially when they are introduced, she rises from her seat.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—At General La Fayette's soirée, I was happy to observe, that his countenance had nothing of the paleness, which I had before remarked. This evening I conversed with many persons;—among others a Polish nobleman with a long name, Mr. Rives, Dr. Niles, Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Opie, and Mr. Julien, editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*. I have at length learned from him, the residence of Madame Belloc, a lady whose compositions as they have appeared in that periodical, had from their elevated moral tone, and peculiar elegance of diction, determined me before coming to France, to seek her acquaintance. But on enquiry of those within the *beau monde*, though all seemed to know her name and mention it with high respect, yet few could give me any circumstantial account of her. If my enquiries had been for Taglioni, the famous dancer, no one would have been ignorant.

Mrs. Opie in conversing on this perverted taste, said, that in attending a soiree at the Baron Cuvier's, she asked who was a certain gentleman of an interesting appearance, and was answered *il n'est rien qu'un homme d'esprit*. Cuvier himself, I am told, is very tenacious of court honors, and seems to value himself more on them, than on his great talents and knowledge. This has cured me of a strong wish, which I had, when I first came to France, to be personally introduced to him.

Our party had determined to give a soiree, and wishing especially for the presence of General La Fayette and his family, Mr. D— and myself desired him to name a time, when he would be disengaged; and Friday evening was agreed on.

*Friday, 14th.*—On making a list of those whose civilities to us had been such as to demand some return, we found quite a number to be invited to our soiree. Those actually present, of French, Americans, and a few English, amounted to about seventy.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which Madame B—, and her amiable daughters, aided our arrangements, with all the accommodations of the house, and their own services. And we found too, with how many conveniences, Paris is stocked for all such occasions. We have but to send our orders, and there are persons ready “for a consideration,” to furnish us with every thing to our wishes:—seats covered with velvet cushions, and placed around the room,—chandeliers hung—glasses and dishes furnished,—elegant confectionary, brought at the precise time, all for no other trouble, on our part, but ordering and paying.

Some of our American whims, made a little trouble, which, however, was cheerfully encountered. A bed, from one of the rooms which we wished to occupy for the evening, was removed.

Another point on which I was tenacious, was not so easily conceded. It was considered indispensable, that there should be conveniences for the young folks to dance; but I maintained that this ought not to be in the principal salon. I could not consent that elderly and respectable people, public characters, especially

such a man as La Fayette, should be crowded up in a corner, to leave the centre for dancing ; an occupation which, though when properly conducted, I do not censure in the young, yet certainly not entitled to any particular respect. It was in vain plead that it was customary, and that the General would be amused by it : I was so positive that I was right, that I was inflexible. If General La Fayette, and other elderly persons who did not dance, chose to go where they would be crowded, for the sake of being thus amused, then it was their affair ;—if we obliged them to it, it was ours.

Of my acquaintances, among teachers, there were some, that I wished to invite, but found that the customs would be against it : and I might be placing myself and them, in unpleasant situations to urge it. Some however, were people of standing. M. and Madame Colart, M. and Madame Morin, and their two daughters, were among our guests. The La Fayettees were with us as we expected.

The General and Mr. Rives conversed apart for a time, and seemed much engrossed with some perplexing topic. But otherwise *notre monde*, seemed gay and happy, and every thing to go off well.

Among the dancers of the waltz, not one acquitted themselves with more grace than Madame B—. Her eldest daughter is mistress of the piano, and is as I have remarked one of the best performers of Paris. Her instrument is a grand piano ;—truly grand in its tones.

To be presiding lady of a *fete* in Paris, gave me more the feeling, of wondering at the wonders, and most of all “to see myself there,” than any thing else I have experienced.

*Saturday, 15th.*—To-day I had two singular adventures, but of very different complexions, both terminating in pictures. The evening in which I went with Mr. Warden's ticket to the exhibition of national industry, I met, as I have said, a person with specimens of drawing ; and told him that I wanted some one to make some drawings for me. The day after a gentlemanly-looking man came for my orders, and I repeated my directions for some little sketches, of the size of an



octavo leaf. I wished to have an idea of the manner of living, of the different classes of society in Paris : and to facilitate this object, he might commence by giving me drawings of some house of a private person in good society,—not a palace, but such an one as might represent the class of hotels inhabited by the higher, but not the very highest class. And I described four different plans, which I wished made, to represent, the different floors, and the elevation.

He was to bring these sketches to me within two, or three, or at most, four days. Instead of returning within four days, it was more than a fortnight, and *voilà !* two gentlemen who, on enquiring for Madame *Velar*, were shown into the parlor, bearing four portentous sheets of drawing paper ;—and my plan executed on a great scale. Instead of a little sketch of the size of a book made in pencil, four plans elegantly executed, sufficiently accurate for an architect to build from,—and a gardener to lay out gardens,—and painted in colors. The gentlemen hoped the drawing pleased me. Why their fault was, that they were too good, but what was the price ? Five hundred francs ! I had expected something which would have cost me not more than twenty.—This was learning the manners of Paris in good earnest. “These,” said I, “are not such as I ordered, and I shall not take them.” The two had come together, I suppose, thinking to frighten me ; for they blustered, and talked of the law ; but finding this course unavailing, at length they offered the drawings for two hundred francs, and as I thought them honestly worth that, and liked them, I gave it, though not without a feeling of the imposition they had attempted to practice. The principal actor in the scene, bowed low on receiving the money, and wished for further orders. I declined with a manner which meant to say, “No Sir, I desire no further aid from you in learning the manners of Paris.”

After the affair of the plans, I prepared to go out on an excursion which I had been for some days, desirous to make. It was to see *Félicité*, a woman who had been our *femme de chambre* when we first came to board with Madame B—. For a fortnight she had been at her home.

Her only child, a little boy, was very sick ; it was thought mortally, and the poor woman was in such great affliction, that it was feared, she would lose her reason. So I put on my oldest cloak, my poorest hat and veil, and went to Mariette the cook and got Madame Fêlicité's direction which was *Passage de Lorgne*, Rue—I forgot what. But I took my plan of Paris, laid my course, and steered direct for *passage Lorgne*.

The evening before, Gen. La Fayette had told me, that he had seen some paintings, representing the three days of July, and I must go and see them. I told him "yes, by all means ; but where were they ?" He had forgotten the direction, but he would find out, and let me know. In steering towards the *Passage de Lorgne*, I had traversed the Rue de la Paix, a portion of the Boulevards Italiens, had gone through the Rue le Pelletier to the Rue Provence ; and here I saw on a building, in large letters, *Musée Cosmopolite, Les trois jours Juillet, &c.* I knew that this must be the place of which Gen. La Fayette had spoken. I was on foot and alone, nevertheless I marched in, and asked for a ticket to see the pictures,—paid for it, and was directed to grope my way along a dark passage. A lady of an interesting appearance, with a hat and cloak on, was by, when I bought my ticket of the man at the entrance. She doubtless perceived by my accent, that I was a foreigner, and felt her curiosity somewhat awakened. Presently, while a lad was showing me the pictures, she came, and stood by my side. By first looking politely, and sociably at each other, and then by making observations on the pictures, we presently became very cosey ; and I soon perceived that she was the wife of the artist whose pictures they were. She said Gen. La Fayette had seen them within a few days. I replied that I knew it, and that he was much pleased with them, and had recommended to me, to visit them. This information led to observations on La Fayette's character and actions, in which the lady was as much an enthusiast as myself.

She was missing a few moments, and then returned with a gentleman, of a very agreeable aspect, whom

she introduced as M. Mazzara, her husband. He said he was sorry I had paid for my ticket, but invited me to return at my leisure, and bring any of my friends. I thanked him and gave my card that he might know how to direct my admittance to the *Musée*. In the course of the conversation I told them, I was an American. The question then was, from what part of America. I took a map, and pointed out our Troy. I told them I was connected with an establishment for female education, or in other words, was a school mistress, and I dare say I gave them to understand, though I cannot tell in exactly what form of words, that I thought I was a pretty good one too. Here I found that I had touched an agreeable chord; for both the gentleman and lady, felt uncommon interest on the subject of education.

While we were talking, another gentleman entered, who was apparently intimate with my new acquaintance. This gentleman was no other than the poet *Des Jardins*, to whom I was presented as an American, and known to Gen. La Fayette. His appearance and conversation, as he is in my recollection, was not only agreeable but elegant. We were all republicans together, and our common love to La Fayette, though we had never met before, had something to fraternize our feelings. Indeed it was remarked by one of the four, I cannot remember which, that the French and American republicans were as brethren, because they had a common father: This discourse had occupied perhaps an hour and a half, and when I was about to depart, I said I would take a carriage. M. Mazzara, politely offered to accompany me to the stand, on the Boulevard. I must say I felt myself rather queerly situated, as thus I was walking and talking with this gentleman, whom an hour and a half before, I did not know, and I remembered that my adventurous spirit, had in my younger days gained me, from my dear lost friend, H. B., the appellation of Don Quixotte.—At length we reached the stand. M. Mazzara handed me into a carriage and departed.

Félicite was delighted with my visit, and much relieved, as her son was on the recovery. Her room was

but a box, but her bed had a clean white curtain, fastened above ; which might be thrown over it. Her utensils for cooking were bright, and every thing had an air of neatness.

*Sunday, 16th.*—On my return from church I found M. Mazzara's card, a letter, and a book on the History of the Belgians, written by himself ; and a large roll of valuable and elegant engravings, about twenty in number. Their subjects were the antiquities of Egypt, and of some of the islands of the Mediterranean, which he had himself explained and delineated. The letter was to beg my acceptance of the engravings and the book ; and was couched in terms of elegant compliment. Here then, in the space of twenty-four hours, were two adventures accomplished, each ending in pictures ; but of a character remarkably opposite. Where, on the one hand, I was ready to exclaim, as I had a few days before, while, thinking of some similar affairs, as I was walking in the garden of the Tuileries with my friend Mr. D—, I asked him how it happened that the place where we were walking was so dry, when all around was wet. He said that the water ran off, because the place beneath was hollow. "I can well believe it," said I, "every thing here is hollow. Paris itself is hollow, and all in it, except our good La Fayette, and his family." While the first of these adventures was calculated to increase my impressions that every thing here was indeed hollow, interested, and mercenary ; then comes another affair, quite as remarkable, and altogether on the other tack. I had walked out, little expecting to cut a dash, or make a sensation ; I was alone and a stranger, and they had taken me on trust, as if they were themselves the most simple, undesigning people on earth. They had got nothing, and expected nothing from me ; but they had made me a valuable present. I have since known them, and have never had reason to doubt, that their conduct was the genuine impulse of good feeling ; and that they deserved all the kindness with which I regarded them.

When the book and the pictures arrived, I showed them with the letter, and made full confession of the

whole affair, expecting nothing less than a severe schooling, (which I half thought I deserved) for rashly making acquaintances. But to my surprise, my French friends expressed not the least disapprobation, and advised me, by all means to answer the letter, which I did, with a present of books in return.

It may be thought—from the idea entertained of the French character, as combining duplicity with a desire to please, that I ought not to have expected frankness on such an occasion. But not such have I found the truth of things to be. When the French have a turn of their own to serve, look out for them. They probably tell more lies of interest than some other nations, but I honestly believe as few of cowardice as any people whatever. Where self does not shake the balance, no people express their thoughts and feelings, more fully and freely—exactly as they rise. Nor are they always polite in their manner of doing it.

This I have remarked in all the classes of persons, whom I have met with, or employed.

The more I study the French character, the more it puzzles me ; and I can come but to one general conclusion ; that the Parisians are, like their city, a series of contrasts, where you are forever finding, side by side, the grand and the mean.

Since my return, I was asked, how I thought the French character, on the whole, compared with the American, in point of veracity. I replied, that it was difficult to find a medium by which to measure such subjects. I was sorry to believe that the American character had, in a measure, degenerated in this particular ; yet I had witnessed things in France, which I thought would not have happened here. A mother, for instance, in directing her daughter to make apologies, had written to her to say certain things which had no pretensions to truth. I thought parents here, of the same standing, would not have done the same.—“ No,” said an elderly gentleman, who sat by—a good christian, though a humorist—“ Among us, when a lie is to be told, almost any parent chooses to tell it himself, rather than set his child at it.”

At General La Fayette's *soirée*, I met, as usual, that queer *Americaine* Miss—who does her countrywomen no credit here. She is a spinster of “no certain age.” Some say she is crazy. She dresses much, but I am told lives very cheap, in a place not much better than a garret, without attendants, or protection. I am told her friends in America are respectable; but why, if this be so, they should allow her to go on at the rate she does, I am not able to say, unless it be that they cannot hinder it. I am sure she is a great annoyance to the La Fayettees. I have heard that she sent a request that her carriage might fall in after that of Madame George La Fayette, at the expected opera ball, which is now the grand topic: that would be, of course, to join her party, and Madame La Fayette, I am morally certain, will refuse, though it will give her pain.

On my first entrance, this evening, she cut me in a very marked style. Afterwards she came, voluntarily, and explained the cause of this proceeding, which was, that I had been to the house where she lodges, without calling on her, which I had once, not knowing circumstances, said that I would: but since concluded that I should put off my call till the last thing before leaving Paris: for finding what a burr she is, I do not care to have her cling to me.

Dr. Niles introduced me, at the General's *soirée*, to Mr. Bulos, one of the editors of the *Revue des deux Mondes*; he tells me he is making a notice of my History; for which I am probably indebted to Dr. N.'s cares to advance the interests of his American friends.

Among others, I conversed, as I generally did at the *soirées*, with Madame Emmanuel de Laubespin, daughter of the Count de Tracy, and sister of Madame George La Fayette. She is one of those, whom I could wish might visit our country, as the model of a real French lady. Unaffected, easy, intelligent, and agreeable, she seems every where a favorite—every where looked to with respect and regard. Our countrywoman, Mrs. S., of Baltimore, whom I had also the pleasure of meeting, and whose society is much courted, both by Americans

and French, is honored in the friendship of Madame Laubespín, as in that of her highly gifted sister.

Both the sisters are living under the same roof with their father, who is very aged and seldom goes abroad. I once saw his venerable figure, and conversed for a few moments with him, as I was making a morning visit to Madame L——. His son, M. de Tracy is one of the best speakers in the chamber of deputies; and the friends of human kind ever find in him a true man.

I saw also Mr. Barnet, the American Consul, whose acquaintance I had made sometime before. He told me he had procured to be made at Sevres, as a present for me, a coffee cup and saucer, in which was painted a medal struck on a public occasion, in honor of General La Fayette, which he begged I would accept, and when I returned to our common country sometimes take my coffee from it in remembrance of him.\*

20th.—A part of the day was spent delightfully with Mlle La Fayette, in the *atelier* of Messrs. Richard and Brascassat, two among the most distinguished artists in Paris for landscape painting, and gentlemen by whom our society at Madame B—'s is enlivened.

In looking at their paintings, I had particularly admired, and bargained for an unfinished view of a cascade among the Pyrenees, taken by Mr. Richard, the summer before, when travelling in the suite of the Duchess de Berri. A blank was left on the foreground, which, on enquiry, he informed me, was to have been filled by a little figure of the Duchess, who had promised him a sitting. I asked him if he would fill the space by placing on it some friend of mine, to which he readily assent-

\* It is a deep handled cup with a saucer, put up in elegant style, in a morocco box, lined with satin; the porcelain is of the finest quality, and the painting exquisite, probably the whole cost forty dollars. The ground colours are crimson and yellow gilt. On the cup is the head of La Fayette; a good likeness; on the plate, or saucer, is the reverse of the medal, a wreath of live oak, enclosing these words. The defender of American and French liberty, 1777—1824. Born in Chavagnac the 6th September, 1757.

I might not have inserted this incident but that Mr. Barnet is now no more: and his death, I am told, was caused by accusations, which he felt were unjust. I met Mr. Barnet often, and his favorite theme was ever his country, and his country's friends.

ed, and Mathilde, by the consent of her mother, now accompanied me to sit for the little sketch.

I saw Madame La Fayette when I called for her daughter. She told me that the night before, the General had been at the court and found himself like Dr. Franklin at the Palace of Louis XVI. alone in the simplicity of a republican costume.

From the time I first saw Mathilde at the Opera, she has ever interested my feelings, but never more than during this day. Among other things I asked her if she ever thought of giving us the pleasure of seeing her in America. She said she had a wish to do so, and it was possible she might accompany her grand-father, who intended to revisit our country. Thinking I might have misunderstood her, I asked her to repeat, in English, what she had just said in French. She said, "It is always my grand-father's intention to go again to America." On our return, I wished her to stop, and dine with me. She declined, as her grand-father was to dine with them, and he was always punctual, and liked to have all his family so too. The evening we passed agreeably with our excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. V——.

21st.—Our party spent the whole morning in making calls. Sometimes, I feel that I am at present, too much in society, on several accounts. But again, I reflect that I am here to see and learn; and by going to many houses I get an idea of the general interior of things, and learn something of the character, and manners of persons. Even when those I visit are Americans, they are living in French houses, and in the ordinary Parisian style. From the conversation of many who have been long residing here, I often learn the truth on subjects concerning which my curiosity has been awakened. Most of them are heartily desirous of returning to America. Of the faithless character of the generality of dealers here, those who know them well bear full testimony.

I find, in making my morning visits, that the American ladies are generally a good deal more dressed than the French. This was particularly the case this morning with two young American matrons who are much spoken of for loveliness of person, and attire.



The evening was spent at the *soirée* of the Baroness Pichon, to which we have a standing invitation for Friday evenings. This lady charms me more and more, as one incident after another develops the fine traits of her character—her devotion to her family and friends—and the tenderness of her compassionate feelings for the unfortunate, of whom she is the benefactress. There is about her a child-like simplicity, united to finished elegance. To speak of age is interdicted, but this lady has a married daughter, and shows a little grand-child with more than paternal pride. Yet her delicate figure is what it might have been at eighteen, and her black eyes are still sparkling. She generally dresses without a cap, and never wears false hair. Her own is somewhat thin, but black, and always *coiffed* with nicety and taste.

Her hotel and furniture are in a fine style of elegance and convenience united. Here are more carpets, and fewer oaken floors, than French houses ordinarily present. The most entire ease reigns in the little select circle which we meet here; but she is the life of it. Yet her gaiety seems like that of a happy child, and is ever ready to give place to serious thought and tender emotion. She is one of whom I could scarcely be made to believe any evil of any kind; so perfect she seems; nay I will not say seems, but is.

*Saturday, 22d*—Was the day of the famous ball of the opera, given for the benefit of the poor. Our consequential little *coiffeur* came at two o'clock. Most of our ladies were *coiffed* at that time, but I could not consent to keep my head in a band-box so long. He began, he said, coiffing his customers as early as eleven. We were "*en route*" from half past six, till eight. Some were two hours and a half, others three. There were several lines of carriages formed in the different streets, and each carriage was ordered to fall in, and keep its place. We were the first in our line, but when we arrived, we found all the boxes of the first tier already filled. We however had an excellent seat in the part ordinarily appropriated to the stage, elevated fairly above the heads of the multitude below, but not so far but we could reach down and shake hands with our acquaintances, as they

passed in the moving throng. We were looked up to, and envied by the duchesses, marquises, and countesses, as they passed and repassed, without a possibility of finding rest to the soles of their feet.

The dresses were elegant, beyond any thing I had ever before seen. Diamonds glittered, and all the variety of precious stones, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, each shed its own rich lustre. The ostrich plume arranged with the exquisite nicety of Parisian taste, sometimes dyed of a cherry or a rose colour, and sometimes of cerulean blue, but more frequently of its own soft, snowy-white, was seen, waving high, or descending with graceful flow. The rifled honours of many a bird of Paradise arched proudly above beautiful heads. Flowers, which Flora might have claimed for her own, so exquisitely did they imitate nature, were here displayed in every variety of fashion which taste could devise. Sometimes the rose, the lily, or the carnation towered high, attached with the comb behind the head and rising over its centre, and sometimes beautiful flowers encircled fair brows in exquisite wreaths.

Among the dancers before me, were some distinguished figures. One tall elegant woman, coiffed with variegated carnations, elevated from her comb behind; another had cherry coloured plumes disposed in a kind of circle placed diagonally around her head, the plumes in front high and large, those behind lower and smaller. Another was a beautiful young countess who wore around her head, descending on her brow, and rising behind, a wreath of simple roses, with scarce a leaf among them. Yet they were gracefully worn, and that head as it turned and turned in the mazes of the dance, its every motion, grace; floats still before me.

Another group of ladies near me, I noticed particularly, as possessing distinguished elegance. The principal of these I found to be the countess of Richmond and her daughter, a bride, the young marchioness de Dalon. The bride was in white, her hair elegantly put up with white plumes. Her mother was in a pale blue, her *toque*, plumes, and dress being of the same colour. Towards the close of the evening, two ladies approached us,

whose appearance was, even here, singularly elegant. They were Madame Shickler and the duchess d' Atrante, wife of the younger Fouché. Madame Shickler wore beautiful moss roses, artificial, yet not so in appearance, disposed in her fine dark hair, rising high, and reaching to her forehead. The young Duchess wore the buds of the moss rose; as just blushing into flower, and elegantly wreathed around her head.

The dresses were mostly of light materials, such as crape, but there were several of silk velvet, and many of satin. Madame Brigodé, the daughter of M de Maubourg, wore a robe of elegantly wrought blond lace over white satin. The gentlemen at this ball were mostly, except the military, who were in uniform, in suits of black, with merely the cravats white. The King, Queen, Madame Adelaide, and the two princesses, Louise and Marie, entered the ball room and took possession of the seats assigned them, at half past ten. Their *entrée* was quite a spectacle. The people shouted "Vive le roi," "Vive la reine," and the royal family made respectful reverence thrice repeated. At about twelve, the King took the circuit of the room, bowing on each side. Marks of enthusiasm appeared as he passed. I was told there were ladies who melted into tears, at his approach. Another proof that the French, at least part of them, are born or bred with love for a king, and whoever he may be, they feel it for him just as long as he is such. As we retired, M<sup>lle</sup> B— offered our seats to the Duchess d' Atrante, and Madame Shickler, with whom she was acquainted; and they politely and thankfully accepted them.

Knowing my fondness for pictures, my friends had told me, that I must, by all means, see the flower paintings of M. Redouté.

He has two pieces, in size perhaps 24 inches by 16, for one of which, composed entirely of roses, he asks 6000 francs—(\$1200.) I think 4000 francs is his price, for a piece composed of hollyhocks, over a dark ground. I am told he excels, in this branch, all other painters,—at any rate, I had never seen any think of the kind so exquisite. The flowers on the largest piece are like

the fullest and freshest of the newly blown Provence roses—the heart blushing a deep red, the outer part, as well as the green leaves and buds, dewbespangled, and glittering in the sun. A bee was revelling in the heart of one of these roses, and I almost expected to hear him buzzing. When Alexander of Russia, was in Paris, he was so charmed with the productions of this artist, that I am told, he made his fortune, and that there is now a gallery filled with his paintings, and called by his name, in one of the Russian palaces.

I found these elegant pieces too dear for me, and I asked M. Redouté to give me the direction of some of his best pupils, desiring to obtain some specimens done in his manner. He named to me M<sup>lle</sup> Esminard. I found her an elegant and accomplished young woman, the daughter of the Poet of that name, supporting, with her mother and sisters, unexpected adversity, by cheerful exertion.

<27th.—Mrs. D——, to whom Mr. Warden introduced me, and whom I find to be an estimable woman, accompanied me to visit the school of Madame Place, who appears to possess a character of much shrewdness, and energy combined.

Her establishment was in excellent order, on the same general plan with many others, which I have visited; which, as I learn nothing new from them, I pass without any particular mention. I found here, however, some things, which I had not before seen, particularly a bedstead for correcting curvatures of the spine, and other deformities of the figure. I looked into this matter with great attention, because I think the French understand well the human anatomy, and physical education, and I shall inquire further concerning its utility, of which Madame Place entertains a high opinion. The patient is placed on a hard bed, stuffed like a sofa, with the head rather lowered than elevated. There are then a set of straps and buckles placed around the neck and backside of the head, which are fastened to the top of the bedstead, and another passing above the hips, to which are attached straps connected by some machinery at the foot of the bedstead, by which they are pulled horizontally,

as long as the patient can bear it ; thus straightening the spine. This bedstead looks to me like a perfect instrument of torture, but Madame Place says the patients soon get accustomed to the position, and sleep well upon it, and that its effects in curing distortions of the neck and spine are astonishing.

Madame P— had also a room fitted up for female gymnastics, with conveniencies for the girls, to climb, to swing in various positions, and in short, some invention for exercises tending to strengthen all the important muscles of the body—and she had also a masculine costume, which she showed me, for them to wear, in performing these feats. To most of this apparatus I had obvious objections, yet I think I have derived some valuable hints. For instance, the swing composed of a single rope, with a horizontal stick descending nearly to the head ; the stick taken on each side of the rope, by each hand, the person thus sustaining her own weight by the strength of the arms ;—this must be an excellent invention for straightening a distorted spine, as the weight of all the body beneath will be employed to bring it to its natural position.

29th.—Dr. Niles very kindly called this morning, to enquire if I wished to be presented at Court. General La Fayette had made a request to the Queen to receive some of his American friends, to which she had consented, but in case of my going, I must see Mrs. Rives, and make arrangements. This I accordingly did ; having decided to go more for his sake, who, under the circumstances in which he was placed, had asked this favor to contribute to our enjoyment, than for theirs, by whom it was accorded.

The Queen having consented that some of the ladies should be presented, it was next to have the list made out, and the ladies notified to be ready to go, whenever the Queen should signify her pleasure to see them.

We are allowed scope for fancy in our dress, Mrs. Rives tells me ; but the more elegantly we appear, the more the Queen will be honored. At the same time, there are some points not to be dispensed with—the

shoes must be of white satin, jewels must be worn, and the dress must be new.

31st.—I received letters from America, but was disappointed and grieved to get none from home. I had calls from my amiable countrywomen, Mrs. and Miss S—and Miss B—. Mrs. S— is universally beloved, both by Americans and French. The French ladies of my acquaintance are never weary of extolling her simplicity and sweetness of manner.

I next went to the *Marchande des modes*, with whom I became acquainted on my first arrival at Paris. She is a fine specimen of the best kind of French manners in her class of society. She has, from the time I purchased a hat of her to accompany Madame de Maubourg to the Chamber of Deputies, taken every pains to please me, showing herself obliging in all small matters, far beyond what is customary—and taking, withal, great care to give me such advice as she might think that a stranger would need, in the all-important affair of dress; sending for my things, however small the jobs I wanted done, and sending them home always in season, lending me bandboxes, and many other little obliging ways, which together have won upon my kind feelings, so that I had rather pay my money to her than to any other person in Paris, in her line.

She remembers and details the scenes of the old French revolution. Her father, she tells me, was chief tailor to the family of Louis XVI. ; and also to General La Fayette. She often repeats that he made the coat which the General wore on his first voyage to America, for which she no doubt considers, (and rightly enough, too,) that we owe some gratitude to his daughter. In his capacity of tailor to the royal family, he made clothes for the young Dauphin, and also for the Queen, Marie Antoinette herself, who sometimes took her nocturnal rambles in male attire. The father had given to his daughter, many curious and interesting particulars of the domestic arrangements of the royal family; to which, he had, of course, access at unceremonious hours. The tailor, it appears, measured them in more ways than

one, and he found them, in some points, to come short.

The *Marchande des modes* was fond of relating these particulars. I have sat hours listening to her relations, thinking my time not ill-spent, as I was accustoming my ear to the French, and learning French history. She had the means of knowing many facts, and she had no inducement to deceive. Besides, she related many incidents, which explained mysterious historical facts.

I am fond of making acquaintance with those in every walk in life, and sometimes follow to their homes the people whom I employ. Much of the exterior of Paris may be learned without crossing the ocean ; but the character of the people—whether it has been truly represented, and whether it is now what it has been ; if not, to what point it is verging, is what I was desirous to know before I came here, and it cannot be learned in public places, or in the salon.

On my return, I called to look again at the flowers of M<sup>lle</sup> Esminard. I was pleased with her specimens, and agreed to buy two, at twenty dollars each. This young lady has two sisters, whose portraits she showed us with her own, all painted by the elder sister, who excels in oil paintings, of portraits—and historical subjects, as my favorite does in flowers and water-colors.

This young lady told me, with a charming frankness of manner, the story of her family. Her father had enjoyed a lucrative situation under Bonaparte, and the daughters were taught accomplishments, merely to add to their powers of pleasing. The father was travelling from Italy; and amidst the mountainous regions of Switzerland, was precipitated from his carriage, and killed. "Since that," said she, "my sisters and myself, have been obliged to make use of our accomplishments for our livelihood ; and we have been successful in our efforts, and are now in better circumstances." The father was a member of the institute, but chiefly known to the literary world, as a poet.

*Feb. 1st.*—The weather is very bad—my spirits are not good. I am disappointed about letters from home, anxious and mourning about my dear Mary's health. I

roused however, and went to the General's *soirée*. In the house which he now occupies, we find a large *port cochère*, but on entering this, merely a carriage way paved, and passing not through the house, but into another street. We do not however, drive into this passage. We have but a few steps to walk before reaching the door.

We see, as we enter, a room of perhaps twenty feet square—a stove in it, and generally the servants of those who are visiting remain here. From this room we ascend an enclosed stairway, and after passing one small room, enter the suite of apartments where the company are received. There are three of these communicating with each other, as is the custom by double doors, not quite the width of two common inside doors with us. These rooms are lighted with chandeliers. They have no carpets, but are of polished oak. They are in size, as nearly as I can judge, a little more than twenty feet square; and have little furniture, except chairs and sofas; but plenty of these, generally with covers of brown linen made to fit them. I recollect being here one evening, dressed in light colored satin, when Madame de Lasteyrie politely handed me from a chair which was not covered, to one which was.

Sometimes Col. La Fayette receives the company in the first room of the three; his father ordinarily standing in the central apartment, and the crowd is always thick around him. Wonderful old man. Age, it is said, is cheerless, but not when life has been spent like his. His face betokens the feelings of his soul, and declares that in spite of his age, his exertions, and his disappointments, he is still a happy man.

General La Fayette has been accused of the love of praise; but when has the love of praise thrown him from his moral balance? Has he not ever pursued the course pointed out by his principles, let praise or censure come as it might? Vanity puffs up a man, and makes him overrate his own consequence. Again, it leads him to be revengeful to those who refuse him the praise he covets. But who can charge La Fayette with either? His conduct, in reference to the present govern-



ment of France, would prove it a falsehood, should any make such an accusation. While he encourages a constitutional opposition to measures which he disapproves, he exerts an active influence to keep the people from avenging his personal wrongs; and no want of the most scrupulous courtesy has ever appeared in his behavior to the reigning family. He goes to court, and his family often go, as if he had no cause of dissatisfaction there; and thus his friends, who see that he passes over his ill treatment unnoticed, and as it were forgetting it, are led by his example in some measure to forget it too. No! it is not so much the praise, as the affection of his fellow-beings, that is dear to La Fayette. He loves his kind; and it is grateful to his benevolent heart to be loved in return. And in this he is gratified; for whichever way he turns, he sees faces beaming with affection.

In the *soirée* this evening, I witnessed the arrival and warm reception of Gen. Bernard, from Washington. Some of his most intimate friends, particularly Gen. Fabvier, embraced him; others pressed his hand, and a crowd were for a long time flocking around with cordial salutations, while his own countenance was brilliant with the joy of revisiting what he considered his regenerated country.

The Spanish General Quiroga was this evening pointed out to me. Mr. Rives, whose countenance bespeaks better health, was there, and for a time entertained me with his fine conversation. Madame George La Fayette, Madame de Maubourg, and Madame de Lasteyrie, were all present, with their charming daughters; the whole family wearing the appearance of health, and more happiness than they have lately seemed to enjoy.

The widow of Benjamin Constant was at this *soirée*, in weeds it is true, for the year and six weeks mourning prescribed to widows had not expired; but still she was there amidst the crowd.\*

\* Custom has regulated the time for mourning in Paris in the following manner:—For a parent, six months—for a grand-parent, four months and a half—for a husband, one year and six weeks—for a wife, six months—for a brother or sister, two months—for an uncle or aunt, three weeks—for first cousins, fifteen days.

Mr. H—., a young American, whose figure and bearing might designate him as the hero of a romance, accosted me with his usual politeness, and as I was crowding along, asked me how I liked the liberty of the press. I conversed also with Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Julien; saw Mrs. S—., of Baltimore, and was introduced by her to Mrs. L—., of New-York, who is one of the ladies to be presented at court. Mr. C—., an American, told me that his wife was also to be of the number presented.

La Fayette had accosted me as usual, at my entrance, with his kind greeting of, "how do you do, my dear friend?" "Well, General," said I, "and so you have been asking favors for us Americans, where I am sure you would not have asked them for yourself." He looked as if he did not quite comprehend me. I said, "in the affair of the presentation." "Well! yes," said he, "and what if I did?"

2d.—Madame Mazzara made me a morning's visit. She had read my little work on education, which I had presented her. She thought it a singular coincidence, that it had happened to her to write a small treatise, giving many similar views on female education, not far from the time I had written that. She was in Italy, in the kingdom of Naples; her manuscript found its way to the minister of the interior, and soon after she received a letter from him, containing the assurance that a royal house for the education of girls should be made at Palermo in Sicily, liberally furnished with every thing necessary to its prosperity, provided she would take the charge of it; but her husband objected, and she, to her perpetual regret, was obliged to refuse. The condition of the women in Italy, was by the customs of the country, degraded; and this circumstance, every where afflicting to women of sensibility, was more particularly so in that land where genius was indigenous, and every where springing wild, and wanting the hand of culture. The women, she said, in the provinces of Italy, were of an excellent character; and indeed the people of the country in every land wherever she had travelled, were of a purer character than those in the cities. When

Madame Mazzara first came in, I had apologised for being out when M. Mazzara had called on me. It was at the hour I had named as being ordinarily at home, but it was on Sunday, on which day, agreeably to our American customs, I was always at church. "And your customs in that respect," said she, "are much better than ours. But Paris is a wicked place. I give it up. In my early youth it had a charm for me, and I thought it above all other places. I travelled, and returned disenchanted. But the people of our provinces are virtuous."

TO MRS. O. T——.

PARIS, Feb. 14th, 1831. .

DEAR MADAM :

As I have been presented at court, and attended a ball there, I hope I shall now be able to afford you some amusement in return for the many acts by which you have so often and so kindly contributed to my happiness ; among which I would enumerate your late affectionate letter.

Our good friend La Fayette, (who frequently speaks to me of you,) on my first arrival here, mentioned my being introduced to the Queen ; but as things have gone since, I neither expected, or particularly desired it. But at length, as the invitation rather sought me than I that, I determined to avail myself of the only opportunity I should ever have of seeing royalty at home.

Last Wednesday evening was the time fixed for the presentation. On Tuesday evening at the General's soifée, he introduced to me Madame Z——, whom he desired I would take with me to the Palace, and who I have since learned is of English extraction, but recently married to a Polish Colonel. I had never seen her before, and could only judge of her by her person, which is strikingly fine. The young Polish Count Ladislas de Plater, whom I had before seen at the General's, helped us to make our little arrangements. Madame Z—— and myself were to go in the same carriage, and it was settled that as she was farther from the Palace than myself, she should take me up, which she accordingly did.

The hour of presentation named was half past eight. We went a little before the time, but the ladies had several of them gone in before us. At the entrance, we gave our tippets to the servant of Madame Z——, our only attendant. We were struck with the surpassing elegance of the grand marble staircase. Its distance from the door might have been thirty or forty feet. Through this we passed, between ranks of the king's servants in livery, and the military guard, all of whom

stood in solemn stillness, and nothing indicated our way except the open passage between the two ranks. This way we took, mounted the magnificent staircase, which after we ascend a few steps, divides, and then unites again.

After reaching the top, we passed to a large apartment; the two ranks still indicating our way, till we came to a lesser room, where were two gentlemen sitting at tables with writing materials, and also a group of other gentlemen in court dresses, speaking in an under tone, as if in a church. The gentlemen at the tables enquired, and wrote down our names and addresses, and told us that after passing one apartment more, we should reach the principal reception room; that the Queen would enter on the left hand, and we had best have seats as near the head of the room, on that side, as we could.

Following these directions, we entered first a smaller salon, where all whom we found spoke in a whisper;—from thence to the grand drawing-room, brilliant with almost innumerable lights. This room I should judge to be at least eighty feet in length. On one side were eight large windows, and on the other, eight of mirror to correspond. The hangings of the room, and the covering of the furniture were of rich crimson. The wainscoting was in part gilded. Between the windows of mirror were pilasters gilt, and having attached to them branches for candles.

Elegant candelabras were at the ends of the room, and suspended from the ceiling were brilliant chandeliers. Their light fell upon the splendid dames who were now entering in small groups, and arranging themselves on each side the spacious salon, and it was reflected back and almost equalled by the clear sparkling lustre of the diamond; the yellow light of the topaz; the purple radiance of the amethyst; or in the mild tints of spring thrown from the emerald. It was reflected also in the rich hues of the velvets—in the bright sheen of the satins, or in milder beams from crapes often of white, embroidered in gold or silver.

There were turbans and toques of glittering materi-

als, and harris with elegant plumes, sometimes tinged with colors, and sometimes of snowy white. Many heads were decorated with *bandeaux* and fanciful *aigrafs* of rich jewelry; sometimes with the most exquisite imitations of flowers. The rose, the lily, the lilac, every blossom of the garden, whether deep and rich in its hue, or bright and delicate, was emulated here.

Many of the gentlemen present added to the splendor of the scene by coats loaded with embroidery, and glittering with stars, or with other insignia of royalty or military honors.

My companion and myself had arrived at the right moment; not so early as to suffer the embarrassment of being first, nor so late as to get an unfavorable place. The main salon was in the same range as the room through which we last passed before entering it, and apparently with that from which the queen was to issue, as it communicated in the same manner with them both, through two doors on each end, situated near each of the four corners of the room.

We had found seats nearly half way up the room. Here we were soon joined by Mrs. C—, an American lady, whose husband resides in Paris. Her dress was a lilac satin, with elegant blonde lace; a turban of silver lama, surmounted by a plume of the bird of Paradise; her jewelry composed of a mixture of the topaz and amethyst set in gold. Soon after came Mrs. Rives, in blue crape, with an elegant toque of white, surmounted by plumes of ostrich. Her jewelry was of diamond and pearl. Every thing she wears is minutely elegant, and I am sure the French ladies, *exigeant* as she says they are in dress, on such occasions, must have acknowledged that hers was perfectly well selected and worn.

There soon came to join us, (for our position now became the central point for the American ladies,) Mrs. B—, of Providence, Mrs. H. P—, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. C—, of New-York. The other American ladies who were expected, did not appear.

Soon there was a movement in the upper end of the room, and the Queen! the Queen! passed from lip to

lip. She came forth elegantly but not gorgeously attired ; in blue, with a berri of white, with four white plumes. Instead of taking her stand, as I expected, at the head of the room, and there receiving severally, the ladies presented, she suffered us to keep our places, and came to us. When she had arrived at our party, Mrs. Rives named to her the ladies one by one. She addressed some conversation to each. Her manner was perfectly courteous and lady-like. If she erred, I thought it was in rather seeming too much to court, than to command respect ; but all on this occasion were pleased, and said after she passed, how affable ! how gracious is the queen !

When I was presented, she asked me how long since I left my country, and remarked that I might if I chose, address her in English. I said I was charmed to find that I might speak in my native tongue, and be understood by her majesty. She said she did not speak it well, though she understood it. The king spoke it well ; he was much attached to the Americans. I made her a complimentary reply ;—she smiled, courtesied, and passed to the next. We had not space for any great flourish in our courtesies, but made them as respectfully as we might.

Madame Z— informed me that the Queen said to her, “ Ah, Madame, I recollect having signed your marriage contract.”

The Queen was followed by her two eldest daughters, and a lady of honor. She has a Roman nose, and an agreeable physiognomy ; her eyes not so dull as her pictures sometimes represent them. But she is too thin, and has an appearance, especially in France, where women are so late to grow old, of being considerably more advanced than she really is.

The eldest of the princesses, Louise, is like her mother. Her figure is delicate, of a middling stature, well proportioned ; her nose Roman ; her complexion light ; her countenance spirited and agreeable. princess Marie has dark hair and eyes, and is a little like her father ; but perhaps more like her eldest sister. Her figure is also delicate and well formed.

They were both dressed in white crape, with jewelry of pearl, and large bunches of the most beautiful natural flowers directly in front of the corsage.

The princesses in their turn, each addressed some conversation to the ladies introduced. It was of course rather common place, but it was done in the spirit of courtesy and politeness.

After the young princesses had passed on, a second lady of honor who attended Mademoiselle D'Orleans, the king's sister, enquired our names, and mentioned them to her. She is apparently of about the same age as the Queen, but not of an aspect equally agreeable. She accosted me very graciously, and in the course of a short conversation remarked among other things, that the king had spent some time in America.

Next came the Duc D'Orleans, the king's eldest son, preceded by a gentleman who enquired my name, and as in the other instances mentioned it to the branch of royalty who was next to address me. The Duc D'Orleans is a handsome young man, of a middling stature, or perhaps rather beneath, erect and graceful—his eyes and hair dark. Either his health was not good, or his mind was ill at ease. His language was more complimentary than that of any other of the family, but his manner had more of indifference. He said in the course of the dialogue, that he was extremely sorry I was going to leave Paris so soon, in a manner which would have done equally well for, I am extremely glad. Yet notwithstanding, I liked the general cast of his physiognomy, better than that of any other of the family, except the Queen's. I could excuse him for not liking to be taken round like a dancing bear at a show.

After he had passed, I was again addressed with "*Votre nom Madame s'il vous plait,*"\* and *Madame Veelar* was named to the Duke of Nemours, king of Holland. It is however said that Louis will not consent to let him go.

His little grace is about sixteen, rather small age, handsome as a fair blue-eyed, flaxen-haire

\* Your name Madame, if you please.



He stood talking some little time with me, and seemed to wish that here the talk might end. I naturally love the young, and I think my manner put him at his ease. Madame Z— told me that he said to the gentleman who accompanied him, that he did not want to go any farther, for he really did not know what more to say to the ladies. His tutor encouraged him to go on, but said, "you cannot now speak to the next ladies, for I dare say they have heard what you said to me." So his little duke-ship passed the nearest ladies with merely a bow, and doubtless said the same things to those whom he next addressed, as to those he had last spoken with. The young dukes were in splendid military uniforms.

The Queen had gone through the whole length of the salon, and as that through which we passed on entering, had also been filled with ladies to be presented, she took the rounds as if the two rooms had been one. When she had passed out of the room, we sat down; but when she had received all the ladies in the adjoining apartment, and entered to pass up on the opposite side, we rose again; as it is a rule never to sit in the presence of the King and Queen. It is also a rule to present the face, but this rule was not at this time strictly observed.

In this state of affairs, our other American ladies came up, having been it seemed, belated. Mrs. Rives, who loves not this kind of display, was in trouble, and the ladies who found that the queen had gone by, and they not presented, stood, looking somewhat blank. At last Mrs. Rives took courage, and led the way to find a part of the room where the queen had not yet been, and happily succeeded.

Soon after, appeared Lady Granville, the English ambassadress, lately arrived, leading forward a party of English ladies, caught, it seems, in the same dilemma with our dilatory *Americaines*. She attempted the same manœuvre which Mrs. Rives had just successfully practised, but failed. The ladies, some of them appeared disappointed and provoked; and as I thought, their eyes glanced reproachfully at her. Lady Granville looked at them, looked again at the crowd around the

queen, clasped her hands, and threw up her eyes with a pretty action of despair, and left them in the middle of the room to make their way as they liked, and joined a party on the side of the room opposite to our place. I marked her figure and appearance, the more particularly as she is the daughter of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, the friend of Charles Fox. Her countenance is interesting, and her form good. I have tried to think of some of my female acquaintances that resembled her, but I have not seen in any part of the United States, a lady so old, and yet so young. She must be at least thirty-five, but her step, her movements, her air and dress, were such as would become a lively, spirited girl of twenty. She wore a robe of purple velvet, rather low in the neck, with a necklace of amethyst and gold. Her coiffure was a berri of peach blossom crape, surmounted with a superb plume, (I know not of what bird,) in which all the colors of the rainbow might be traced.

Soon after the Queen had gone the rounds, she retired from the room, and the ladies soon followed her example. Among the first to go were Madame Z— and myself. We promenaded the long halls of the Palais Royal with somewhat of a lighter step, republicans as we were, than that with which we had entered. Her servant met us at the foot of the stairs, with our tippets, and we soon had our carriage at the entrance. At ten o'clock I was at home, having been absent two hours. The king did not appear this evening, it was said on account of a slight indisposition.

On the 11th, I received on returning from a visit to the gallery of the Louvre, an invitation from the Palace to a ball to be given on the 12th, or rather a notice from Madame la Marquise Dolomieu, that I was invited.

My invitation was for half past eight, but Dr. N—, who is quite an oracle in these affairs, said I had better go at eight. I had sent to Madame Z— in the morning, to say that if she was going to the ball, I would take her up. She called to say to me, that much to her disappointment, she had no invitation. The Doctor was still present, and said that as many of my acquaintances

among the gentlemen would be there, if I had a good servant, I might perfectly well go alone—nothing was more customary. I knew I could command the attendance of the most accomplished servant I ever saw :—the very Talleyrand of domestics. He is an Italian, in the service of an English lady who has resided in Italy, but now boards with us, and is one of the most friendly and obliging persons in the world. So at eight o'clock with Luici behind my carriage I took my way to the Palais Royal.

How differently at different periods of our lives do similar events affect us. At fifteen I was all in a flutter at the thought of entering a village ball-room, with plenty of company ; how could I then have believed that a time would come, when I should enter the court of France alone, pass through long rooms, guarded by files of soldiers, officers, and other royal attendants—and all this without any particular emotion whatever. My general feelings were, that I should see a show which it would, perhaps, be a satisfaction to myself and my friends hereafter that I had seen, and I hoped it would be worth the trouble I had taken to see it.

It was not until I had passed through the first antechamber, after ascending the stairs, that a gentleman of the court stepped forward to receive and examine my card of invitation. The dancers, early as it was, had already taken their places in the room adjoining. The moment I appeared at the door, Mr. C—, an American resident in Paris, stepped forward and took me to a part of the room where Mrs. C— had an excellent seat ; but although it was not yet the hour for which the invitations were given, almost all the seats were filled. Mr. C— went to search for a place where Mrs. C— and myself could sit together. He found one under a window. It was a raised seat behind another, on which four other persons could sit. We took it, and soon after, to my great satisfaction, we were joined by Madame de Lysterie and her three charming daughters ;—Madame de Remusat and M<sup>lles</sup> Melanie and Octavie. Soon after several American ladies joined us.

And now the affair of entrance well completed, I had

leisure to look about me and mark the splendid scene.— This was not the salon where the Queen received us at the presentation. It was however long and large, and brilliantly lighted from large chandeliers and candelabras, and in a little time it was so filled, there was not much room for dancing. However as the dancing commenced, the centre of the room was cleared. The music was exceedingly fine. The performers occupied a situation that accommodated the dancers of the next room ; for several other large rooms—I think five or six—were also filled with company.

It was the most splendid ball that has ever been given at the Palais Royal, as it was to be the last of the season. The dresses were elegant. The fashions were not materially different from those at the ball recently given at the Opera house, but they were newer and richer. The white plume, though it waved often among the dancers, did not quite so much predominate as there, and more rich jewelry was worn.

The elegant and delicate artificial flowers of Paris, I am never weary of admiring. The rose held here her natural place as the queen of flowers. The carnation, the lily, the pink, the chinaster, and bunches of small and delicate flowers were worn, either placed high at the top of the head intermingled with the hair, or in elegant wreaths, depending low on one side, and rising high on the other. Crowns of roses, with scarce a leaf, and worn quite as high behind as in front of the head, were frequent, and had a fine effect in the dance.

Sometimes a bandeau of jewelry was worn around the hair in front, or perhaps encircling the comb. Sometimes in chains or strings, fancifully arranged about the head, sometimes depending upon the forehead or rising higher, and used to attach some part of the coiffure.— Sometimes diamond, or its semblance, glittered over a fair brow as the kernel of a wheaten-ear, and sometimes the pearl was elegantly wrought into the form of a rose with its buds and leaves.

At length the Queen appeared, and we all stood.— Her dress was splendid ; chiefly by the rich jewels which she wore in profusion ; they were diamonds, in

double rows, encircling large emeralds. A necklace, thus formed, passed twice around her neck, and depended in front. On her head, she wore a superb bandeau of the same, above which, was a turban of silver lama, and the whole head dress was surmounted by an elegant plume of the bird of paradise. Her daughters attended her as before ; but as she passed along, speaking to some and bowing to others, the young princesses remained silent. The queen addressed me as she passed ; said she " hoped I was well this evening ;" I thanked her profoundly, but I could not tell whether she recognized me. Her manner was as if she did, but it is probable she did not. The young princesses were somewhat more *en grand toilette*, than at the presentation, but their dress was much the same. They were in plain white crape, but they were coiffed with flowers, wreathed, and rising somewhat above the head. The French ladies of the best taste, avoid overloading. However the princesses wore this evening, bouquets of natural flowers, placed in front of the corsage, which were really enormous. Their sleeves were short, with long white kid gloves. Mademoiselle D'Orleans, also made the rounds with the ladies of honor ; among these I conversed with the La Marquise Dolomieu, from whom I had received my invitation. She was dressed in a robe of gold muslin, the ground work blue, with a toque of blue crape set off with an ostrich plume of blue.

Mrs. Rives was also dressed in gold muslin, the ground work white, perfectly exact and elegant in its fit and fashion. The gentlemen were directed in their invitations to wear court dresses, which are generally understood to be embroidered coats, or military uniforms, but there was here and there one *en bourgeois*, some were in black velvet, the dress of the institute. Many wore stars, and other insignia of nobility. The foreign ambassadors from different nations, sometimes wore costumes which appeared to my eye passing strange.—What heathen is that ? said I, to a member of our diplomatic corps. Which ? Why that large dark man with a turban, long flowing scarlet robes, and an enormous beard. That, said he, is the Persian ambassador.—

The uniform of the diplomatic corps is rich and elegant. There was a young Hungarian officer in a close blue military uniform, covered with gold and ornaments; his coat without skirts, but his crimson sash forming a kind of drapery; he was perfectly elegant in his figure and graceful in his movements; a complete Apollo.

After witnessing the splendid dresses and fine dancing for some time, Mrs. L——, who had joined us, went with me, into the other rooms. In a long and elegant picture gallery, the Queen, and Mademoiselle D'Orleans, were sitting, and the princesses and some other ladies of the court, were dancing before them. Their dances differ very little from our cotillions; but I am told that they do not vary their figures, but dance the same from year to year, hence the beautiful uniformity in the movements of all the dancers. The princesses of France, and other high dames, dancing in the presence of the Queen, were not so overpowered with grace, and bending under the weight of it, as I have of late years much to my annoyance, seen in the ladies of our own country. One had no difficulty here in deciding which was dancing, and which was walking; yet there were no violent movements, but real unaffected grace combined with that animation which music naturally gives, especially to the young.

In making this tour of the dancing apartments, we passed through the room which contained the throne. It was made on the same plan of those I had formerly seen at the Tuileries, Luxembourg, and Versailles, but less ornamented. There were the three raised steps, the throne covered with crimson velvet, and the candelabras each side; card tables, were now in the corners of this apartment where gentlemen were playing; but few were here, though the rooms on each side were crowded.

At last we jostled our way back into the salon, where Madame de Laysterie had obligingly kept our seats. Here we found a ring of waltzers, perhaps there were a dozen couples whirling round and round, faster and faster, until at length they nearly flew; whenever one couple were tired out and left the ring, there would be another waiting to take the place. At length the

dancing ceased, and a murmur ran through the room, "the King and Queen are entering;" and we all stood as before. They were leading the way to the supper table. The supper was set out in the manner of dining tables, the principal room was the one in which the Queen received the ladies, the evening of the presentation. There were three tables running through this room, at one of which sat the King and Queen. I had a seat in another room, where there were, I think, six tables, at each of which there were covers for about twelve persons. The furniture was white china, with a crown represented in gilding. The forks and large spoons were of silver. All the tea-spoons were of gold, as had been those which were passed about frequently in the evening, with ice creams and other refreshments. We found within a napkin, nicely folded, each at our place, a small, slender roll of bread—the most delicate in appearance, as well as the most delicious in taste, of any I have ever seen or tasted. For supper we had first brought on, a kind of thin soup. After we had finished this, the servants offered us meats of various kinds, some hot, some cold, all of a delicate appearance. There were *trouffles*, which Madame de Laysterie and her daughters ate with much apparent relish. They are esteemed here a great luxury, but I have not yet overcome my dislike of their black, unpromising appearance. Here was a dish which the French call *gelatine*; there were also, small birds, delicately cooked. After the meats there was a profusion of *gateaux*, and several kinds of confitures and jellies, beautiful and delicious.—There were also various fruits, elegantly arranged in porcelain dishes, apples, pears, oranges and grapes; and rich wines of many sorts. Several gentlemen had attended our party to the table, and politely stood to see that we were helped, before taking their own repast,—an attention which the other gentlemen generally paid the ladies.

It was about twelve when the supper was served. As soon as it was ended, Mr. C— who had so politely met me at the door on my entrance, descended the stair-case with me, to see me to my carriage; and while he was

yet enquiring for my servant, Luici appeared and said he would have the carriage at the door in a moment, and sure enough it was not two minutes before *la voiture de Madame Veelar!* was announced. Mr. C— said he never saw such a servant, and by what means he had up the carriage so soon, he could not divine. He had expected we should be obliged to wait at least half an hour.

I asked Luici when we got home, how he had managed to bring the carriage so quickly; he said he had it placed with those of the ambassadors in the court, and Mrs. B— my English friend, learned from her maid some days after how he contrived the matter. He went to place it there, appearing to think it a matter of course. But the king's servants challenged the proceeding, told him the court was reserved for the carriages of ambassadors. But said Luici, Madame is the sister of the American ambassador. "Oh, well," said they, "that alters the case," and then left the carriage standing in as good a position as the court afforded. I regretted that the crafty Italian had told the falsehood, notwithstanding it contributed to my convenience.

I could have wished my dear Mrs. T. for your presence on these two evenings, for more reasons than one. I should have had the pleasure of seeing you; and one likes to see one's own country well represented.

Dear Madam,

Adieu.





## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, March 6th, 1831.

DEAR SISTER :

Packet after packet arrives, and I yet receive no letters from home. My anxiety deprives me of sleep, and preys upon my health. The gay society of Paris is uncongenial to my feelings. I have refused several invitations to visit, and spend many of my evenings alone in my room. I have, however, since going to court, been drawn out to a concert for the benefit of the Poles, and also to one at Madame Mazzara's ; and to a fête at Madame Shickler's, said to have been more splendid than any given by a private family in Paris this season.

The Baroness Pichon had invited my son and myself, to go in her carriage to the concert for the Poles ; and at the hour appointed, she called, accompanied by another lady. They were a good deal dressed. Madame P— wore a white satin, with blonde laces ; a necklace of pearl and diamonds ; a white silk hat with plumes. The place of the concert was the old Vauxhall théâtre. The company was brilliant, and the music enchanting. The chief singers were four ladies of credit, in the *beau monde*, who thus turned their talents to account in the service of the unfortunate Poles. They were aided by some theatrical performers, among whom Nourrit was most admired. He sung at the close of the concert, amidst deafening applauses, the *Varsoviennne*, a patriotic Polish song. The good La Fayette and his family were present. They were the principal persons in getting up this concert. I noticed among those who sung, the Countess de Tracy, the sister-in-law of Madame La Fayette.

As we stood waiting in the vestibule for our carriage, my two amiable companions said I was not sufficiently guarded from the cold. They placed me between them, wrapped me in their mantles, and twined their arms about my waist beneath the cloaks, regardless of the Paul-and-Virginia figure that we were making in the eyes of the spectators. There was something in the action and the manner of it,—far from my home as I was,—the

thoughts of friends lately so much pressing on my mind, that affected me,—and for a few moments choked my utterance. But amused by the sprightly conversation of those who, without any parade of sentimentality, thus performed the office of affection, I was roused to endeavor to entertain them in return, and thus we wiled away three quarters of an hour, during which we were obliged to wait for our carriage.

I have also attended a small private concert at Madame Mazzara's. The harp-guitar, now just coming into vogue, the harp, and some other instruments, were finely played. I found the apartments here decorated in a manner to show the cultivated taste of the owners. There were some specimens of Mosaic, brought by M. Mazzara, from Italy, more elegant than any thing of the kind I have ever before seen. One was a small round table of the finest black marble, into the centre of which was wrought, in natural colors, the fierce, open-mouthed figure of a grinning wild boar. There were also interesting historical pictures of patriotic subjects, the production of M. Mazzara's own pencil. Among the agreeable people to whom I was introduced, was the Count de Sorgo and his daughter. The former of whom, has *conseiller d'état* upon his card.

Among the gentlemen who attended M<sup>lle</sup> B—, Miss D— and myself to Madame Shickler's party, was Mr. D—, a young countryman of ours, who is a resident merchant here, and universally esteemed, on account of his amiable manners, united to intelligence, activity, and integrity in business. My friend, Mr. D—, brought letters of introduction to him, and he called on us, soon after our arrival in Paris, and he has ever since been making us his debtors, not merely by complimentary attentions, but by real services.

M. Shickler inhabits a splendid hotel in the place Vendôme. He has great wealth, and keeps the most elegant equipage in Paris. From the entrance of the hotel to the foot of the stairway, we pass through ranks of servants in rich liveries, of a peach blossom color. There was little difference in dresses, entertainment, and company found here, and at the Palais Royal, except

that things were not on so large a scale. I think no single room in the Palace, had a furnishing so expensive for the size as some of M. Shickler's. The panes of glass composing the windows, instead of the ordinary sash, were enclosed with gilding like looking-glasses; the under curtains of fine elegant wrought lace, like that worn with us for veils, the drapery of rich crimson figured damask. I was told that the expense of the chairs and sofas for the principal salon, was about \$7000. I had my seat in front of an enormous mirror, which was said to be the largest that had ever been manufactured in Paris. I think it might have been ten feet in length by six or seven in width. The plafond of the apartment was painted in elegant subjects, drawn from the Grecian mythology.

The company danced, but amidst such a throng as made it difficult. In the course of the evening we made the tour of the rooms, and found more retired apartments, devoted to cards—a charming boudoir—a breakfast room ornamented with green-house plants. Some of the flowers highly elegant. Madame Shickler's bed-room and dressing-room, were thrown open, to increase the airiness of the house. They were places, such as Cupid might have provided for Psyche. Madame Shickler is, in appearance, a charming creature; graceful, simple, and unaffected. She was dressed less than when I saw her in the ball, at the Opera house. Her head was adorned with natural roses, and she wore a plain robe, of white muslin. The ladies in France dress less to receive company than to visit. They hold it more polite to show no disposition to out-shine their visitors.

Between eleven and twelve, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, but we were not permitted to enter. A large table, covered merely with a cloth, barred the way. Here we stood, and called for such of the rich, and elegantly arranged viands before us, as we had an inclination to taste. But the crowd—the crowd—it was with difficulty we could get any thing, or eat what we got. As soon, however, as we had, by the help of our gentlemen, been tolerably served, we crowded back, and made way for others. We soon after retired, re-

passing the splendid staircase, by which we had entered; and near its foot, the statue of a crouching Venus—the first ornament that salutes you, as you enter this elegant abode of pleasure, and the last, on leaving it. But things of this kind are so frequent in France, that there is no avoiding them. One of M. Shickler's rooms is ornamented with a Venus, or some other naked beauty, painted in fresco, a thousand times repeated, in various attitudes.

Madame B— and myself have been talking of an excursion to Ham, where, as I believe you know, the four ministers of Charles X. are imprisoned for life; whatever their faults, or even their crimes, may have been, they now suffer a severe penance. Madame B— is in correspondence with Peyronnet, and receives long and minute details of their privations and sufferings. One of their first acts, on arriving at Ham, was, to write Gen. La Fayette a letter, acknowledging their debt of gratitude to him, for the care which he took of them, during their trial. This he might, probably, have received, about the time which he had, from Louis Philippe, such an ungrateful return for making him King of France. This shows what mankind are, puffed up and made vicious by power, humbled and made better by adversity. The services which I offered to the family of Peyronnet, but which, happily, were not needed, he has also remembered, in his confinement, and has acknowledged, through Madame B—, in such terms, as might make you quite proud of your sister, if you did not make due allowance for the fine phrases of the French language. I neither could, nor wished, to do less than send back a civil message to him, in return, which produced another, on his part, and so on; and now I would really be glad, to visit in his prison, with his friend, Madame B—, him, who, when surrounded by the splendours of the Court of Charles X., and aiding him to play the tyrant over the people of France, I should have shunned with a degree of abhorrence.

I believe I have not yet given you an account of our arrangements, at Madame B—'s, and I know not when I shall have more time to do it, than now. When we enter the great street door, (on each side of which are

steps,) we find, on our left, the porter's lodge. Here Manuel, our dark favoured, honest, sturdy porter, lives with his wife and infant. Cleanliness is not the distinguishing attribute of either of the three. But there they eat and sleep, in a little box, not more than ten feet square. On the farther end of the stone-paved passage, opposite the street door, is the stair-way. Before we ascend, we pass the plaster statue of a female figure. In going up one flight of the broad oaken stairs, we pass perhaps half a dozen people, whom we never think of enquiring after, any more than if we met them in the street; we then come to the doors, which lead to the apartments of the *entresol*. Over the principal door here, is written, Dr. Roberts, Surgeon, &c. Now, though I have been living in this house so long, I know not this Dr. Roberts, nor who he may be; though I have often thought it possible, from his name, that he was an American. I know not even whether he has a family.

Leaving this point, we ascend another flight of stairs, and on this floor, (the *belle etage*.) we are located. Madame B— occupies, for her own family, and her boarders, this, and the two stories above. There are six rooms on a floor. From the corridor, at the head of the stairs, we enter the dining room; and doors issue from this to the other apartments, or small passages which lead to them. Across the dining room, from the door by which you enter, are double doors, (not large, like the folding doors so common with us,) which lead to the salon, where we all when we choose, receive our company. The salon is about twenty feet square. As you enter from the dining room, the two street windows are opposite you, looking into the *Rue Neuve des Capucines*. Between them is a large mirror, under which is a pier-table. On your left is a deep fire-place, and over it a clock, and other handsome mantel ornaments. A little beyond, on the same side, is a large door which leads to the apartment occupied by Mr. D—. Opposite to this, on the other side, is a similar one, leading to that occupied by my son. These rooms are carpeted, and handsomely furnished, and can, upon occasions, be thrown open to receive company; but ordinarily they are kept

closed, as the rooms have other doors for the common use of the occupants.

But to return to the salon. Opposite the fire-place, is a grand piano, of superior tone ; an instrument which the eldest daughter of Madame B— touches, perhaps as finely as any lady in Paris. The sofa stands on the side next the dining room, in a comfortable corner, near the fire, which is always, in the evening, specially attended to by Madame B— herself, and kept carefully at a medium temperature. The floor is carpeted, and on a centre table, of moderate size, is a tall lamp, shaded, not with glass, but with a tier of six white, translucent, oblongs of porcelain, framed into metal, and so made by different degrees of thickness in the porcelain, as to represent, when lighted, a series of beautiful landscapes.

The sleeping apartment of Miss D— and myself, opens from the dining room on the left, as you enter it from the stairs. We took it, because it had more convenient closets, and better places for our beds. It is carpeted, and furnished, for our convenience, and whatever may be said of a want of comfort in the house-keeping of the French, I was never more comfortably accommodated, never made to feel more at home, in any house, not my own, than in this.

We pay a stipulated price for our board, which is perhaps higher than that of any boarding house in Paris. In fact, that of Madame B— is considered more genteel than any other in the city ; and as it is Americans who most frequently prefer this mode of living, many Americans have at one time or another, boarded with her. She has, in this way, learned our habits, and kindly studies, as far as possible, to meet them by her arrangements. Having paid our stipend for board, nothing more is demanded for attention, if meals are taken at irregular hours. No complaints are made if we are out later than ordinary. In short, we are treated as we should be by a hospitable friend.

The more common method of living, for foreigners, who are to stay a few months, is to take rooms in a hotel, and order their meals, as we did at the hotel de l' Europe ; or, if they are to reside longer, they take

private apartments; purchase, or hire, furniture, and have their own servants. Here we have no need to keep servants of our own, for we are carefully attended to by Felicité, or Julie, the two *filles de chambre*, or if we want errands done, that is Manuel's perquisite, and he is quick and punctual.

In the dining-room, opposite the door, which leads to our apartment, is one which opens into a passage leading to the kitchen. This is not more than fifteen feet square, but is well furnished with every needed article. It is entirely of solid mason-work—the floor of marble. It is incredible how many excellent dishes Mariette, our neat-handed, good-natured cook, prepares in this little spot, always keeping every thing about her in excellent order.

Of the part of the house above the floor I have described, each story is divided in the same manner. There is a family above ours, with which circumstance I was unacquainted, till a few evenings since, when I perceived a number of carriages were gathering around our house, and many persons were moving on the stairs. On asking Madame B—the meaning of this, she said Madame —, who lived above us, gave a ball that evening.

As for our ordinary hour of eating and sleeping—we rise between eight and nine, breakfast at ten, dine at six, and retire at twelve. Our breakfast consists of *café au lait*, with excellent bread and butter, and cold ham, or chickens, or something of the kind. But our dinner is quite a grand affair. The business of the day is completed, and all come prepared for social enjoyment. Our large oval table is set, not only with neatness, but elegance. An ample vase of flowers, occupies the centre. Our table linen is white damask, to which the French ironing, which is far superior to ours, gives a fine gloss. The ware used at table is porcelain, entirely white. Our silver spoons and forks are always bright, and our well-sharpened knives also.

It is no matter how much dressed a lady, or a gentleman is, to come to the dinner table. We have now seven ladies at our table, and about the same number of



gentlemen. Madame B— does the honors, in a highly elegant style, and at the same time entertains us with her witty and spirited conversation. Of French cooking, I had not the same idea, formerly, as now. I have not found it composed of high-seasoned dishes, but truly excellent, on account of the great care that is used in preparing the various articles. Roasted fowls, for example, are done to the precise point, nicely browned, juicy as a good piece of roast beef; and, by some mystery, the fine flavour seemed increased in degree, though the same in kind, as those I had formerly tasted. Many dishes are here fried in oil of the nicest kind, and these are often delicate and delicious.

Our gentlemen, who go to the *restaurateurs*, make the same general remarks of the cooking they find there; but there are those, who keep the kinds of food with the garlick and onion seasoning, common in some of the southern parts of France, but not in vogue in Paris. We meet, however, many dishes here, which we have never seen at home; and there are others, frequent with us, which we never see here. Pies, for example, and some of the kind of cakes, often found on our tea-tables. A kind of dessert which we like very much, is brought to the table in two dishes. In one, is apples seasoned, after the manner in which we should prepare them for tarts; in the other, is a delicious kind of custard, which is put upon our several plates, over a portion of the apple. Something of the kind I have seen at boarding-houses in New-York. The ordinary French table-wine is disagreeable to me, from its acidity, though others drink it with much apparent relief.

We commonly spend an hour at the dinner table, with our meats, served one by one, our *entremets*, our dessert, and our fruit. Nothing is hurried, for business is over, and the social evening has already begun. This is the place for wit, and compliment, and delicate attentions from one to another.

I often remark, with pleasure, the polite attentions, which pass, on all occasions, ordinary as well as extraordinary, between Madame B— and her daughters, a brother-in-law, and two nephews of her's, who are also mem-

bers of her family. The young ladies generally come down to breakfast after their mother is seated at the tray. They then kiss her forehead, and pass the morning salutations with as much respect, as if she had been a distinguished guest, but yesterday arrived. The French are easy in their fine manners, because they daily and constantly practice them at home.

From the dining-table, gentlemen, as well as ladies, go to the salon, where we take our little refreshing cup of hot coffee with sugar. Madame B— and her daughters generally spend their evenings at home, and they draw around them a genteel society, by their several accomplishments, and fine powers of conversation. I do not recollect to have passed an evening at home, without more or less gentlemen, of their *cotée*, dropping in; and frequently ladies call, and pass sometimes an hour, or stay the evening. The first musical performers in Paris, sometimes call to enjoy the fine playing of Mademoiselle B—, or to accompany her with other instruments. Among these I particularly admired M. Noblin, on the violincello. In these little family concerts, my young companion, Miss D—, is sometimes persuaded to join; and her performance, even in difficult Italian music, is highly applauded. Mademoiselle E—, the younger daughter of Madame B—, touches the guitar, and sings with sweetness, if not with great effect. Both are ever ready to oblige their friends when they can, and never seek to make themselves of consequence by waiting to be urged. Yet the sisters are very different in manner. The elder is *naïve*, the younger is dignified.

In France, one is seldom invited abroad to dinner, but many families have stated evenings of receiving company, when it is understood that they are always to be at home. Some have stated hours on certain days. Mrs. Opie, for example, sees company on Saturday, from twelve to one. In going to spend our evenings with friends, who thus have their regular evenings for seeing company, one sometimes has no refreshments offered, unless it may be a glass of *orgeat* or *sirop des framboises*. Sometimes tea is brought in, sometimes ice-creams, and cakes, or *gateaux*. Card-tables, pictures,

letters, (where you exercise your neighbors ingenuity in spelling the word you intend—giving the letters promiscuously)—and other facilities for diversion, are found for those who like them.

Apropos, to the letters,—they are in bad hands, mischievous things ; complete instruments of coquetry.—Apropos, to the card-playing—I was one evening at Madame P—'s *soirée*, to which I am regularly invited for Friday evenings. She asked me if I was fond of whist. I said I liked a game well enough, but I never played for money. Immediately she formed a party, telling the gentlemen they must not play for money, to which they assented with the utmost politeness, and I could do no less than join it ; though, as you may suppose, with no great spirits for playing. This little incident gave birth in my mind to much reflection. I had no right to come to Paris and require people to change their customs, yet I cannot abandon my principles, and I will not tell lies. It is far easier to quit the gay world, than it is to live in it, and yet above it. Yes ; amidst all the gaiety which I describe, I often bear an aching heart, though I endeavor as much as possible to conceal it.—This is not the kind of life to make me happy ; rather give me back my toils and cares, with the consciousness of living to a good and useful purpose ; give me back too a society, whose conversation shall lead my mind to better things, than the toys of this world.

Dear Sister,  
Adieu.

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, March 12th, 1831.

MY DEAR ALMIRA:

My hand trembles as I write your name, never before so dear as now. I thank you for that visit which you made, in my name, as well as your own, to Mary, and to mother—dear mother!—dear Mary! gone—both gone forever—O! it makes the wound bleed afresh to write to you; and so it will be with you, when you get my letter. It is written in tears,—in tears it will be read.

Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints! Thus thou hast ordered, and let thy stroke correct, as well as chasten. What bright examples have they left us. The Lord came to one at the first watch, and to the other at the last; but they were both found ready;—and they are blessed, far more blessed than we who struggle on through sin and sorrow. The one, an aged saint, whose tried armor had withstood all the fiery darts of the tempter;—the other, in the holiest purity of virgin innocence, had rendered her heart's earliest fragrance to her God; and I trust that she departed, ere one stain of earthly passion had sullied its purity. "Daughters of Jerusalem," said the Saviour, "weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children," and so might these sainted spirits say to us.

I have written to H. K—, whose kindness to Mary, as well as her mothers', has made an impression upon my heart which will never be effaced. You will see from that letter how shocking to me was the news of mother's death. When I had gained sufficient strength, after learning Mary's departure, to take up the letter, to follow the circumstances, I was standing by a window, looking along the left hand page of Miss K—'s letter; my son was reading over my shoulder on the other page. He made a sudden exclamation, "Good Heavens! it is not possible!" "What, my son, what?" He pointed to this sentence: "The same arrival will convey to you the intelligence that your mother has gone to her rest."

The first shock was overpowering, and I sunk prostrate on the floor. After the first awful struggle was over, I was resigned—I knew that God was just, and dealt with us after his mercies. I knew that I deserved chastisement—and I could see that in this instance, He had in the midst of judgment remembered mercy. And most especially do I see His gracious kindness, who will bring forth the righteousness of His saints as the noon-day, in that our angelic Mary, was placed among those in her last illness, who comprehended her gentle virtues—her intelligent goodness ; and whose words, in speaking of the extraordinary moral perfections of her character, will not be received as the prejudiced effusions of over-weening affection. Knowing herself to be understood, she was to those around her, as she was to us—her feelings flowed forth, and her character displayed itself. At the glance of indifference, she was ever as the modest flower that folds its leaves in self-protection over its tender bosom.

I have left my writing to receive two groups of the La Fayette family, who came successively, to pay me visits of condolence. I wish you could have witnessed the interesting manners of these amiable people. Most of the world think that grief for the death of a very aged parent, must be either folly or affectation, and they sympathise little with it. The La Fayettes think differently, idolizing, as they all do, from first to last, the aged and venerable patriarch. And mother's posterity too, all, *all* loved and venerated her. Who that knew her did not ? She exemplified the power of religion, in the activity and usefulness of her noon-day of life, and in the calmness and cheerfulness of its decline. She told me in one of our last interviews,—never in this world to be repeated,—that she was greatly blessed in being delivered from that fear of death, which had often, in former days, kept her in bondage. "I enjoy," said she, "my meditations in the night, and sometimes I long to depart, and be with my Lord and Master."

Madame de Maubourg sat by me, took my hand, and wept long and silently. The big tears flowed as from a full fountain. The source of her sympathy, was per-

haps most on account of Mary, remembering her own sorrow for her favorite daughter. She broke this pathetic silence, by saying, "I find those mothers happy, who do not survive to mourn their daughters."

The news of the revival in Troy interests me deeply. The value of religion, as much as I formerly prized it, is in my eyes greatly enhanced, by what I have seen abroad. How slight is the foundation of morals; how airy a phantom is sentiment, where religion does not exist, to give stability to public and private virtue. Hence I wish with every philanthropic, as well as every pious feeling of my heart; that true religion should flourish and abound; and if God sends the needed rain, let us not complain if it comes in a torrent; but neither let us be blamed if we take some precautions. The regulations which I made in the time of a former excitement, I think are right and good; and I am pleased that you have maintained them. The friends of revivals should consider what they have at this day to contend with. When Elijah wished to convince the people that his was the true God, he did not, after he had prepared his altar, surround it with combustibles, for then the people might have said, (falsely no doubt,) the fire is your own, it is not fire from Heaven. When the prophet had prepared his altar, and his sacrifices, he put water upon them in the sight of all the people; that when the fire descended, every blaspheming mouth was stopped; every infidel was put to shame, and Israel's God was known to be the Lord.

I was intending at this time, as it is near the commencement of a new term, to write home something of an address to the teachers and pupils; but I have been so much occupied, so much exercised in mind, that I found it impossible.

Say to the teachers, that they must be vigilant and firm. It is better to keep up our barriers, than to mend them after they are broken down. At the same time they must be gentle and patient, and not hasty, because this gives pupils advantages. Generally speaking, it is better in government to do, than to talk.

Let them endeavor, especially in the first of the term,

to give the pupils a taste for the particular study they learn, by setting it in interesting lights, and making them understand it. For this end, it is important that they are made to know the meaning of each word that composes the lesson.

These are things which the teachers know, but it is good to "stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance ;" and when you read to the pupils, that such are the directions which I give, as best for all, they will not complain of the teachers.

And to my dear pupils say, it is soothing to me to think that I shall see them, if God permit, before the close of this present term—that I shall myself be a witness of their improvement. How interesting will it be to me to see their dear familiar faces, beaming with added intelligence and virtue—to see their figures improved in grace, as in stature.

My dear children, be careful of your health. Exercise, and do not bend too much over your tables when you write. Be obedient, as my dear sister writes me, you have been. Continue to be good to your teachers, to each other, and to be industrious. Above all, will it be grateful to my heart to find you pious. The hand of disease may soon be upon you ; and you too, as she we mourn, be like the frail lily that bends and falls beneath the blast. And she was pure as that spotless flower, and in her leaving this world, who among us doubts that she has gone to a better. This is my consolation, when I think that this light of my eyes, and joy of my heart, is taken away. As an example of piety, of industry, of moral purity, of kindness to her equals, of respect and obedience where these were due, I point you to her ; for verily do I believe, that on the spot where she has long lived, surrounded with numerous and constant spectators, no act of pride, of passion, of indolence, of sacrifice of principle to inclinations, can be found. When had she a duty to perform, and was not prompt to do it ? When did she ever in the slightest degree deceive, or prevaricate ? When was ever religion the question, and there was in her a want of reverence, and solemnity ? In these things, my children, be like her, and you will

then be prepared to live, or die. Remember her dying words to her father, when asked what message she would send to her brother and sister—"Tell them," she said, "*to live by their bibles.*" When you do this, you can say, as she did,—“I can trust all to my Saviour.”  
God's blessing rest with you.

Adieu.





## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, March 22d, 1831.

DEAR SISTER :

For some days after writing my last, I could not control myself to be active in any thing. Nature is strong within, and grief will have its course. And better I have always believed it to be, both for the mental and physical constitution, when sorrow is allowed for a time to vent itself in tears, and in praises of the loved and lost, than when, by a stern will, it is shut up in the solitary heart, and not allowed its wonted tribute. Yet too long to yield to its influence is unworthy of a christian. The Lord hath done it, and He does all things well, and wisely.

Mr. D— has shown himself on this occasion a brother and a christian. Sweet E— has been to me as a daughter, and from many quarters I am gratified to hear my son praised for his attentions to his mother.

According to the custom here, I have put myself into entire black, which is done with less trouble than it would have been at home, as there are shops expressly for ladies mourning, with black caps, black frills for the neck, veils, and other needed articles of the smaller kind. Madame B—, her two daughters, and our amiable English friend, have shown me the utmost sympathy and kindness. Many of my friends and acquaintances have made me visits of condolence ; some have written me notes, and a few have done both ;—among the latter is Mrs. Opie.\*

\* *Note to my Sister.*—The following is a copy of Mrs. Opie's note. It is short, but to me was affecting and consoling. It brought back the recollection of our sister's remark, that she believed our mother's life had been prolonged by our literary success, and the respect we had paid to her in our dedications :

HOTEL DE LA PAIX, 3d Mo. 16th, 1831.

I can no longer, my dear friend, resist the desire I feel to assure thee of my deep sympathy, on the present melancholy occasion.

I have felt, and still feel so sensibly the loss of my last surviving parent, even though I had the sad satisfaction of closing his eyes, that I can enter *truly*, and deeply into thy suffering—and earnestly and affectionately do I desire, that He who can alone comfort, and support

Among the visits of condolence which I have received, none will interest you so much as that of General La Fayette. He came early in the evening, and staid till its close. Since my affliction, I had returned from the dinner table to my room; but this evening I had accompanied our family party to the salon, and had just seated myself at the centre table, as I heard his voice in the ante-room, enquiring for me. I met him at the door. His words of condolence were few, but appropriate; displaying that peculiar tact, which, when his mind is free for conversation, he ever manifests. Though on account of my recent affliction, he paid me on this occasion, his first attention, yet he afterwards greeted, with the utmost cordiality; the other members of our party, to whom his visit was also intended. Our circle was somewhat less than usual, as we had fewer visitors, and we gathered, like a large New England family, around the fire on the hearth,—the father in the centre. The conversation was shared by all, though led by our honored guest. I spoke in the course of the evening of our hopes to see him again across the Atlantic. He said HE SHOULD VISIT AMERICA AGAIN. These words were uttered with dignity and decision, in the presence of some Americans, and several French persons. The speaker is not a man to violate his slightest pledge.

You will see La Fayette again, if he lives. He will not come as formerly, when invited by the nation, expecting crowds to follow him. He will come to return the honor which he then received; as a gentleman calls to pay his respects to you, after you have made a party to honor him. And the proper way to receive him, will, in my opinion, be to leave him to seek the firesides of his personal friends; and as his visit to the country at large will be voluntary, so let it be to the different portions to which it may please him to bend his honored steps. The affec-

thee, may be near thee in this, thy hour of severe trial!—It were needless to say more, but I could not be easy to say less—Farewell.

AMELIA OPIE.

I have just remembered thy sweet dedicatory lines to thy mother! well! that, and the publication itself, which she lived to rejoice over, are no doubt, pleasant and soothing recollections.

tion of grateful hearts, it seems to me, would on such an occasion, be best manifested, by taking care that our curiosity to see him, should not be allowed to break in upon his hours of refreshment and repose. Yet what dutiful child is not gratified to know that a beloved and affectionate parent is in his house, though perchance he sees him not ; and who would not perceive, that if a venerable parent gave himself to scenes of noise, and bustle, and show, it must be to please his children, not himself.

I know not how long he intends to remain in America. Perhaps he means to die there ;—to rest with his beloved Washington ;—to mingle his ashes with the soil which his blood has flowed to redeem.

But this is not probable ; for the ties of kindred are no where stronger than in this family. What father has ever had a more filial son, than George Washington La Fayette ? In this, the son has shown a virtue no less exalted and self-denying, than that of the father, though called on to manifest it in a different way.

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Last Sunday, on leaving the church at the Hotel Marbœuf, I encountered our friend, the Rév. Sutherland Douglas. He has just returned from Italy with improved health, and sanguine expectations of final recovery. He accompanied me home, and I went in the afternoon to hear him preach at the Oratoire. The congregation was here somewhat more numerous than usual. Indeed, I see some reason to hope that the life giving spirit of genuine religion, may increase in this city, which has so long been fluctuating between infidelity on the one hand, and pompous forms and debasing superstitions on the other. Places where Protestant worship may be attended free of expense, are open on the Boulevards. I have once attended at one of these, and found it crowded with an audience who listened with deep attention to the truly spiritual instruction of the preacher. Madame de Laystérie and the daughter of Madame de Stael, were present ; and I am told that this is their ordinary place of worship. I have repeatedly heard it remarked by politicians, gentlemen who make no particular pretensions to religion them-

selves, that it is to be regretted that there is so little religion in France, and that it is owing to this, that the French cannot support a republic, while the more pious Americans can.

France has gained thus much by the late revolution, that religion is now left free to plead her own cause. God grant that this may continue ;—but he only knows how long it will. The times are full of trouble and commotion. I often think how strange would sound in your ears, accustomed as we are in America to quiet and security, the inquiries and replies which are regularly made to the first person who enters our doors in the morning. We eagerly ask, is all quiet abroad? and when we are told *toute est tranquille*, we rejoice as when in our cabin at sea, some one who has been sent out to watch the lowering heavens, returns with cheerful tidings. I have other letters to write, and bid you an affectionate

Adieu.

## LETTER TO MR. B——.

PARIS, March 22d, 1831.

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The people rise upon every slight occasion—not as in the days of Robespierre, to shed blood, but to commit some act, which is just to let their rulers understand their strength, and their dissatisfaction. Yesterday a small party of the people were opposed by the military, and were victorious. They disarmed the soldiers, broke their guns, and then went quietly home. A short time ago, as I dare say you have read, they went round and took the fleur de lis from the churches—defaced several public buildings, and in spite of the soldiery, tore down the palace of the Archbishop, and threw his library and furniture into the Seine; for which most regular and praise-worthy proceeding, his gracious majesty complimented their taste in reference to the fleur de lis by taking it from his arms. A capital stroke that at government! And so they go on.

A military force is now gathering in Paris.—It is said something is brewing among the Bonapartists, which is to be brought out on the twentieth of March, the anniversary, I think it is, of Bonaparte's return from Elba—but that may be one of the thousand lies set afloat, generally for speculating purposes. I have thus given you to understand, as far as I know it, the true situation of France. The present government is averse to war, and will be too much like the other monarchies whose motto is "our noble selves," to be quarrelled with by them, if the people will suffer it to go on in its own way. But this they do not mean to do; you perceive that this government has lost its strength,—the confidence of the people. A change of ministry has just taken place, as the papers will inform you. But what of this? Casimir Perrier is a very good man, for aught I know, and so was M. Lafitte; their views are much the same, and no material change of policy is expected. It is merely a change of men, dictated by the weakness and the fears of the government, to appease an irritated people. Cassimir Perrier may effect

more than I expect ; but standing of late before the public as having been the head of the obnoxious chamber of Deputies, he will have this association to contend with. I want my countrymen to understand the true state of things here, especially in regard to our father La Fayette. Their minds should be prepared to look for the possibility that he, and his most amiable, most excellent family, may yet need an asylum with us. Surely, I hope not, and I believe not—I think it more probable that he yet will be President of a French republic ; for this is undoubtedly the wish of a large party of the National Guards. I cannot express with what interest the people (I mean respectable people with whom I have business affairs,) inquire after his health—how their countenances brighten, or darken, as the news is good or ill. “Cest pour lui,” said one of them to me—“encore une fois de sauver sa patrie.”\*

The Carlists wish to see a republic, for they think that then the allies will bring back the Bourbons. So you see that if La Fayette lives, the times are fraught with danger to him, and to his family.

If troublesome and dangerous times should come, I hope the Americans will be ready to receive to their arms, this blessed family ere one hair of their heads be injured ; and if the General himself should be in Heaven, still we owe this to his family. It is impossible to express their kindness to Americans. In all their exaltation, the Americans have been first in their affections—openly and avowedly Americans, that are to receive their first, their principal attentions. Madame George La Fayette was grieved to the heart to learn that she had omitted to return the call of an American lady. “But how,” said she, “could I know under these circumstances, that she was not an English woman ?” At the grand ball at Court on the 12th ult., Madame de Laysterie, on entering the ball room with her daughters, stood for a moment and looked along the benches—I knew she was looking for Americans. I happened to be the first who caught her eye—she instantly came

\* It is yet for him once more to save his country.

with her party and sat with me ; but she was constantly looking out for Americans, and paying them, as she had opportunity, the most endearing attentions. They sympathise with us in our joys and our sorrows. Never in my life, did I see so compassionate a being as Madame de Maubourg, the general's eldest daughter. She weeps with us when we weep—not a solitary tear—but long does the stream of compassion flow down her cheeks. It is for this family, as well as for its still dearer Patriarch and Father, that my country should watch with a sympathy and affection, lively as their own.

My country ! sacred name ! Would that I could stand on some tall cliff of her shore, and be heard from the north to the south,—I would cry, union ! union ! Destroy not madly a happiness which the world envies. I would say to the south, “ Even if what you complain of were true, that you pay an unequal portion of the revenue, would you destroy your country and yourselves for this ? Would you burn your house and your children within it, because some one had stolen your furniture ? I would say to the north—Offend not your brethren mortally—even though you think they are unreasonable ; destroy not your country for money, for the interests of trade—make a sacrifice to appease your southern brethren, if they will not be appeased without. Look to the example of your fathers, who formed that constitution to which the philanthropists of the world look as a model ; and let not *your* children reproach you with its destruction.”

With cordial respect,  
Your friend and servant.





## LETTER TO MRS. ———.

PARIS, March 22d, 1831.

DEAR MADAM :

You wish to know, when I speak of the danger into which our young American women may fall in Paris, what I mean ; and whether any thing appears, on the face of society, other than the most perfect decency.

Not generally, unless you reckon as out of its pale, very low-necked dresses, and such dances as the waltz and galopade. These dances may do for girls, who are guarded as the French females are before marriage ;—never being left alone, with those who might seek to repeat, in private, the freedoms taken with their persons in public.

But the danger lies in associating with those, who, while they are living in the transgression of God's commands, have all the fascinations of accomplished manners ; and whom they see received exactly as others. They may occasionally, too, hear shocking principles uttered, by those whose opinions they see no reason for not respecting. We never hear characters scanned in Paris, as with us, as to the moral tendency of their actions. The standard of good society has nothing to do with such trifling circumstances ; and it is the height of impertinence to inquire into them, or make any remarks concerning them. Not that a French woman does not take into consideration respectability—right and wrong ; but respectability, concerns a person's connexions, style of living, &c., and right and wrong, relate to the right and wrong of caps and hats, dresses and ribbons.

In this state of affairs, if we go into promiscuous society, you see how impossible it must be for a young woman, to form any kind of judgment, as to the real characters of those she may meet. Perhaps among the splendid dames, I met at court, was she, who was once Madame Tallien : now married to an Italian prince, and, as I am told, well received there. You will, I dare say, recollect her as the infamous woman, who was drawn shamefully through the streets of Paris, during

the old revolution, to personate the goddess of reason. I heard a respectable lady speak of her, and laughing at so witty a story, relate how she used to introduce to her visitors, her numerous group of children, (no two of which she probably named after the same father) telling them to "look at her little sins."

A single lady, of great personal elegance, whom I often met, I learnt, by indubitable circumstances (which came to my knowledge many weeks after my introduction to her) was the *chère amie* of a married man: and among my acquaintances, other cases of the same nature, as far as morality is concerned, rose to my suspicion, if not to my knowledge.

In general, however, nothing can be more modest than the demeanor, in society, of all we meet. But once in a while, one may chance to see an adroit manœuvre, of a different complexion. Once, in a room where few were present, I saw, by a sudden turn, a lady of whom I never heard ill, touch her lips to the neck of a gentleman, as he stooped for some object beside her.

As a specimen of the principles one may chance to be edified with in Paris, I will tell you what I heard said by a French lady, who was perhaps piqued by the rude remark of a gentleman, who, after praising the American females, said he would not dare to trust French women as wives. The lady, whose own correctness I never heard impeached, observed:—Well, I own I am no friend to marriage—how absurd to make one promise to love the same person forever! Why, it is impossible. Give me nothing to eat, but a leg of mutton all my days, and I should starve to death.

Is not this enough to show you, that American women, especially if young and inexperienced, are better off at home, than here. True, a young woman, under the care of a watchful matron, and guarded by dignity of manners and innate purity, may escape these dangers.

Yet Heaven forbid, that I include all French women in this censure;—and as I have before remarked, there are some better signs in these times. The two families now most placed in the public eye, are those of Louis Phillippe, and La Fayette. The Queen is believed by

all, to be a pattern of conjugal virtue ; and nothing appears, but that her daughters will emulate her worthy example. The La Fayettees are as much American, as French, in their manners, and could they give the tone to society, France would be not less indebted to them, than to the venerated Patriarch of the family. And many other ladies, I know, of whom I am equally confident, that their cast of moral character is such, as cannot dwell with depravity in its vilest form.

That I am not severe beyond truth, a fact which stares in the face of a stranger, as soon as he opens his guide book, is sufficient evidence. More than one third of the children, born in Paris, are born out of wedlock. And what is wedlock here, in too many instances, but a license to sin with the greater impunity ? Yet, while thus iniquity is abroad, the obligations of virtue are known, and tacitly acknowledged ; else, why the hypocritical decency which the general face of society presents ? Why the convenient accommodations to give privacy to sin, and to its consequences ?

How shocking are those consequences to the innocent beings who are cursed for their parents' guilt ! Never did I see a sight which so afflicted my heart, as the infants at the Hospital of the Foundlings. Here were hundreds of babes ranged along in little beds, or laid on inclined couches to receive the warmth of a stove. Young nurses were feeding them with pap, or standing carelessly around ; while moanings and shriekings were in my ears, from the little pallid sufferers, which, as it were, withered my soul within me. And where, ye little innocents, I mentally exclaimed, where are the fathers, who should have shielded your helpless infancy ! Where the mothers, whose bosoms should have warmed and fed you ! Perchance they shine in the court, or are charioted along the streets, engaged in new intrigues. Surely, God will bring these things into judgment.

In walking through an apartment where were many beds for the infants, I came to one place, where were thirty or forty, which had the white curtains suspended from the frame work above, dropped ; and the little bed was entirely enclosed. These, said a lady, who pulled

me by the sleeve, as I was about to raise one of the curtains,—these, contain the dead ! I turned away, heart-stricken, and left the Hospital as soon as I could. It is true, these dismal sights were sometimes relieved, by a Sister of Charity, who seemed really intent upon her charge : and here and there an infant, apparently healthy, smiled, unconscious of its condition, and the life of servitude and degradation, to which it was abandoned.

I know that benevolent intentions, were in the hearts of those who founded this institution ; and now actuate those devoted women, who thus give their days and nights to labor and watchfulness. It is said, these Hospitals prevent the crime of infanticide. But they cannot save the lives of the infants, who perish by hundreds, deprived of their natural aliment. If we urge that such institutions encourage crimes of another kind, we are told that these infants are often the children of the virtuous poor, who cannot support them. Why, then, if they are the children of the virtuous poor, are they thus mysteriously received in a basket, at the entrance, and no questions asked ? I am no friend to disguises—they betoken no good—and think it is wrong in the outset to encourage them. Let vice wear her own colors. The virtuous part of society are not responsible for those crimes, which they denounce and discourage ; but when men undertake to do, or countenance evil, that good may come, they always, in the long run, do more hurt than good.

The French are certainly worthy of imitation, in the facility with which persons of either sex, adapt themselves to their situation. No matter who their relations are, or what their former situation may have been,—if poverty comes, or if they see it approaching, they betake themselves to some profitable occupation, not concealing their situation, and living on in splendor, at the expense of others.

Much evil among us, originates in a prejudice from which the French seem, in a great measure, free ;—that there is something degrading in a woman's doing any thing to earn money. In families with us, where the father employs his hands from morning till night in cut-

ting off yards of calico, as tying up pounds of tea, not for charity,—but for profit,—his daughters would consider it a shocking degradation to employ theirs, to earn money, by making caps, or hats, or dresses for others.

Though I have been sometime in Paris, and I have not been an inattentive observer of the frame of society here, especially in cases where my own sex are concerned, yet I am sensible that I do not understand it sufficiently, to pronounce with decision on points, in which as a woman, desirous to promote the good of my sex, I feel an interest. Women here, as is well known, act a more conspicuous part in business affairs, than is common in Great Britain or America. The laws too are different; a married woman not being here a nullity. In so far as this may lead to profligacy of manners, I should condemn it.

But in order that the experiment should be fairly tried here, it would be necessary that Paris should be divested of other causes of profligacy, and then we should know whether a woman's coming forward in mercantile and other business, would of itself produce it. Take from the city its indecent pictures and statues. Let men take their consciences into their own hands. Let them no longer believe that sin can be paid for in money; but believe that it is an account to be settled with the just and omniscient Judge, every man for himself, without other Mediator than the man Christ Jesus; and see then if the useful, though it might be the more public industry of women, than that which is common with us, would produce disorders in society. I do not say it would not, but of this I am confident—that in our frame of society, by going to the opposite extreme, the evils are often produced, which it would seem to be the leading tendency of our customs to avoid.

For example, suppose with us a young man with sufficient experience in business to conduct it, but without property, becomes acquainted with a young woman, it may be well educated, but also without property. He loves her, but it checks the native impulse of his affections, because he fancies that his pretty wife must be kept dressed like a doll, and in an elegant parlor, and he has

not the means. So he looks out for a woman who has money, and marries her, though he loves her not—or he lives unmarried—but in either case, he is the man to resort to the haunts of vice—perchance to seduce the innocent. And the woman he loved—perhaps had understood the language of his eyes—felt that his heart was hers, and given her own in return;—and she now secretly pines in solitary celibacy. In a country like ours, where industry is rewarded, such things betoken something wrong in custom concerning our sex. Our youth thus throw away their individual happiness; and incur the chance of becoming bad members of society. And the fault does not lie with the men, other than this, that they seem not to have the courage to endeavor to break wrong customs. They are willing to be industrious in their calling, but custom prohibits the woman from becoming that meet and suitable help to the man, for which her Creator designed her. An educated woman, might become to a merchant, his book-keeper, and as it were a silent partner in his business—keeping a watch over other agents during his absence—giving him notice of important events, which concern the state of markets;—and in fine, she might render a thousand important services in his affairs, without neglecting the care of her household concerns, the drudgery of which might be performed by uneducated persons, the value of whose time would be trifling to the family, compared with what hers might be made. Understanding the business affairs, and taking an interest in the advancement of the family property, more than in the finery of her dress and furniture, she would need no stern mandate to keep in the ways of economy. If her husband is taken away by death, he parts in peace, as to the condition of his wife and children, for she will know how to settle his affairs, or continue his business.

These reflections I have been led to make by what I remark here. There are shops which I frequent to make purchases, where great order prevails, and which I am told are wholly under the direction of the mistress, in their interior arrangements. One I recollect, a little out of the northwestern Boulevard, where there are

two rooms—one below, and the other above. The mistress, a grave and decided woman, keeps her stand behind a counter on one side the door, with a female assistant by her side. They do all the writing in the books. The clerks, of whom there are several, do the selling part; but whatever articles I bought, they were not made into a parcel, till they were carried with the bill, and the money to her, and the three compared. Then she and her assistant put down in their books the articles, and the account received. And I am told that the whole is compared with the state of the shop, before it is closed, so that the clerks have no chance of purloining goods or money. I asked where were the husbands of these women, and was told that they were abroad making purchases—attending to the payments, and watching the state of the markets. Now I do not believe that a woman in a situation like that, industriously employed, is in a more dangerous place than when she is idle in her parlor, or reading novels, or receiving calls from gossips, or lounging fops. But I think a middle course between public exposure and the utter uselessness of some of the wives of our shopkeepers, especially those who board, instead of keeping house, might be devised; particularly where they are women of intelligence and education.

But this is a subject on which I could write a book, if I had time. Indeed, this letter will become one, if I do not bring it to a speedy close.

Adieu, dear Sister.





## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, March 28th, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Again I date from Paris. It seems as if a spell was laid upon me, that I cannot go from this place. As soon as I determine to depart for some other spot, I hear of a revolution there ; and so I have successively abandoned Italy, Switzerland and Belgium, after having determined to visit them. We intended taking Belgium in our way to England, but a friend who went before us, wrote us back word that the times were too unsettled and dangerous. Yet He who orders all things wisely, has overruled these disappointments, and they will doubtless terminate in good. Indeed, I would not exchange the acquisitions I have of late made here, to have looked on the sublime mountains of Switzerland, or the beautiful vales of Italy. For is there in nature " aught so fair as virtuous friendship ? " Warm hearts, are better than sunny fields, and elevated minds more sublime than cloud-capt mountains. In the society of Madame Belloc, the very lady of whose writings we have thought so much and often talked, I have realized these high imaginings. You, my dear sister, and a friend of Madame Belloc's, *truly* a friend, Mademoiselle Adelaide Mongolfier, are parties in the friendship which we have formed.

You will recollect that before I left America, in arranging the affair how I should introduce myself to her, you wrote to her, and sent a copy of your work on Botany. For a long time after I came to Paris, I could not find her address ;—not that she was unknown ; on the contrary, she was spoken of as a dignified and highly gifted woman, but the fashionables of Paris want other reasons to trouble their heads particularly about her.

At length I learned her residence, and went to carry your letter. A lady appeared, who told me in an engaging manner, that Madame Belloc was in deep affliction, having the day before consigned her mother to the grave. I did not think at that time that mine too was

resting in that dark sojourn. I regretted that I had intruded upon her sorrows, and said that hereafter I would call again. The countenance and voice of the lady with whom I conversed, were strongly impressed upon my mind, from the peculiarly fine expression of her large dark eye, and the uncommon sweetness of her voice, and I afterwards learned that she was a person of high intelligence, of sympathies finely touched, a celebrated woman herself, and the daughter of Mongolfier, a celebrated man.

Not long after, I called again, and Madame Belloc, though suffering from an ague in her face, a part of which she was obliged to cover, received me with cordial politeness. She speaks English well, and though she appeared to disadvantage, suffering as she was—I felt that I was not disappointed; but that I was in the presence of a noble mind. She was pleased with your letter, and your work, and said that Mirbel, with whom she had conversed, concerning it, was also pleased with it.

In the mean time, it became my turn to suffer, and though she came to see me, and we felt a common affliction, yet we had not then found that deep fountain of sympathy which, once opened in our hearts, flowed on together, because in both, it had previously taken the same course. This was our common devotion to the cause of our sex. She had heard of me as a writer, and wished to read my books; particularly my History of our republic. I had not that, but I gave her my appeal to the Legislature in favor of female education, and my little volume of poems.

A few days after I called to see her, expecting to be received as usual, by herself and her friend. But what a change! It was no longer merely literary ladies of high talent and attainment, that I met;—but sisters,—ready to take me to their very heart of hearts. Manners and language with us have not that mobility, which brings forth all the excited soul, and which makes you know that it is truly the soul which is in action. In the reality of this newly awakened sensibility for me, it was not so much myself, as the cause to which my life is devoted, that was honored; and I loved them, be-

cause they loved that. But in the manner of demonstrating the regard which I felt, how inferior am I to them. And think not that I am deceived by French duplicity. These women are above deceit;—in soul, in character, they are above it. I have said before, that in France, we continually meet with contrasts;—the grand and the mean, in their farthest extremes; and not more are the towers of their majestic temples, elevated above surrounding objects, than a few noble characters, rise above the general mass.

The mutual friendship of these exalted women, realizes all the visions of poetry concerning this tie. No consanguinity exists between them; but for fifteen years, they have been as now, united by a bond far more close and intimate, than that usually found between sisters.

From my recent affliction, I am out of the visiting circle, which occupied so much of my time—too much I was beginning to think, and had in part withdrawn myself from it before; and I have therefore had leisure to cultivate a friendship so grateful to my feelings, and so conducive to my improvement. Loving their country, they yet see, and deplore its faults; and attribute much that is, and has been wrong in their frame of society, to defects in the education of their women. In this sentiment, M. Belloc, the serious and dignified husband of my friend, perhaps goes even farther than herself.

He traces most of the former misfortunes of France, and very many of her present ills, to a defective plan in education, which by imparting to women attraction, while it leaves them without proper moral and intellectual culture, thus increases a certain species of influence, while it renders it destructive to society. In the course of his observations, Louise and Adelaide, (for so these friends call each other, and so I sometimes call them,) occasionally half-checked him for the severity of his remarks upon our sex; but he sustained every point, with convincing arguments,—and satisfied them, by making proper individual exceptions to general truths.

How strange that I should have found in France, the

man whose language and manners in regard to women is the most perfectly manly and sincere of any one, I have ever met, who is now living. There was one whom the grave conceals, who in this respect was what he now is. To such, our sex may look as our true friends; our flatterers, we may consider as their own. M. Belloc encourages his wife in her plans for the good of female youth, as my husband did me; because he is convinced of the importance of the work so profoundly, that he too is willing to lend himself to their accomplishment, if circumstances should make it expedient.

Madame Belloc and her friend have had at heart for some time, a plan similar to that with which I went before the Legislature of New-York; to make a female institution for the purpose of cultivating the mental and moral powers of female youth, and fitting them for usefulness, not excluding what are commonly called accomplishments, but giving them their proper subordinate place. After the revolution, they had hopes of succeeding in getting some aid from the government; and when the husband of Madame de Stael's daughter, was in a high office; they thought, through her influence, something might be accomplished;—but political changes destroyed their hopes.

When they learned what had been done in America, without governmental aid, they deliberated on the expediency of attempting an institution on an independent footing; and had serious thoughts that either Louise or Adelaide should accompany me, to remain a year or two in my establishment, to witness the effects of our arrangements, novel to them, and in some instances almost incredible. They thought it passing strange, that a school could be governed by as simple means as mine was; and remarked, that with one of French girls, it would be impossible. For any thing effectual to be done here, pupils must be received young.

I told them candidly, my objections to the female schools here. I wanted but to go over the buildings, to be convinced of the defective nature of their plans. Give me every advantage that money could pro-

cure, and every convenience of location, I would not take the charge of an institution where the pupils were all placed together in large rooms, for their study and lodging, with their clothes and articles of accommodation placed according to their kinds in different apartments, the care of them, of course, given to others. This system must, of necessity, leave the pupils where it found them, as for any preparation for the duties of life. It keeps them in a state of perpetual infancy;—or rather it makes them like the parts of a great machine—which, however perfect may be their operation while within this united sphere, has nothing to fit them for individual action.

To be thus constantly kept together,—many in one room—must involve this alternative; either the pupils must be left to themselves; thus the good delivered to the mercy of the bad; (or at the best youthful spirits, making continual disorders)—or they must be constantly watched. This is well for children; but beyond the age of childhood, the human will revolts at perpetual control,—the will, that noble faculty, in which man essentially bears the stamp of divinity,—which education should seek to regulate; and cause to bend to the authority of God, and his vicegerent conscience, while it teaches it to assert its own dignity against any human authority, except such as is derived from this prime source. The will revolting at this unremitting *surveillance*, artifice is practised to elude its dictates, and habits of deceit thus formed; fretfulness is engendered, and the temper ruined: and when at length the period of escape arrives, it is hailed as the dawn of a brighter world.

Hence, despite the native modesty of woman, a French girl goes joyfully from school at the summons of her parents, to marry whoever they select, a man she has never seen; no matter of what age, of what personal, or mental characteristics. She goes gladly, because she goes from slavery to freedom;—a freedom which she determines to enjoy;—and French society witnesses the consequence. Young persons when changing from

infancy (where they need constant watchfulness and care, and love those who watch and guard them,) to that theatre of life and action where self-government, firmness, and constancy, are their only safeguards, (and who shall say that women need these less than men,) should receive a treatment keeping both these states in view ;—the one as partly existing, the other to be prepared for.

The pupil having her tasks assigned, and rules of conduct laid down, responsible for the consequences of her conduct, and guarded, as it were, from a distance ; should be left to herself at seasons, to fulfil her tasks by the energy of her own will, and her calculations of the consequences of her conduct. She should too, be charged as soon as possible, with the care of her own clothes, and other little arrangements, knowing that she will be called to an account for what she does. Hence, in my establishment, the first thing I determined on, was to have my pupils placed in small rooms—not in perfect solitude, for that is an unnatural state, and the pupil would not be cheerful and happy,—but each with one companion, to select which, is one of the nicest points of my own peculiar duty, or that of my substitute.

The very sight, therefore, of these French establishments for education, convinced me that they were fundamentally wrong in their plans of education, unless intended for mere children.

Madame Belloc and her friend, had not so much thought of the subject in this point of view. They however regarded my reasonings as just and sound, though still doubtful whether they could be developed in practice here, as in America. In showing how a bad education had already shed a baneful influence upon the female character in France, “ we are taught,” said she, “ that the great object of life is to glitter—to attract suffrages. We thus enclose the germ of misery in our own hearts, while we throw our happiness into the keeping of others.”

Since I have been in Paris, in conversing with those from whom I wished to learn concerning education, as it exists here ; I have taken, as became me, the humble attitude of a learner. In pursuing the course indicated to me by the curiosity of my friends, Louise and Ade-

laide, to learn from me my own views, and the minutia of my establishment ; I have been enabled to come to more definite opinions concerning the differences between us, and the French, than I should otherwise have done ; as comparisons were constantly elicited, in the course of the conversations. The general opinions which I have before expressed to you, have by this been confirmed, rather than changed. Their standard of attainment is higher in drawing, in music, and in the living languages ; and these accomplishments, particularly drawing, better taught ;—but how unimportant are these, compared with those scientific studies, which are calculated to give vigor to the reasoning powers ; and those moral influences which lead to a good and useful life.

With regard to the methods of instructing in the useful branches common to schools, in both countries, I have not been able to learn much in Paris, though I have gained here and there a hint. The schools that I visited, showed me as at St. Denis, their neat and orderly arrangements, but never asked me to attend their recitations, or took any hints that I gave, by asking questions concerning them. M. Colart, the former preceptor of the Duke of Bordeaux, I heard had an excellent method of instruction in Geography ;—and I sought, and obtained permission to attend the exercises of his class. They had large blank maps painted in oil on canvass, which they filled with the names of cities, rivers, &c.—I did not think it proper to tell him that we had been through that stage of teaching the science some years before ; and that our best pupils could now draw from recollection, the whole outlines of the map, as well as place upon it the names of its parts. At the same time, I saw in the room, landscape paintings done by Madame Colart of high merit ; in which I at once recognized the style of the best artist in that branch, now in Paris ; and on enquiring, learned that she had been his pupil. There are in Paris many female artists, whose paintings for the different branches of history, landscape, and flowers, are much esteemed, and bear a high price. In the Louvre, there are females among those who are copying the pictures.



On enquiring for recent improvements of M. Jullien and the Count de Laysterie, well known as the patrons of education in Paris, they recommended to me to visit the institution Cochin, where children were taught according to the method of mutual instruction. Madame Belloc repeated this advice, and a morning is named when my friends will accompany me to the school.

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*April 4th.*—Louise and Adelaide, have communicated to the small circle to whom they confine their intimacy, the regard they feel for me. I would you could witness the delicate care they take that every thing I do and say in their little circle, should recommend me—the ways in which they correct my bad French and other errors, without seeming to notice them. A short time since I attended a little select soirée, given by M<sup>lle</sup> Mongolfier, at which she had, with a few ladies, invited half a dozen gentlemen. I wish that those among us, who, deceived by the prejudiced effusions of English writers, think there is nothing in French society but bows, and nods, and shrugs, and boisterous laughs; could have witnessed the demeanor of this company, and heard their conversation. Some of these gentlemen, if not all, are known to the public in the history of the present times, and in the progress of science. One of them was the fearless editor, whose bold exposition of the tyrannical proceedings of Charles X. caused the subsequent suppression of his paper, and was thus the immediate cause of the revolution of July. In conversation, they were animated and eloquent,—in demeanor, they mingled ease and elegance of manners, with that dignity which springs from intellectual elevation; there were frequent smiles, but no loud laughs. I do not recollect, ever to have heard Madame Belloc laugh. The conversation was high in its moral tone, nor was the praise of our Maker, here deemed “a jarring note.”

At one period of the conversation it was turned, perhaps not undesignedly, to the history of my country, her aboriginal inhabitants—her patriot sages—and her polit-

ical institutions. Warmed with the subject, but straitened for words—I looked at Madame Belloc, dropped my bad French, and spoke in English. I would you could have heard how she translated me. I scarcely knew my own thoughts, they came forth so beautifully embodied from her eloquent lips. Who, thought I, could not be an oracle, with such a priestess?

A little incident which occurred at the commencement of the evening, showed to me the hold which Madame B— has on the affection of all the circle. I had received a letter from De F—, whose enthusiasm you know, for the great and good of his own country. You may likewise recollect that it was he, who first turned our attention to the articles in the *Revue Encyclopedique* of Madame Belloc; whom he pronounced as the best and most dignified writer, on moral subjects, in that periodical, and perhaps the best in France. But he knew her only through her writings. In a letter which I had recently received from him, he says, “I fancy you, as already enjoying the society of Madame Belloc, I imagine to myself that she has a majestic figure, a countenance expressive of benevolence and wisdom, and large eloquent black eyes.” This imaginary description was a wonderful hit, and I carried the letter to show it to *Mlle* Mongolfier. Madame Belloc, not having arrived, she read it to the company, who all enjoyed it, as if it were the praises of a sister. At this moment Madame Belloc entered,—plain in dress, as the simplest black could make her, but with a figure and countenance which had suited Minerva, when having taught lessons of wisdom to youth, the goddess changed to her native form, and was receiving the upward motion, to ascend to her native seat.

Two of the ladies of their coterie, are Madame Siera and her daughter. The mother is a niece of Mirabeau, and distinguished as a woman of genius, and the daughter will hereafter be, if circumstances favor her. She possesses the quick sensibility and diffidence, with the ardor of genius.

This young lady shrunk from some displays of her uncommon talents in drawing, which at the earnest request

of M. Belloc, were produced during a delightful evening, which I spent with Madame Siera. I was highly pleased with M. Belloc's remarks on the subject of painting, an art in which he highly excels. He is at this time engaged in painting the likeness of his wife. It is by such silent expressive tokens, that one sees with what deep affection they live in each other's hearts.

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Madame Siera, her daughter, and an interesting sister of Madame B—, accompanied us on the party which was made up, to show me the institution Cochin. Two gentlemen were with us, one of whom gave me some information on the way, respecting the new sect of the St. Simonians, who are making a good deal of noise in Paris. He rather volunteered, for I dare not enquire much about them, knowing they are Robert Owen people, though I am curious to know their leading tenets. These seemed to me, as he attempted to explain them, an unintelligible jargon. They talk foolishly of the rights of women, and make much in doctrine, of industry (a good thing if rightly employed ;)—but they seem to base every thing upon utility and happiness. How much mischief has the world suffered from these two words being badly connected together. When will man learn that his part in the order of things is his duty ;—the doing of his Maker's will, the submitting to his allotments ; that to himself has God reserved the distribution of that happiness which He has promised to piety and virtue ; and whether it be received here, or hereafter, it matters not, so long as the good know whom they trust.

From Madame Belloc's, where I had breakfasted, which is just south of the Seine, near the Rue St. Jacques, our party proceeded on foot through the garden of the Luxembourg, now fresh with the beauties of Spring ;—then threading our way through the narrow streets of the south-eastern part of Paris, we found, after a very long walk, the object of our search. The ladies, during our walk, had interested me in the character of Madame Millet, the principal of the school. She had spent some

months in England, in studying the infant schools, and those where mutual instruction was practised, and she had arranged this school much on the English plan ; but she had found that French children have more vivacity, and had been obliged to vary her methods accordingly.

The ladies also spoke to me of a little girl, in whom the indulgent superintendent took an interest. The children had the air of high health and contentment. The method of teaching those under six, of which there were about two hundred, was much the same as in our infant schools : in the other two divisions, one of boys, the other of girls, it was similar to that practised in our schools for mutual instruction. The children appeared orderly, and well instructed,

On visiting the girl's school, I asked to see the little girl of whom my friends had spoken. Being pleased with her appearance, I told the benevolent Madame Millet that I would take her with me to America, and educate her, if the proposition was acceptable to her friends. Through the instrumentality of this excellent woman, the parents have at length consented.

Before I came to Europe, my feelings had been touched with sympathy for the beggars so often described by travellers, and I had thought it would be a draw-back in the satisfaction I had in visiting it, that I should see so many of the children of want and sorrow, whom I could not relieve. My feelings indeed, have frequently been touched since I have been here, by the race of beggars, but quite as often with righteous indignation, as with pity ; and I do hope that in our country, street begging, will never become, as it is here, settled into a trade, upon a regular system. Most of the beggars one meets, are as evidently actors, as those we see upon the stage, though not half so honest. I am told there is a place a little out of Paris, called the *hotel des miracles*, where the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk—where they divide their gains, laugh over their old lies, and invent new ones. Parents sometimes begin with their children when very young, to teach them the art of begging. A little rosy cheeked girl of this de-

scription, sometimes crossed our way as we were going to church, through the *Champs Elysees*, held out her little fat hand, and went through her lying lesson, with such a ludicrous contrast between her laughing eyes and her whining voice, that I was quite diverted, until I reflected what a shocking thing it was thus to bring up a child. At first I gave her a trifle, but at length I told her to go home, and tell her mother not to teach her to tell lies. I do not recollect that I have seen her since.

I make it a general rule, that when beggars wear a composed and cheerful countenance, and speak in a natural voice, to give them a trifle; but when they whine, and are importunate, not a *sous*. This first description are those who, I observe, are really maimed, and clearly entitled to charity. There is one whom we encounter every day in crossing the Place Vendome, whose legs are both cut off above the knee, and his person is otherwise maimed. He has a seat resembling a little wooden boat, in which, by means of his hands, he scrapes himself along the pavement towards us. This poor fellow never gives himself the trouble to draw down the corners of his mouth, or utter a whine, but we find him on the Place, as regularly as we do the column, and with a face as undisturbed.

When one finds real objects of charity, they are not generally street acquaintances. When I first came to Paris, I had occasion to buy some articles of a milliner in the *Palais Royale*. There was an English woman in the shop, old, and apparently in delicate health, who brought home my things in a band-box. I told her she looked too feeble for such services, and gave her a franc; much the same thing was at various intervals repeated. At length she came to me having been discharged from the employ of the milliner, a homeless and a friendless creature. From letters which she showed me, I learned that she had once been governess in the family of an English Lord.

# LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN. CONTINUED.

If I had more time, I could put my thoughts in better order ;—I must go back to friendship. I have yet another friend; a friend, believe me, for life—one to whom I am attached as sincerely as to Madame Belloc and Mlle Mongolfier. If Solomon were to enquire of me, “who shall find a faithful person?” I should point him to Mrs. D—. She is an American by birth, but going early to Scotland, she married the celebrated Dr. D— of Edinburgh, who, died some years since, after enriching the literature of his country by valuable productions. She has resided some time in Paris with her children, to give them the French language, and other accomplishments.

I was introduced to her acquaintance by Mr. Warden, as a highly respectable lady; and one who would be efficient and judicious, in aiding me to procure the teachers whom I wished to take home. She immediately set about my affairs, as if they had been her own; and soon, through Madame Place, procured me an introduction to Mlle de C—, who for many weeks, and through many discouragements thrown in her way by the advice of her acquaintances, I have found faithful too. She comes regularly every week to see me. The French teacher secured, Mrs. D— then cast about to find me one for music. Were I disposed to write against the French character, I know not how I could do it more effectually, than to give an exact account of the several persons, with whom, at different times, I have been in treaty for this situation.\* Sometimes I went so far as to make a positive bargain, and then they would come up with a new condition, or fly off entirely. With a Mlle L—, a young lady of interesting appearance; and powers of voice, in a considerable degree, like those of Madame Malibran, I was so pleased; (and withal thinking that if I caught her young, I might influence her future proceed-

\* One of these was a daughter of the celebrated Talma. I exclude her however from the censures here passed.

ings,) that I continued to treat with her after she had twice changed her ground as to terms ;—giving, however, reasons respecting her guardian, which if true, had some weight in them ; but the third time, when she altered, in a note, the conditions of the contract, which we had settled in conversation, I suspected that the whole was a farce, between her and her guardian, to draw me in to pay a considerable sum in advance ; and then the two to enjoy it in *la belle France*. I then threw the affair into a shape on purpose to try them, and found that the grand point was the advance ;—not so much matter what came afterwards. To her fourth proposition made in writing, I returned an answer, giving her to understand that I was quite satisfied with what I had already seen of her, and should not trouble her farther.

In all these trials, Mrs. D— was with me, and ever prompt to serve, as well as ready to aid me by her judicious counsels. I remarked in her, a sound judgment in the management of her own affairs, as well as in mine, and a perseverance to the end in whatever she undertook. I was pleased to observe the strength of her attachment to her friends, of whom she has steady and constant ones, among the first minds in Scotland. Thus from gratitude for her disinterested services, respect for her sound intelligent mind, and esteem for her virtues, set off by the many contrasts I meet with here, I came to be sincerely and warmly attached to her. If I leave any unfinished business affairs in Paris, I shall leave them with her ; confiding in her, as entirely as I would in you.

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Our friend, the Rev. S. Douglas is still in Paris ; and I am sorry to say, not well. He has accompanied me in some of my visits to my new friends, and enjoys their society. He has also introduced me to a pious and intelligent protestant lady, the Countess B—, who has lately spent an evening in my room, and I have passed one at her house in sober conversation. She was the intimate friend of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, and has shown me letters of hers, in which she proposed,

that they two together, should open a school on a new plan, with the object of giving a better impulse to female education. I should have found more pleasure in reading these letters if I had never come to France. But it seems to me that the woman, to elevate the character of her sex, must set them a better example than has the former *chère amie* of a Duke,—even though he were the father of a king. Nor could my feelings flow forth, as otherwise they might, towards her who was the intimate friend of such a woman; knowing as she must her moral aberrations.

Mlle de C—, who is to accompany me home, has introduced me to several members of her family, which is highly respectable. Her mother is a lady of whose character, I have been taught, by her writings, to think well; as I do of her manners, from a short acquaintance. She has known reverses of fortune, and has borne them like a christian. Once the wife of an officer in the army of Bonaparte, then lady of honor to a Queen; now she aids an infirm friend at Soissons, in a house of education for young ladies. Her stories for the young, deal but little in love, and have therefore a purity about them, of which entertaining French books, are too often destitute. Her oldest daughter is married to a surgeon of note in the employ of the government; and Dr. and Madame B— are among those whom I set down as the sincere people of Paris.

Dr. B— has a favorable opinion of *orthopédie*. I have been thinking of purchasing one of the bedsteads, especially in reference to a particular case, in which it might be useful. Mrs. D—, also, whom I always consult, is inclined to think favorably of this method of treatment, and has found an apparatus, that I can have cheap, at second hand. Dr. and Mrs. B— accompanied me to examine it. I wished to see the patient extended. The little girl objected, which I did not wonder at. Madame B— disappeared for a moment, returned without her hat, and springing, like a playful kitten upon the machine, the Dr. arranged the straps and buckles. He however thought the article not a good one; and I have my doubts



whether it would be useful with us—for, though French girls are made to submit to such “extreme extremities,” for the sake of correcting the figure, I would rather not be the one to practice them on our young *Americaines*.

Adieu, dear Sister.

God bless you now, and always.

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

PARIS, April 11th, 1831.

We are now in serious earnest, making preparations for leaving Paris, intending to go directly to London ; for which place we mean to set out in about a week. I wish to preserve, either in my journal, or my letters, some reminiscences of what I have seen, which is best worth remembering, of a land I never expect to revisit. As it is in writing to you that my thoughts flow most freely, I will continue to detail some of my proceedings, in reference to things and persons, in such order as I may chance to recollect them.

One day, last week, our party went to visit the castle of Vincennes. Here we saw the moat, the draw-bridge, the court, and all that completes an ancient feudal castle. On presenting ourselves at the gate, we were told that visitors were not admitted. We sent our servant to say we were foreigners—American ladies. We were then suffered to pass the outer gate. An officer said he would represent our case to the commandant. He returned with a polite apology from the superior, for not doing the honors of the place to the American ladies himself : but directed us to be shown whatever we wished, naming in particular the special object of our curiosity, which was the donjon keep, where had been confined, before their interesting trial, the four ministers of Charles X., Polignac, Peyronnet, Chantelauze, and Guernon de Ranville.

We saw in the court a number of recruits, both men and horses, and the animals of both kinds were undergoing a severe drill. The young soldiers, however, were evidently proud of their new finery, though they bore their honors most laughably.

The flights of stone stairs, by which we ascended to the apartments, that had been lately occupied by the ministers, were constructed to wind, like the thread of a screw, around a huge pillar, and in the ascent seemed endless. At length, near the height of the tower, we turned aside into the rooms, recently occupied by these

state criminals. Their eating room was in the centre ; and from this led off, in four opposite directions, the cells. All of these, except the room of Guernon de Ranville, (which was octagonal,) were circular, and had the light from four little apertures through the thick stone wall. Polignac had an apartment, whose narrow windows looked towards Paris ; and it is said, the same which he inhabited twenty years before, when he was shut up by Bonaparte, for his project of the infernal machine, by which numbers of unoffending people lost their lives. There was no vestige of furniture remaining in these apartments, but we were told, they had been comfortably furnished by the prisoners, each with a carpet, a bed, a secretary, a table, and two chairs, probably at their own expense. Nothing here met our eyes but solid masonry—brick beneath, and stone above,—sometimes smoothed over with mortar, and the whole of a dirty white.

When we had left these gloomy cells, we ascended again, upon the same everlasting stair-way. After mounting awhile, we found ourselves upon a terrace, at the top of the tower, commanding an extensive and beautiful view of Paris, and the surrounding country. On descending, we were taken by our guide to visit the chapel, a small church, of purely Gothic architecture. The exterior had a great deal of carved work upon it. The windows are of elegant stained glass. The interior of this church is stripped of most of its ornaments. On the left hand, as you enter, is the marble monument of the duke D' Enghein. I think it in bad taste, there being a mixture of real and allegorical personages. There stands the young duke, armed cap-a-pie, with his beaver on—his small clothes—stockings and shoes;—then a figure representing France, with floating draperies, and dishevelled locks, reclining her head upon her arm to weep ; while on the other side of the pedestal, stands crime with a dagger.

The duke was shot in the moat. A little wooden railing, made in imitation of iron, surrounded the place, on which stands a marble column, with a broken shaft. On our return, we paid a visit to the plaister model of the enor-

mous elephant, which, under the direction of Bonaparte, was to have spouted for the Parisians, an everlasting fountain of water from its trunk ; thus making a place to scatter abroad, what was once a place to shut up ; for there formerly stood the dreaded Bastile, the key of which I saw last spring in the hall of Mount Vernon. An ordinary person standing by this elephant of plaister, reaches in height a little above the top of its foot.

We also visited the Place Royal, a fine square with a fountain, and an equestrian statue of one of the kings ; it was once a fashionable part of Paris—the residence of Madame de Sevigné, and the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos.

One day, my friend Mrs. D— and myself were exploring. We went first to the Flower Market, where we found a great variety of beautiful plants. We were in the vicinity of the Palais de Justice, and as the corridors are public, and in part used as bazaars, we thought we would walk through them. They are large, and exhibit some good specimens of statuary. On remarking, as we looked to the extremity of a long corridor, that the style of architecture changed to Gothic, I said, perhaps we shall find a Gothic chapel : so on we went to find a place by which to enter it. We descended a flight of backstairs, and at the foot, found an old woman, of whom we asked if we could enter the Gothic building. She said she would see if she could procure us admission. She directed us to follow her, which we did, along narrow passages, and up stairs, till at length we found ourselves ushered into an imposing presence—a gentleman of port and dignity, surrounded by others, who were writing. This was a consummation which we had by no means expected—but there we were. I took the word ; said we were foreigners, American women, desirous to observe what was curious, and should be pleased to see, if proper, the interior of the Gothic building. He bowed with the mingled dignity and politeness of a real French gentleman, sent for another woman, gave her a great key, and directed her to conduct us. We passed again along several corridors, and at length, reached the

old *chapelle*, now, to our surprise, completely covered on all its sides, with papers filed and labelled, and lo ! the judicial archives of France, the venerable fountain of her history, the original written instruments containing the important mandates of her government! We examined the labels on many of the papers, and found that several of them had been instrumental in the incarceration and death of persons illustrious in history. There were also royal grants of princely possessions; but the prince who gave, and the subjects who received, are now slumbering in kindred dust. I observed that the upper part of the building had a gallery around, in which documents were arranged that I had also a curiosity to examine, and I asked if we could see the papers above. The old woman, who shewed a great desire to entertain us, thought upon the question, and said, "*C'est difficile, mais c'est très curieux. Je verrai ;*"\* and she left us—then returned, bearing a bunch of great keys, one of which she took off, opened a small side door, which showed a narrow stone stair-way, winding around a shaft, of the same fashion as that which led us up to the donjon in the tower of Vincennes. Mrs. D— was appalled at its appearance, but I was in the spirit of adventure, and must needs go on. We wound round and round, and up and up, till at length we landed, awe-struck, in an immense gallery, whose long receding sides were divided into recesses, and filled with enormous folios and files of papers—the endless records of accumulating ages. Here, too, were deposited occasional relics of the olden times, articles of furniture, belonging to different sovereigns,—chairs of Louis XIV., and some of the armour of Francis I.; but when we came to the skull of Ravallac, and the dagger of another assassin, Mrs. D—, who had followed me in fear, said really she could not consent to stay any longer in these wild and solitary places. Should we be unable to descend, none would ever think of looking for us here. She told me, however, that she had taken the keys of the doors which we had passed. It was a wise precaution, and I persuaded her, that with it we must be safe. So

\* It is difficult, but it is very curious. I will see.

we kept on exploring. We saw, among other things, books containing a list of all the ordinances of France, with their dates, and a great folio, in which were preserved the autographs of all the sovereigns. On observing the building, after we had left it, I thought that this immense repository of records must have occupied the whole of the upper story of the Palais de Justice, stretching as it does through several hundred feet.

I believe I once mentioned to you, Madame S—, whose husband was the physician of the Empress Josephine, and a celebrated medical writer. He was much older than Madame S—, she being his second wife. At his death, he left a fine fortune to his widow and children. I first met with her at Mrs. Rives'. This was soon after my arrival in Paris. I happened to sit by her, and she exerted herself in a most amiable manner to entertain me. She was of French parentage, but educated in America. She said she would be pleased to see me again,—that it would be agreeable to French customs that I should call on her first, but in this case it should be as I pleased—she would; if I preferred it; waive the custom, and call first on me. She did so, and invited me to her house.

Subsequently, she told me of the commencement of a treaty of marriage for Mlle S—, her step daughter.\* The friends of Mr. G— had made proposals, and having measured fortunes, and finding essential affairs mutually agreeable, the next step was for the young people to meet, and see how they liked each other,—so a party was made. They met, and declared themselves mutually satisfied. An early day was fixed for the wedding. Madame S— sent me a *billet de part*, which was at the same time an invitation to attend the marriage ceremony.

This *billet de part* is sent by French people of the bon ton, to all their acquaintances, on occasions of deaths, births, and marriages, to give information of these events.

\* The author of the romance which I often saw on the centre tables of the salons in Paris, with the odd title of *Plik et Plok*, was a son of Dr. S— by a former marriage; and brother to the lady, whose marriage is here spoken of.

It is folded like a very large letter, but contains only a few words. The phrase *faire part* (give information) is always used, hence the name *billet de part*. Mine from Madame S—, indicated that her daughter was to be married, at the parish church at ten.—I went at the hour, secured a good seat; and waited till eleven, before the bridal party entered. Large chairs, covered with crimson velvet, were prepared for the bride and bridegroom, in front of the altar; and two smaller ones, on each side, for their attendants. When the bride was about to enter; the principal door of the church, shut till then, was thrown open, and carpets spread along the way. She had a fine figure. Her dress was a rich white silk, white flowers on her head, and a blond scarf made, as is common, expressly as a bridal ornament, was fastened with the flowers upon her head, and flowing down her back. I think any painter would have said that her dress was in good taste,—but some French ladies found faults. It was agreed on all sides that Madame S—, the young mother-in-law, in a lilac silk, white hat and plumes, was *parfaitement arrangée*,—a praise difficult of acquirement in Paris, but to my ear somewhat vexatious, in cases where much better might with truth be given.

But to return to the wedding. The bride did not advance directly from the door to her seat, but turned aside, as I supposed, to one of the side chapels, which was out of my sight, where she remained, perhaps a quarter of an hour. I was told that the bride and bridegroom were receiving the sacrament. At length they reappeared, advanced, and took their seats. The marriage service was mainly performed by the principal priest, but two or three others officiated as assistants. Several little boys in white linen robes attended the priests, and occasionally chanted. The service was in Latin, and performed in that half singing, half saying manner, that to me precludes all idea that it can be accompanied by inward devotion. In the course of the service, the bride and bridegroom sometimes stood, and sometimes knelt. A ring was given and received, and towards the close the priests held a richly ornamented cloth over their heads. The

exhortations were solemn and affecting, and I mentally prayed that the sacred ordinance might be regarded, as the commands of God, and the vital interests of society require.

After the bride had received the congratulations of her friends, she retired along the carpeted way, and entered her new elegant carriage, which was in waiting. I sent by Mrs. L—, who was going to make a call, an apology for not joining the crowd.

By previous invitation, my son and myself, passed a day with a lady who has a house for female education in the *Rue Chaillot Champs Elysées*. This lady, Mrs. Bray, is an English woman. She occupies a fine situation. We entered by a *porte cochère*, and found a court, of about thirty or forty feet square, entirely paved. The building surrounds this on three sides. We found the difference of English and French house-keeping, in the neatness of the entrance and stairway. The parlor was up one flight of stairs, and was an elegant room. The centre table was ornamented with superb flowers from the garden, which we overlooked from the parlor windows. It was extensive, and afforded fine grounds for the exercise of the pupils. These windows also gave us a beautiful view of Paris. We descended to dinner into the lower story. Mrs. Bray had invited to meet us Mr. Fellenburg, the son of the celebrated Swiss teacher of that name, whom we found highly informed, and very agreeable.

Mrs. Bray's pupils are generally from different parts of England. From many of her remarks on the mental condition in which she received them, I was led to form comparisons between the degree of intelligence and information of my pupils, and hers, very much in favor of American girls. She particularly spoke of their ignorance of geography. She had some ideas on the subject of teaching history, similar to my own. This study is here considered of very great importance. To speak different languages, is also regarded as a very high accomplishment. Every thing for show and effect,—little for innate excellence, little which looks forward to making



good and intelligent women ;—such is the condition of female education here.\*

Mrs. Bray had in the house, the *orthopedique* bedstead. A young lady was arranged upon it, in the manner already described. Her elder sister was the only person in the room with her. Their chamber was next to Mrs. Bray's, and every thing around showed that that lady took a maternal care of her pupils. She thought the patient nearly cured of a mal-formation of the spine, with which she had been afflicted. When she lay down, she could have her book placed before her, by means of a moveable apparatus attached, at the time, to the sides of the bedstead. When she was not in the bed, she had small iron supporters for the spine, placed along her person ; with these she could now do without crutches. To my surprise, I found the young lady had become not only reconciled to the use of this bed, but fond of it, though at first she found it disagreeable.

Dr. and Madame B—, have had the goodness to get me permission to visit the house at Chaillot, for the reception of these unfortunates, and to accompany me thither. They were skipping about the garden on their crutches ; but when I saw their beds, and so many instruments for confining them down, stretching sometimes the spine, sometimes a limb, sometimes pushing in a protuberant shoulder, I could not but wonder at their cheerfulness. M. and Madame Morin, express an unfavorable opinion of *orthopedie*. They say it is torturing the subject ; and that the pain, the risk, and trouble, overbalance the prospect of advantage.

The institution at Chaillot is in high repute. Every thing was done to advance the education of the pupils which their health would admit of. There was here also, the apparatus for keeping a book open before the patient, as she was placed horizontally. When I asked the lady who shewed the apparatus, whether the girls did not suffer, she said they generally did at first ; but in

\* Mrs. Bray was sensible of this, and deplored the necessity which kept her from better things ; but the will of the parents, the shortness of time allotted to education, were insuperable barriers to her attempting much innovation ; still she was evidently making advances.

a short time they became reconciled, like the young lady at Mrs. Bray's, and at length fond of the bed.

On the whole, Dr. B— recommends me to purchase a work treating on the subject; with plates, showing the models of the instruments used, and giving a description of them, rather than to think at present of purchasing the apparatus,—and I have followed his advice.

M. Morin having kindly invited me to visit his establishment at *Fontenaye aux Roses*, and the party having been previously arranged, his amiable daughter called for me, in her carriage, on a fine morning. We took up Madame Belloc and Mademoiselle Mongolfier, and after a delightful drive, of perhaps an hour and a half, we found ourselves at the gate of the establishment.

It is laid out on a large scale, with ample accommodations for literary instruction, and domestic convenience. The health and developement of the physical powers, had been with M. Morin, (and very judiciously,) an object of special regard, as was manifested by the large and pleasant grounds given them for exercise, and the apparatus erected for gymnastic games. Here was also a botanical garden.

The recitations were not all heard in the main building, where the pupils ate and slept. On a sequestered spot was a small house, where we found a class of boys receiving instruction from a German professor. Each had his black board, on which he wrote out the phrases dictated by his teacher. We attended within the main building, the recitation of a higher class, in mixed mathematics. These, marked their figures on a standing black board; demonstrated and explained as they were questioned by their teacher, those principles of mechanics, which their lesson embraced. In all this, I saw nothing different from American teaching.

Apologies were made for his class, by the teacher, by Madame Belloc, and Mademoiselle Morin; but truly there needed none. Their performance had struck me as being good, for the first recitation on the subject, though the young gentlemen were evidently a little abashed.

We were shown their various extensive and judicious

arrangements for preparing food, for soap-boiling, and for washing and ironing, upon which no expense had been spared ; and which contain some peculiar inventions of the superintendent.

I was, on the whole, much pleased with my visit, and thought it was with good reason, that Col. and Madame La Fayette, had selected this as the place of education for their two sons. These boys, the only grand-children of La Fayette, who bear his name, are promising in appearance.

Sometime since, our party visited the celebrated royal manufactory of the Gobelins, for carpets and tapestry ; and beheld with admiration, the process for imitating the most difficult historical paintings, both as to color and expression, in thick fabrics of woollen.

We went one evening to the Grand Opera, to hear the astonishing Paganini. To me his music appeared so curious, so wonderful, so unearthly, that I was not certain whether I was pleased, or not. It had the effect to impress itself strongly on my imagination, and to give me a great desire to hear it again. I make this remark of his peculiar inventions. He gave some specimens of simple plaintive airs, in which the rich soul of music itself was expressed.

We visited, in company with Mr. and Mrs. F—, of New-York, the *Garde Meublè*, the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*, and the prison of St. Pelagie. We went also, for the second time, to the Hotel des Invalides, with its magnificent dome and its beautiful gardens—its grand library—its long corridors, and extensive accommodations—and again saw its host of maimed veterans. One who showed us the building had been an officer, and almost a worshipper of Bonaparte. He conducted us into two rooms, where were the portraits of eminent men, and commented on their military deeds ; but when he came to those of Bonaparte's generals, he became enthusiastic.

With Mr. Douglas, I spent a few hours in that enormous library, called *le Bibliothèque du Roi*. With Mrs. D— I spent a few delightful hours in wandering again amidst the charming walks of the *Jardin des Plantes*, now smiling with the freshness of spring. With my son, I visited for

the second time, the *cemetieres* of *Pere la Chaise* and *Mont Martre*.

With the amiable Mrs. S—, of Baltimore, I passed part of the evening, previous to her departure for London. She tells me there is a boarding-house, kept at Fitzroy Square, by a Mr. Elston, to which she intends going, and advises us to do the same. She has received much attention in Paris, and from those whose friendship it is an honor to possess. Kind-hearted and sincere, she seems to have found the true secret of making friends,—to be friendly. She is ardently desirous to return to her home and country, and her stay in London will be short.

In making a few parting visits, I called on Mrs. Rives, who has of late suffered affliction, by sickness in her family. I met there a gentleman who said to me—“ Well madam, I suppose by this time, you are convinced, by what you have seen, of the changeful and unstable character of the French ; that a republic is not the government for them.” Now I had never maintained that, in their present condition, it was ; and I felt a little piqued by his assuming it, and so I said to him—“ Why sir, it is for these very reasons, that they ought to have a republic.” “ And so it is because the seas are boisterous, and the winds variable, that you would put out to sea with your sails nailed to the masts and spars ?” “ No sir ! rather let them be arranged to shift quickly. Depend upon it, the French character will never be entirely suited in a government, until they have a republic, which permits them to elect all their officers, at least, as often as once in three months.”

Adieu.

## JOURNAL.

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*Tuesday evening*, the 12th, I attended for the last time, a *soirée* at Gen. La Fayette's. I was received by the family with great kindness, as it was the first time I had been there since my mourning. The crowd was very great.

*Thursday*, 14th.—Yesterday, and to-day, have been laboriously employed in superintending the persons who are packing the various articles which I am to carry home. These were accumulating to such a degree, that Madame B— has kindly given me, for the time, the use of the room corresponding to the salon, two floors above. Before I commenced packing, it was so filled with purchases, that it was regarded in the family as quite a little museum. Madame B— has added to my collection of pictures, a framed engraving of Peyronnet. The men who packed my articles are very skilful in their occupation. By the advice of Madame B—, I had them put up my hats, caps, and best dresses. They place all these things together in large boxes, but so divide them by tapes, passing through the centre, that I am certain they might be carried any distance without injury. I have much more trouble in packing my wardrobe, because I am obliged to divide it, reserving a part for use during my tour in Great Britain, while the remainder, with my books, pictures, &c., are to be sent to Havre, consigned to the care of our friend Mr. V—, who has recently removed to that place.

*Friday, April 15.*—A party had been determined on for *St. Germain en Laye*. Our kind English friend Mrs. B—, made use on this occasion, of her own travelling carriage, which was very pleasant, but had only room for two. She invited me to take the seat with her. Luici went on the dicky behind, and a smart postillion

conducted the horses. The two M<sup>lles</sup> B—, Mrs. F. and Miss D—, went in a landau; while the gentlemen of our party, took seats in the diligence. The day was delightful, and the country charming. Our route lay along the valley of the Seine, and on our left as we approached Marly, was a succession of fine country seats, one belonging to M. La Fitte; another, on rising ground of a most inviting appearance, was formerly inhabited by Madame du Barry. At Marly we stopped to look at the grand works where the waters of the Seine, which supply the fountains of Versailles, are raised by the most massive machinery of iron, which I have ever seen.

The chateau of St. Germain, entirely answers the idea I had formed of an old castle. Modern improvement has not laid its mutilating hand on this remnant of antiquity, which stands by its original strength. The outside is of brick, and in a part of the inside, the joists neatly planed, and sometimes rudely ornamented, are projecting above our heads. There is, however, a suite of apartments furnished in a style somewhat more modern, in which James the second lived after his abdication, and in which he died. The inner court is curiously shaped, and shows the castle to have five sides. Close to one of the interior angles of the building, a window is exhibited where Ann of Austria, had caused to be placed a projecting iron work, in the shape of a window shutter, to prevent her young son, afterwards Louis XIV, from exposing his life by jumping across to seek the apartment of M<sup>lle</sup> de Valliere. The apartments of James were neither large nor splendid. We particularly remarked among them a little oratoire; and also the dark and private passages around them, opening from the walls, of which the doors seemed to form a part.

The forest of St. Germain is quite extensive. Most of our party, mounted on asses, explored a part of it. For myself, I found this mode of conveyance utterly abominable, and soon abandoned it for a promenade along the terrace, which overlooks the winding valley of the Seine. On our return we passed near to Malmaison, the retreat of Josephine, after her divorce; and visited the church of Rueil, where she is interred, and

where her children have placed a most elegant monument to her memory. She is represented as kneeling, a cushion beneath her, and before her a little cushioned desk, where lies an open book of prayer, in which her devotional attitude and expression, show her to be engaged. Her dress is in exquisite taste, and is said to be modelled after that of her coronation. The statuary is Canova's, and I never saw any thing finer.

15th.—In the evening I went to Madame Pichon's—and afterwards to Mrs. Opie's soirée, she having very kindly come in person to invite me. Gen. La Fayette was there, and I had the pleasure of a long, and particular conversation with him, in which he expressed to me his views on the present state of France.

An instance of his kindness occurred, which, as this was the last time of my seeing him, remains the more freshly in my memory. I supposed I had made an arrangement with a lady for a music teacher. I was desirous she should have the recommendation of a person who I knew entertained a very great veneration for him. I asked him to give me a line of introduction to her, telling him for what reason. He said it would be better, that he went with me himself. I would not on any account give him the trouble, but he insisted on doing it. He wrote me a line, which I received the last day of my stay in Paris, to arrange this little affair. I had written him that the negotiation with the lady in question, was broken off, and that I was going to leave Paris ; but he had not received my note.

*Saturday evening, 16th.*—My packing now completed, and the boxes removed, I this evening received, in the same room which had contained them, a few friends, who I thought would enjoy each others society. Among the earliest who appeared were M. Jullien, M. Mazzara, and M. Montglave. The latter had been introduced to me a few weeks before by Dr. B—, as an elegant writer, and a suitable person to aid me in a literary project, which I had then thought of undertaking. I conversed with him, and half committed myself in engaging his services ; subsequently I changed my mind as to the expediency of the project. This led to some notes and conversa-

tions between us, in which I found the sentiments he expressed so noble; and his conduct so honorable, that I was led to regard him with esteem, and was glad of the opportunity which this little party afforded me, of giving him a token of my respect.

M. Jullien spoke of Madame Belloc with enthusiasm. She had been introduced to him, he said, by the Marquise de Villette, as a young person of brilliant talents. She first wrote for the *Revue*, from the mere impulse of an active and benevolent mind, and her writings had been much admired and spoken of, before she would allow her name to be made public. He told her this was a course unworthy of her. She was responsible for the talent God had given her, and why shrink from that responsibility? Fame would increase her power for doing good to the unfortunate, and of being useful to the world—and for these reasons she should encounter its inconveniences, and overcome her own delicate, though mistaken feelings. He spoke of her piety, her filial tenderness and sacrifices, the constancy of her attachments, and gave instances to illustrate her compassionate zeal for the unfortunate.\*

While he was yet speaking Madame Belloc entered—brilliant, not from glittering attire, but from the expression of her beaming eyes, and eloquent countenance. M<sup>lle</sup> Mongolfier is not well; she is delicate in her physical constitution, while her mind is full of thought, and her heart overflows with feeling; as her writings both in prose and verse, give ample evidence. She seems to live for her friend. I could have wished that she and M. Belloc, who was also this evening present, could have overheard M. Jullien's fine description of her.

*Monday, 18th.*—To-morrow is fixed upon for our leaving Paris. One way which the French have for pre-

\* On the morning of my departure from Paris, M. Jullien sent me a note containing his kind wishes for my safe return, accompanied by a valuable present of books, to amuse me during my homeward voyage. In looking them over while at sea, I found among them an interesting volume of his poems, and was delighted to discover in one of them, inscribed to Clarisse, a finely drawn character of Madame Belloc, which I knew, by its allusion to the incidents this evening related.



serving gaiety, is to make much of meeting, and little of parting : hence they retire from the social circle without formal civilities, and the customs here do not oblige us to go the whole round of our acquaintance to make parting calls; nor to give them any formal notice of our departure.

Madame de Maubourg, came in accidentally this morning, and learning that I was so soon to depart, and that with all my persevering efforts, I had been unable to obtain a music teacher, she kindly volunteered in the affair, having thought of a suitable person whom I might possibly obtain. She spent a considerable part of the day in this labor of benevolence, which proved fruitless at last.

My faithful friend Mrs. D—, (to whom I commit the forwarding to Havre, of M<sup>lle</sup> de C—, and Pauline, my protégée, from the institution Cochin,) and Madame Belloc, spent part of the day with me, bringing me letters for Edinburg and London, and a quantity of books for my amusement, in recrossing the Atlantic.

I part with these dear friends, not without some hope of returning to Paris. Gen. La Fayette and his daughter, have kindly pressed me to visit La Grange, before my departure for America. Madame de Laysterie is the only one of the family now there, and during the few days which have intervened since her removal, my affairs in Paris have necessarily kept me here; yet I feel strongly desirous to visit that honored retreat, before my final departure from France.\*

As the diligence, in which our passage was taken for Calais, was to leave at a very early hour in the morning, before we retired for the night, we bade an affectionate adieu to Madame B—, her amiable daughters, and our

\* I had determined, if possible, to be home by the first of August, in order to be present at the summer examination of my pupils. Finding it would be impossible to effect this, if I returned to Paris, I wrote from Havre to Gen. La Fayette. He did not receive my letter, as I afterwards learned, by one which I received from Madame B—, in which she said that he had written her, desiring to be informed concerning my movements, and whether it was probable I should visit La Grange. There is something a little mysterious, in the failure of letters addressed to Gen. La Fayette.

kind English friend, and fellow-boarder. There was much of home-bred feeling in quitting this house and family, where our wants had been supplied,—where some of us had been attended in sickness,—and others soothed in sorrow. Whatever some may say of their comparative increase of attachment to their native land, by visiting another, this will not be the case with me,—not that I shall love my own country less, but France more.

*Tuesday*, the 19th, our party left Madame B—'s in the morning, and proceeded to the diligence office, having previously secured the three seats of the coupée, and two in the interior—the fifth seat to be occupied by our friend, the Rev. Sutherland Douglas, who was to join us at the diligence office. Here we spent an uncomfortable, chilly, three quarters of an hour, yet it was not until the moment of our departure that Mr. Douglas joined us, and we then were sorry to observe that he was ill; and he appeared on the way to be oppressed with an uncommon drowsiness and stupor, of which he himself did not seem to be aware.

The part of our road nearest to Paris we found exceedingly pleasant, but after traveling about half a day, the country assumed a monotonous appearance. This was enlivened by here and there a chateau, with its appurtenances—its woods, its gardens, its out-houses, the dwellings of its tenantry, and the spire of its little chapel. When the dwellings of the peasant occurred, it was generally in little hamlets of perhaps a dozen cottages each, rudely constructed, covered with thatch over grown with green moss. The floor was often beneath the level of the ground, while a little pond of muddy stagnant water, probably for the convenience of the geese and pigs, was standing near the door. These dwellings have often the appearance, at a little distance, of banks of earth partly covered with grass.

There are features of the landscape, sometimes curious and singular to us. The ground, though unenclosed, is chequered into little patches, where are intermingled fresh ploughed earth, the deep yellow of the rape-

sized\* now in flower, the beautiful and rich verdure of the grass, and the orchard trees, with their white blossoms blushing delicately red. But the general character of the scenery, was an uninteresting monotony. Sometimes after traveling on a level, we ascended a hill, from whence the country stretched abroad, an immense, uninterrupted plain—perhaps no cottage, no fence or hedge, and scarcely a forest tree in the whole wide landscape. In the course of the day, however, we saw some extensive forests.

We pass on this route, few places of note. Our night ride was too dark to afford us any distinct prospects. About midnight, Miss D— became so excessively fatigued, that when we stopped at an inn, at Abbeville, where our horses were to be changed, we had half resolved to give up our seats in the diligence, and trust to chance for a further conveyance; but we found the inn so dirty and comfortless, and withal so noisy and crowded, that she would not consent to remain.

Just as the morning began to dawn, we suddenly found ourselves immersed in shade, as though we were entering a deep cavern: we could just discern that our way was cut through solid rock, which rose perpendicularly on either hand. Directly we came to a massy gate, apparently of iron, and soon after to others, still keeping our course in the deep shadows of the perpendicular rocks on each side. These gates conducted us into an old town with decaying houses, and antique spires. It was not extensive, and we soon passed out of it, through gates as massy as those by which we had entered, and through the same kind of narrow way, cut deep, and leaving its perpendicular walls of rock on each side. Nothing on this journey struck me as so wild and singular as these objects, for which I was not at the moment prepared. Perhaps it was the dim and shadowy light, by which I first saw them, that gave them their principal effect. This place was Montreuil, whose fortifications are said to be impregnable.

\* From the rape-seed an oil is obtained, which for some of the purposes of cooking, is said to be nearly equal to that of the olive.

From Montreuil to the vicinity of Boulogne, the scenery is still less inviting than that which we passed the day before, as the country is less fertile : here and there an aged stone-church, or Gothic ruin gave relief to the dreariness of the view.

It is astonishing that with all the boasted refinement of the French, the inns along the most travelled roads should remain in such a semi-barbarous condition.

Boulogne occupies a high situation on the sea coast. We were delighted with its appearance, affording, as it did, such a contrast to the objects we left behind. It has more the appearance of places in our own country, than any other which we have seen in France. Many of the houses are new, and things have a cheerful and thriving look. The inn where we stopped, was of a very different character from any other which we had seen on our way. Here we met, with much satisfaction, the polite and friendly Monsieur D—, the brother-in-law of Madame B., with whom we had past many pleasant hours at her table, and in her salon.

From Boulogne we took, with renewed spirits, our course to Calais. In passing out of the city, there are beautiful avenues of trees, pleasant villas, and fine views of the sea, on the one hand; and of the adjacent country, on the other.

About a mile from Boulogne, on a high grass-covered hill, near the road, stands a majestic marble column, which was commenced under the direction of Bonaparte, in 1804, by the *grande armée*, collected for the invasion of England, as a monument to perpetuate their glory, and his own. It was the statue of himself, which was to have been its crowning ornament. Marshal Soult laid its corner stone with much military parade; but scarcely had it risen above its base, when the Emperor found other employment for his *armée*, and thus it stood for a considerable time, truly the emblem of his life and fortunes. At length Louis XVIII. determined that it should be completed, in order that the beholders might remember, and rejoice in his return. He did not direct his own statue to be placed upon it, but something that might well remind the spectators of his person ;—a globe with a crown on its

top, riding over the inventions of Napoleon, and claiming them for his own.

Through the greater part of the distance from Boulogne to Calais, the hills were frequent; but though a valley lay between, it wanted that beautiful ornament of our own landscape—the murmuring brook with its overshadowing trees—probably, however, more missed by the inhabitants for its useful, than its ornamental qualities. This is apparent from the windmills which you see crowning the heights—so many of which were in sight, as we mounted some high eminence, that one might almost fancy the land bore a thrifty crop of them.

Descending to a level and barren plain, we saw the towers of Calais, and thought we should soon reach them; but they seemed to fly before us; for we had yet four or five tedious miles to travel. At length we reached the city, which presents a respectable appearance; and here we found comfortable accommodations.

Mr. Douglass seems now sensible of his declining health, and declares his intention of consulting a physician, as soon as we arrive in London. Miss D—is excessively fatigued, and we shall not leave Calais to-morrow.

Calais is so much spoken of in history, and so often by travelers, that one is apt to expect more of it than is found. It contains only 7000 inhabitants, has an old, and rather a decaying appearance. I should have been sorry to have entered France in this direction—for I am certain I should have had no such feeling of gratified curiosity, as that which I experienced at Havre; for it is not only destitute of the activity and bustle of that commercial place, but also of those provincial peculiarities of dress and manner, which we observe among the Normans. This is in a great measure, owing to its having so long been in possession of the English, and thus deriving some of its manners, and customs from a source kindred to our own.

About noon, having determined to take a drive, our obliging host had a coach brought to the door, which, though a ponderous, was rather a crazy affair. The principal church seems to be the object best worth visit-

ing. From its solid structure and large proportions, it would be grand; but the trumpery collected within, goes in a measure to destroy this effect.

I suppose that if any of my friends read my journal, they will, of themselves remember, that Calais is the place of the celebrated seige at the termination of which Eustace St. Pierre and his five companions, so nobly devoted themselves to death, to save the lives of their fellow-citizens. Hastily as I write, I have not time for much flourish about common-place historical facts; and besides I think this has been so often made already, that it would be taking needless trouble.

Some pleasant walks might be found about the ramparts of Calais, which are in some parts planted with trees. We extended our drive to the beach, over low and flat grounds, and in some instances we were in danger of leaving one or two of the wheels of our vehicle behind—so we took our homeward course—encountered a shower of rain—and were glad to be set down at our comfortable lodgings.

*Friday, 22d.*—We embarked at eight o'clock, in the steamboat Lord Melville, for London. The morning was fine, and the coast looked beautiful, as receding from it, I said, with a softened heart, though not with all the pathos with which Mary, Queen of Scots, once uttered the words, "Farewell France!"



## JOURNAL.

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### PASSAGE FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND, &c.

*April 23.*—In going from French to English ground, I had a feeling of getting home, among my own people, far beyond what I had expected. The English language, after having so long listened to the French, was grateful to my ear, and I was agreeably disappointed too, in the reception which, as Americans, we found from those in the English steamboat. Indeed, the first incident, after being fairly on our way, had something in it which showed the affinity we bear to the English. A French family had come on board, and the ladies descended to the cabin. They wanted something of the fat awkward chambermaid, and they spoke to her in French. She turned to me—"Do you know, ma-m, what they say?" I explained it to her; at the same time made some movement to accommodate them myself. Said she—"don't you trouble yourself, ma-m, about them outlandish people." As they were genteel ladies in their appearance, this outlandishness must have been on account of their being French; and her preference to me, from her supposing me an English woman. There were several gentlemen on board, some returning from their travels, one or two probably merchants, and one of the army. When they learned that our party were travelers from America, going to visit Great Britain, they showed much interest that we should see every thing to advantage.

The boat we were in, could not at all compare with the North River boats, in point of elegance; yet I observed, that, though things were less showy, they were in some respects, better arranged for the comfort of the passengers. For example, the ladies cabin, (an apartment of about twenty feet square;) was entirely surrounded, except at the entrance, with a kind of couch-



like seat—not narrow, nor high, nor rounded in the middle. It was stuffed with a soft material—covered with hair cloth, and made something like a mattress—very agreeable, either for sitting or reclining. There was no needless expense in the finishing and furniture of the cabins, but every thing was neat and convenient. It being a day boat, there were no berths.

I was, during the passage, particularly pleased with two young Scotchmen, brothers, who had been educated at Aberdeen, and were now returning after having spent two years in traveling on the continent. They had nothing of the *pétit-maitre*, but a certain frankness and inquisitiveness combined, which reminded me at once, of the manners of New-England. They told me their names, in speaking of their plaid cloaks. They were saying that each Scotch family of note, had its own plaid—and such was the Campbell, such the Douglas color and stripe. They showed theirs as the Forbes plaid. They said the chiefs of their clan, once owned the Don-side, and could bring to the field four-hundred warriors. The last time the highlanders gathered, each chief with his tail, (for so his train is called in Scotland) was on the occasion of the visit of George IV. to the Highlands.

The wind favored us, and two hours after our departure, the white cliffs of England rose before us. I beheld them with emotion,—poetic thoughts filled my imagination,—I took out my pocket-book and wrote,

Hail Britain! hail thou island queen,  
That sits enthroned on yonder chalky cliffs,  
And stretchest far thy sceptre o'er the main!  
Land of my fathers, hail! The vital stream  
Within my veins, true to its ancient source,  
Warms through my heart, as I approach thy shores.

But my poetic vein being broken in upon by the vulgar affair of eating, I descended, "for fear," as Milton says, "lest dinner cool,"—and thus was cooled my own head. The dinner was much in the same style as in our American steam-boats, but less elegant. At the dinner table, the gentlemen were exceedingly attentive and polite.

Margate appeared, as we passed it, to be a well built town. I thought the houses were larger, higher, and more solid than American houses, in a town of the same size ; and I noticed, here and there, a church with gothic windows, and square towers, and a certain venerable character from age, which reminded me that it was not a recent country that I beheld. On the whole, however, the scenery along the Thames disappointed me. I looked for more that was curious, and strange, and beautiful, than I found. Still there was much that was interesting :—gentlemen's seats—fields with hedges—and some fine towns. Gravesend was too distant to be seen to advantage ; but Woolwich and Greenwich fully displayed themselves, as we approached them.

The shipping at Woolwich, presented some curiosities, such as floating prisons, and especially a floating church. These were the hulls of old warlike ships, made useful in this way. We were shown the remains of an old ship, which we were told, was the one in which Capt. Cooke sailed round the world. At Greenwich, we admired the hospital for invalids—the fine verdant hills rising beyond the town, with elegant villas, rich fields, and beautiful trees, with one crowning object—the observatory—pleasing in itself, but highly interesting from associations of the celebrated astronomers, who from that height converse with the heavens, and bring from thence, the light which guides the mariner on the trackless ocean.

As we approached London, we found ourselves amidst a world of shipping. We do not see it all at once, but we sail along, and along, and there is still more, and more, and it seems an endless succession of masts, and sails, and hulls,—in the fashion, and bearing the ensigns of all the nations of the world. The spot where London stands, was first known to us by the cloud of smoke which lay close to the horizon. When we approached the city sufficiently near to distinguish the houses, and when we entered its suburbs, we found its appearance far from inviting. The houses were old and smoky, but generally massy in appearance, larger and higher than those in our cities.

We landed at the Tower stairs. The principal edifice of this pile, and the dome of St. Paul's, I knew the moment I saw them. Indeed, many of the objects which I meet in London, look like old acquaintances, but of several I had incorrect ideas. We were obliged to land in a small boat, not without fears of being upset by the water-craft, of all sorts, from coal-men to barges, through which we had to work our way. It was now dusk, and our baggage must all go to the custom house. It was decided that Mr. D— and my son should wait for it, while Mr. Douglass, who now found himself quite ill, was to go with Miss D— and myself to Adam street near the strand; where we had determined to take lodgings with Mrs. Wright, at the Adelphi. This drive of four miles, took us through the great thorough-fare of London—Fleet street, and the Strand. I found at this introduction, just what I had expected, from this greatest mart in the world. The high and crowded houses—the small streets turning off constantly from the larger ones—the endless quantities of merchandize visible, in the now lighted shops—the crowds of people—the throngs of carriages, which sometimes impeded our way—all were as I expected. It was the old part of the city through which, at this time, we passed.

Mrs. Wright welcomed us on our arrival, as expected guests, and though her house was well filled, made room for our accommodation. We owed this attention to Mr. Wolcott, a fellow boarder at Paris, who had been staying at this house, and had kindly recommended it to us. Our rooms were not splendid, but were neat in every particular, and contained many little conveniences to which we had not been accustomed, especially at the miserable inns which we found on our route from Paris. When our table was set for our evening meal, the servants put two little canisters, one of green, and the other of black tea, set a tea-pot, and an urn of hot water, before us, with our food; among which was always slices of fine bread nicely toasted, and good butter; and having done this, the servants retired, and left us to make the tea, and manage for ourselves. Mr. D— knew the English manner of making tea, and he made

it for the party. I never found tea so delicious before, and the English toast seems to have a particular affinity for their tea. I remark in this hotel, what I had before noticed on-board the steam-boat, that there was not that attention among the English, to make things showy, which often appears in our public houses ; but in lieu of this, we had every thing neat, comfortable, and convenient, with the most prompt attendance.

After our arrival at Mrs. Wright's, we saw the distinguished Dr. Johnson, whom Mr. Douglas sent for, as soon as we arrived. I was myself suffering at this time, with a severe head-ache.

*Saturday, 23.*—This morning we walked out to see London, by day light, and to make a few purchases. We went in the direction of Westminster abbey. I wanted no one to tell me what objects they were, when its venerable towers rose before me. We passed Charing Cross, another familiar object—saw the Admiralty, —the building for the horse guards, where Lord Hill, who commands them, holds his military levees,—the Treasury,—Whitehall,—and finally, Westminster hall, where the two Houses of Parliament hold their session.

*Sunday 24.*—We went in a hackney coach at eleven, to the Scotch church, to hear the celebrated Mr. Irving. I found him, as I expected, an extraordinary man, both in his personal appearance, and his oratory. His eyes large, black, and brilliant ; his features strong, but regular ; his face oval, and surrounded to the chin by a profusion of black flowing, and wild looking hair ;—his manner bold and manly ; in appearance unstudied and sincere. His ideas seemed grand and new ; but I felt that I was looking through a mist, and was not certain whether, if I saw his thoughts through the clear medium of a lucid style, I should still have the same opinion. It was remarked by those who had heard him before, that he was this morning in a happy mood. He read the prayer of Jonah with grand effect. Never shall I lose the impression of the low, yet full and deep voice, with which he uttered, "the earth with her bars, was around me forever." Having read the chapter, he commented on

the prophet's life and character, in a manner that infidel buffoonery could not have ridiculed.

On our return, we called at Mr. Elston's, 27 Fitzroy Square, where we engaged apartments as boarders. In the evening all of our party, except Mr. Douglas, who was too ill, went to hear Mr. Irving again; but we were less pleased with the orator than in the morning. His discourse was apparently more studied—his action more violent, and less agreeable.

*Monday, 25th*, we removed to Mr. Elston's. The house is pleasant, and pleasantly situated. The dining-room on the ground floor—the parlor a room of fine size, perhaps twenty-five feet square, on the second floor. Between the two, about midway on the stairs, is a glass door leading to a kind of green house, the roof of which is of panes of glass. Passing through this, to the right, is a pleasant bed room. There my son and my amiable friend, Mr. Douglas, located themselves. The room of Miss D—and myself was on the floor next above the drawing room.

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

LONDON, May 12th.

DEAR SISTER :

When I have much promiscuous matter to bring forth from my memory, and but little time to do it in, then I set you before my face, and my pen moves, as it were, spontaneously.

When I first came to London, I intended to keep a regular journal of my proceedings; but my time has been so occupied, that I have found it impossible. I am determined, however, before I leave it, to commit to writing some recollections of the hurried days which I have spent here. If I happen to remember the dates, I shall put them down. But this writing of dailies and annals, does not suit me so well as beginning a story, and telling it through before commencing another. And hurried as I now am, I cannot promise you that I shall write with any method at all.

My situation here, exceeds, in some respects, my most sanguine expectations. I supposed that I should have been constantly at an inn, our party by ourselves, as we were the first two or three days after our arrival; and of course, that I should know little of English society, as I should only see public places, and perhaps make some formal visits;—but our removal to the boarding-house of Mr. Elston, which is something after the American fashion, has quite changed the aspect of things, in these respects. The boarders, already amounting to nearly twenty, are altogether English, with the exception of one or two of Irish extraction; and a party of high-born, and high-souled Portuguese—all now however, residents of England;—and really, it seems to me, that in some respects, a society could hardly have been got together, more fairly representing the various interests of the English public, than this. The mercantile is largely represented—the army—the navy—the professions of medicine and law—and taking the whole family together, we have among our ladies,—wives, widows, spinsters young, and spinsters old—that is, old

enough. These are not transient boarders, as in a New-York boarding-house in the season for traveling; but they have most of them lived together, and in this family, till they seem like a household among themselves.

On our arrival we were introduced to them severally, and soon made to feel at home, by those little attentions, that well-bred people know how to make acceptable. At our table, which is well served, especially at dinner, which we take at five, the conversation is general, and often animated; all expressing their opinions with freedom. In politics, our gentlemen are mostly liberals; but some, especially those of the army and navy, staunch on the other side. However, this subject is not pursued here, as it sometimes used to be in France, to clamor and bitterness; but easily gives place to other themes, such as passing occurrences, public places, &c.

From our first arrival, our friend, Mr. Douglas, grew gradually worse; but as I supposed his disease was merely dyspepsia, I did not consider it immediately alarming. Dr. Johnson, on Saturday, the 30th, advised him to travel southward; but I began to see evident symptoms of a wandering mind; and Mr. D—, and Mr. Elston's family, expressed the most serious apprehensions. On Sunday morning, his mind seemed for a time, calm and rational. I told him frankly my fears for his situation, agreed with him on the propriety of calling another physician into counsel, and of consulting Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving in the choice. I asked him whether if his case should become dangerous, he would wish to have other prayers than his own, and what clergyman he would choose that I should call in. He replied, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, of Islington. He was calm, and said I must prevail on Dr. Johnson to be perfectly frank. "He does not know me," said he, "and is not aware that it will make no difference with me to know the worst of my case." By the advice of Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving, we sent for Dr. Ferguson, to meet and counsel with Dr. Johnson, which he did on Monday. They agreed the patient's disease was the typhus fever, modified in its effects by the previous broken state of his constitution. They could do little for

him. Stimulants raised his fever, and he had symptoms which indicated a speedy dissolution from debility, feeble and emaciated as he already was.

The physicians advised me not to be in the room, as the nurse could take care of him, indicating a doubt that the typhus fever may be contagious. But it was not consistent with my feelings, thus left to be his companion, mother and sister ; to leave him altogether with hired nurses. My friend, Mr. D—, ever found most a friend, when most his friendship is needed,—divided my cares, though he had never seen Mr. Douglas before he came to Paris. The patient would sometimes refuse medicines from other hands than mine, but never from me.

On Tuesday his case was considered utterly hopeless. Towards evening I wrote a note to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, stating the situation of his American brother, and the confidence he had manifested in himself, as truly a man of God. Mr. Elston, who as well as the other members of his family, had been attentive in an uncommon degree, on similar occasions, and indeed to all the wants of Mr. Douglas, and the feelings of his friends ; would not entrust this note to a servant, but carry it himself. He went to Mr. Wilson's, at Islington, but not finding him at home, returned and told me that he was that day dining in London with a friend, a member of Parliament, who was at no great distance from us. I advised him to go directly there, as Mr. Wilson would in that case probably call on his return. He soon came back, saying that when he entered the house, Mr. Wilson was at prayer ; as soon as he had finished, he was shown into the room, where were a small party, it seems, of christian friends. Mr. Wilson, after looking over my note, read it aloud. The company seemed affected by the circumstances related, and it was immediately proposed that they should unite in prayer for their brother—sick—and a stranger.

They again knelt, and the pious Mr. Wilson led in this petition, dictated by christian benevolence.

Half an hour after, Mr. Wilson called. Mr. Douglas seemed to rouse awhile from his lethargic slumber, and held some rational conversation. The two clergymen



agreed, that it was not expedient, in such a case, to attempt administering the sacrament—that the preparation of heart to receive it, was the essential circumstance. Mr. Wilson prayed fervently by the bed side, and then departed with a promise to return the next day. He came three miles from Islington every day after, while Mr. Douglas lived, and prayed by his side; though after the first time it is doubtful whether he was sensible of the pious office. At a few lucid intervals, I read the scriptures to him, and once in particular his countenance brightened to an expression of holy rapture, as I read the sublime close of the eighth chapter of Romans. He suffered little pain—his candle of life burnt silently and quietly out. Mr. D— and myself were both sitting by him on Friday, near the close of the day, when I perceived that his breath was shorter and quicker. I spoke to Mr. D—, and the nurse called in Mr. Elstōn, and my son. With a placid countenance—without a single movement that indicated pain—calmly as an infant sinks to slumber, he fell asleep on the bosom of his God. I looked at Mr. D—, and said, “Let me die the death of the righteous.”

It would have been agreeable to English custom that the burial should have been delayed a week. Mr. Elston feared that as the typhus fever was said to be contagious, and considered in a degree epidemical at the time, it might be a serious injury to his house, if the corpse should continue in it; and spoke of its removal to the undertakers, as a thing by no means uncommon. But it was unpleasant to my feelings that these remains should be parted from his friends till they were committed to their mother earth, from which I could see no good reason for withholding them so long as a week.

The room in which he died was that which he first took, in a projection from the main building, and divided by a kind of green-house from the other apartments. Learning the state of the case, our fellow-boarders came generously forward, and requested Mr. Elston to suffer the body to remain. With the advice of Mr. D—, who charged himself with the essential arrangements for the funeral, I appointed it on Monday morning, the 9th; Mr.

Douglas having died on the 6th. Some of our ladies seemed a little shocked that it was to be so hurried; but I told them that it was not so according to American customs, and since they had kindly regarded my feelings, I felt bound to regard their health, and Mr. Elston's interest.

This gentleman, in the details of our melancholy arrangements, made himself very useful. We wished him to see an undertaker, and make with him an estimate of expenses. We wanted every thing to be done with as little expense as would be consistent with the respectability of the deceased and his connexions. The undertaker's bill we found would be at least £70. While we were yet consulting, the excellent Mr. Wilson came in. I asked him if indeed it was necessary that this expense should be incurred. He said he thought the sum moderate. The cost of the funeral of his wife, two years before, had been £200, though he wished for nothing extravagant. We then inquired of Mr. Wilson where we should deposit the remains of our friend, and were answered—"IN MY FAMILY VAULT."

The corpse was laid out by the undertaker, and placed within the coffin, and ready for my observation in the morning. The coffin was elegant, of polished black wood, considerably ornamented with silver gilt. It was lined, and curiously decorated within with thickly plaited ruffles, cut with stamps, made of muslin extremely fine, and of a snowy whiteness. This was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and sealed on Sunday,—the whole was placed in a shell of wood before the interment.

The Americans, with whom we had become acquainted; manifested their kind feelings as soon as they learnt the death of our friend, by visits of condolence, and by offering their carriages for the funeral procession. Mr. McLane did much more. Mr. Irving attended the funeral as a mourner with Mr. D— and my son. We invited Mr. Elston also;—and some friends of the deceased, whom we had traced by means of his letters, appeared. Mr. C—, of New-York, the brother of his uncle, who was at a short distance from London, was written to, and came on the morning of the funeral.

The coaches and horses for the mourners, as well as for the hearse, were provided by the undertaker, and were of a heavy dead black, and mutes in the same doleful hue were sent by him to stand on each side of the front door, during the removal of the body. It would not have been consistent with the customs here, that I should have appeared during these ceremonies. The opening of Mr. Wilson's vault, under his church at Islington, cost, I believe, £30. Thus, while others, during my absence, have watched over my sick, and buried my dead, have I been called on in Providence, to do here the same sad office for my friends at home. But I trust my own soul may be profited.

It is our misfortunes, making us need the aid of others—the gratitude, which springs in hearts softened by sorrowful emotions, and reminded of a common mortality,—which make us feel most sensibly, the ties which bind us to our species. The English are endeared to me by the kindness which I have received from so many individuals, some highly distinguished, on this melancholy occasion. And England itself will be to me what it never has been before.

Adieu.

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

May 14th.

DEAR SISTER :

I am on the whole, better pleased with London, than I expected to be—the old town exactly realized my anticipations, but the newer parts, particularly to the west and north-west, surpassed them. The great number of fine squares, laid out in the English style of gardening, with beautiful clumps of trees and shrubs, rising from the rich verdure of the English turf, which the moisture of the climate, and the practice of frequent mowing, makes soft as velvet,—the gravel walks, winding along, often bordered with beautiful flowers which the season now brings forth in all their perfection,—these objects of rural beauty I did not expect to find in London, particularly to find them so often repeated, and on so grand a scale as they are in Regents Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens.

Here the elegance of the views is heightened by the most exquisite scenery, which tranquil water can present. Sloping banks with elegant villas embosomed in trees;—where sometimes the aged oak towers majestically, sometimes the young willow gracefully sweeps the turf beneath, or the laburnum waves her yellow tresses to the slightest breeze. In Regents Park, this elegant scenery rises around a delicious island, near which the swan presses her snowy bosom to the waters, and sails proudly along.

Amidst these delightful shades too, that most graceful of quadrupeds, the horse—no where found more perfect than here,—is often seen rearing his head, and prancing, as if pleased to submit his strength to the guidance of a fair rider. Ladies of elegant forms here love to display themselves on horseback. Their close riding costume, shows to advantage a delicate waist; while the black plume rising over their heads, and the long habit, falling in fine folds beneath their feet, adds to the effect in point of dignity and grace. I know no more beauti-

ful ornament to a sylvan scene, than such a fair rider, with an elegant cavalier, well mounted by her side.

Alas! in this cheating world, all is not gold that glitters. When I first rode about Regent's Park, I supposed the elegant buildings there seen, were the residences of the nobility, and I did not observe other, than their general splendid effect. But I afterwards found that they were all divided into residences, to be let to private gentlemen. With one of their tenants, Mr. T—, we partook of an elegant dinner, and he told us they were made more for show, than convenience. They are not of stone, but of brick stuccoed on the outside.

The grand difference between the English and French mode of living is, that in France, (that is in Paris,) families inhabit different stories of the same house, having all a common entrance and stair-way, a porters lodge, almost always dirty, to salute your eyes, and sometimes your nose as you enter. But in London as with us, each family has its own entrance, and in fact, its separate house, and you feel that you are within the sanctum of domestic comfort and neatness, from the time of entering the door. In all the houses which I have visited in London, I have found the drawing room on the second floor, the dining room on the first,—their ordinary height, four stories.

Of the public buildings, St. Paul's strikes me with far the strongest feeling of the sublime. When I first entered it, the weather was thick and hazy, and the top of the dome above my head was indistinct from the distance. For a work of art, it is amazingly vast, and seems almost like the grand vault of heaven.

Westminster Abbey too is sublime; less so, however, than some Gothie edifices I saw on the continent; but it is rich in fine monuments, and interesting in its associations, especially to an American, beyond any other spot on earth. When I found myself in the poet's corner, surrounded by the almost "animated busts," and breathing statues of men, from whose spirits my own had drawn many of its best energies, I felt delighted; and I made it a point to pay my respects to the company,

by addressing to each of them some of their own verses; and I was guided in my selection by the face which each one seemed to wear, whether grave or gay. For a handsome face among the men, I thought Prior stood first; but there appeared to sit upon his fine lip, a little conscious pride of his own personal attractions. Milton looked as though he might have been composing the last part of his invocation to light.

However, this frame of mind, which for a time gave life to this company of visages, and to myself, as I seemed to feel, the power of entertaining this prime order of intellect, was too vivid to last; and I afterwards patrolled the "long drawn aisles, and fretted vaults" of the old monumental abbey, with feelings better suited to a place which holds the mortal remains of so much genius. The places of interment within the abbey, are very extensive. I was once shut up by accident in the vault, next the body of the church; but my companion and myself found our way out, through a back court.

We once visited the abbey, for the purpose of seeing the tombs of the kings and nobles. There they lay in marble semblance, stark and stiff, stretched out upon tombs,—kings and queens, lords and ladies, in all the fantastic vanities of costume, which were fashionable in their different periods. No tombs interested me more than those of Elizabeth, and Mary, Queen of Scots; they are not near together, yet I associated them in idea. Mary's monument is more elegant than Elizabeth's. Her sculptured face, (which had just been washed by a man who was cleaning the tombs) is thinner, and not so beautiful as I had expected, but the countenance of Elizabeth is hideous;—not a line of a woman's face about it, but wholly the visage of a man. Near the tomb of Mary, is a white marble statue, in a standing posture, of Lady Walpole. I thought it a model of grace and beauty.

But there were many of these expensive monuments where a mixture of real and imaginary personages, rendered them to me grotesque. Angels and cherubs, and the spirits of the persons soaring in marble, with their

friends weeping below. In one instance, Death is sculptured striking a lady, whom her husband is vainly attempting to rescue. This monument is often spoken of with admiration, and the skill of the sculptor is truly admirable, but to me it appears that it might have been better employed, than in producing a sentiment of unmingled horror.

Since our arrival in London, we have been twice to Drury Lane Theatre, once to Covent Garden;—and once to the Opera. Here we had a fair specimen of the sublime powers of Madame Pasta. She appeared in *Medea*. Washington Irving, who was present, afterwards remarked, that he had never seen any thing on the stage to exceed this representation, unless it might have been Mrs. Siddons—Lady Macbeth. Madame Pasta was exceedingly well sustained, in every part of the performance, and *Medea* is said to be altogether her forte. How exquisitely did she express the passion of jealousy, when she first learned the infidelity of Jason, alternately melting and maddening; how affecting when she knelt to the husband she had saved and followed,—to implore the return of his lost affections; and when she was spurned,—how terrible her wrath and menaces. Then came her horrible invocation to the powers of darkness; and hell seemed to open, and breathe forth fire and smoke, beneath her feet; and foul spirits of hateful shapes, rose to obey her incantation. But the scene in which she last meets her children is inexpressible; alternately melting over them, with all a mother's tenderness; and spurning them from her as the hateful representatives of her betrayer;—and again, with fiend-like action, she seizes them, and bears them shrieking, from the stage, to put them to death as the instruments of her burning vengeance. Her last exit too, is grand. Here stands the murderess in a car, drawn by dragons, spouting fire; and amidst smoke, and flame; and horrible hisses, she sinks,—and the curtain falls.

Of Madame Pasta's most extraordinary voice, we have all heard, but in my opinion her powers of acting are no less uncommon. The evening we spent at the Opera was after a court day, and many of the ladies of

the nobility were elegantly attired in their court dresses. These were however, less tasteful than the French. The Dutchess of Denon, the niece and *chère amie* of Talleyrand, was the most striking figure, so far as elegance of costume is concerned ; but there was another lady, whose appearance was to me, far more attractive, as she sat with her head reclined upon her arm, seeming to enter deeply into the spirit of the performance. This, I was told, was Lady Salisbury. The acting, which I thought the best after Madame Pasta's, was Macready, in Werner, and in quite another style, Faren, in Sir Peter Teazle, both at Drury Lane ; and Charles Kemble, in Charles Surface, and his daughter Fanny, in Lady Teazle, at Covent Garden.

We have found in the English ladies, with whom we are boarding, a good deal of jealousy at the admiration which we had occasion sometimes to express of what we saw in Paris ; and they have been desirous we should see, that London could show us better things. Mrs. R— accompanied us to Rundel and Bridges, on Ludgate Hill, to see their rich collection of work in gold, silver, and precious stones. The value of the merchandise in this shop, is inconceivable,—one single *parure* of diamonds,—seventy-five thousand guineas. The ear-rings alone, pear-shaped diamonds, twenty-five thousand guineas. Rundel and Bridges, receive jewels and plate for safe keeping from the royal family, and others. We saw here, a wine cooler, large enough I should judge, to hold thirty gallons, for which George IV. (extravagant dog, as they say in England) gave ten thousand pounds. It is covered on the outside with little Cupids, or Bacchuses, or some other gentry of that kind ; with flowers, and grapes, elegantly wrought, originally in silver, but now overlaid with gold. We went also with Mrs. R— to Howel and James', in Waterloo-street. Here I purchased some black ribbons, black scarfs, &c. Some of the clerks were very polite, and Mrs. R— told them we were foreigners, and would like to be shown, as a matter of curiosity, some of their finest things. They then took us to see patterns for court dresses,—satin trains of various colors, embroidered in gold and silver thread,—jewelry, French and English porcelain vases,—



fans and boxes—and other little elegant conveniences. In fact, it is a kind of bazaar, where you find almost every thing you can want. It is a great resort for the ladies of the nobility ; and I suppose that whoever trades here, must pay for their lounge, as well as their goods. We saw many ladies, some of whom we knew to be titled dames ; but on comparison, we could perceive no reason why titles would not have fitted us quite as well ; and on further reflection, why *they* would not have been as well without them.

The annual exhibition of paintings in Somerset house has occurred, since we have been in London. The collection, taken as a whole, was not considered as one of the best. In the department of the high comic, our own Leslie bears the palm. His largest piece represents a dinner party, at which are present all the principal characters of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the foreground, a little to the left, sits the fat knight in all his proportions, with his wit in his face. Near him sits the jealous Ford, ready to blaze at him,—and standing a little behind, are Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, quite certain that they shall outwit him. On the other side of the picture, we have sweet Nan Page, Master Slender, &c. The picture, regarded as the principal one in the exhibition, represents the angel appearing to St. Peter in prison.

Miss Linwood's gallery astonished me. This lady is now, I think, not less than seventy ; and this gallery I suppose contains her life's work. There are pictures, some large, some small, which nearly fill the walls of two long rooms, wrought entirely of worsted yarn. No subject has been too difficult for her to attempt, and succeed in. I never saw a more pathetic expression, than marks the countenance of young Arthur, pleading for his eyes, which the ruffian with his red hot iron, stands ready to put out. In another picture, there is a most sweet and touching expression, of meek poverty, in a thinly clad child, who stretches out his little emaciated hands, to warm them by a fire. In opposite corners of the second room, were seen amidst artificial rocks, a lion and tiger, of great apparent fierceness, roll-

ing their not glassy, but glass eyes; which were inserted into the wrought picture, and moved, as I suppose, by some machinery behind.

On the subject of animals, I have found the Zoological garden very fine; although as yet, inferior to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. The gardens are elegantly laid out. Here we find hills and dales, and lakes, and fountains, and trees, with beautiful cottages for the keepers: and with variously arranged habitations, for the birds and animals. Upon the little lake floats the varieties of water-fowl, geese of different species, ducks, and swans, some of which have yellow bills. The otter and beaver have their appropriate habitations; partly above, and partly below the water. In some instances banks are raised of mould, the tops of which are covered with beautiful flowers, while animals are placed in cages handsomely painted by their side. The lions, tygers, lynxes and hyenas, have their places along the sides of low, but tastefully arranged houses, through the middle of which are broad passages for the spectators; and the lesser animals, like the armadillo, may be found in, here and there, a nook. The bear has his tree for climbing, and the congregation of monkies and apes, their house, with trees and frame work in front, in which they seem to vie with each other in tricks and agility.

But it was among the birds that I was most delighted. Here the British collection is splendid,—and it is beautiful to find these elegant and graceful creatures, distributed among flowers and flowering shrubs; it was delightful to look athwart the rose, the lilac, the acacia, and laburnum; and see the majestic ostrich and cassowary,—the beautiful gold and silver pheasant—the parrot, parroquet, and all the bright birds of Brazil, with colors as various, and far more brilliant than the flowers. We found as we turned into an agreeable walk, the winged inhabitants of my native mountains. Here, within a circular case, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter, were all the varieties of my country's guardian bird. I grew poetical, and when I came in front of the bald eagle, I thought he raised his shrewd eye, and looked at me with something like a smile. I made him a low rever-

ence, and a short speech, to which he deigned me no reply.

At Miss Edgeworth's recommendation, I have called at the house where the horticultural society hold their sessions, to see the model of a flower in wax. It was of Sir Thomas Raffles' collection—a giant of a flower—about five yards in circumference—five petals of mixed red and white. It had a nectary which might contain several gallons, surrounded by enormous stamens, each of the size of a child's arm.\*

We called with Mrs. R—to see four figures sculptured in freestone, by a Scotchman; and of all the statuary I have ever seen, these light brown freestone Scottish gentry, are the most natural. The motto of the group represented, is from Burns' Tam O'Shanter.

"The landlady and Tam grew gracious, &c.  
The Souter told his queerest stories,  
The landlord's ready laugh was chorus!"

The Souter, which I believe means travelling shoemaker, has just, as I suppose, finished telling the landlord the knob of one of his best stories; and sits—his head narrowing from his fat and somewhat distended cheeks, to the top of his cap—his little eyes twinkling from their half closed lids—his mouth shut, and crescent shaped—the corners turned up—enjoying the triumph of his wit, in the roaring laugh of the landlord; in which, as I looked at the Souter, I had a great mind to join him. These figures were clad in the Scottish fashion. All the seams of their clothes, and even the knitting of their "hodden grey," distinctly represented.

We visited with Mrs. —, the British Museum. "Here," said she, "we shall see something from your country," and we were shown a collection of articles from the region of the Esquimaux! The Elgin marbles, those remnants of despoiled Greece, particularly attracted my attention; as did the more massy, and perfectly preserved remains of Egyptian antiquities.

The environs of London, are delightfully fine. From the humidity of the climate, the foliage of the trees and the grass, has an appearance of fuller and richer verdure than ours—and at the same time a superior delicacy of

\* This is said to be modelled after a flower found in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean.

tint and texture. There has been a frost which has injured the beauty of vegetation, but before this, we had made some excursions, particularly one to Brixton. This was on Sunday. We had attended church at the Magdalen Hospital, and intending to go to St. Paul's in the afternoon, spent the interim in taking this drive, going one road, and returning another. The way was lined with gentlemen's seats, probably London merchants. The entrance to these, was generally through gravel walks, bordered with flowers, in this their finest season of blooming. Pots of flowers from the green houses, often adorned these borders, and especially were seen through the exquisite transparent polished glass of the large windows, which adorned the fronts of the houses.

On Sunday, people a little in the country, often have friends from town to dine with them; the father, relieved from his cares, has his family around him; and many a charming domestic picture passed in rapid review. Beautiful women, in light draperies, with infants in their arms, or in those of their husbands; were often seen through the windows or doors; while the children of larger growth, were walking in the gardens.

This, thought I, is seeing England in her fairest light. This is the class of society above want, but not above responsibility. Here domestic happiness is not chilled by poverty, or destroyed by vice; as we have too much reason to think is the case with the lowest, and the highest class of the community.

The day of our arrival in London, was that in which the king prorogued the parliament, shewing thereby his desire to please the people in the matter of the reform bill—the grand topic now of conversation and newspaper zeal. This measure,—in which it is said the king showed much resolution, declaring to the officers of his household, who sought to prevent his going to prorogue the house by petty hindrances; that if his own carriage could not be got ready, he would go in a hackney coach—has so warmed the hearts of his grateful people, that he who used to be called silly Billy, is now lauded to the skies under the epithet of reform BILL.

In the flow of feeling, the Londoners made a partial illumination of their city. We saw enough of this to satisfy us, that a full illumination of London must be a grand affair, and to make us desirous to witness its concentrated glories; when in about a fortnight, it was arranged by the city authorities to have one in full blaze. So the evening being fine, we sallied forth in a landau.

Our prudent conductor, Mr. D—, aware of the dangers of being caught in a London mob, laid our course with an intention to avoid the thickest of the crowd, which he knew would be afloat on this occasion, particularly, as it had been fifteen years since such a scene had before occurred in the city. But we were attracted onwards by the surpassing splendor of the show—the houses lighted all around—the large buildings here and there covered, throughout the front, with a single figure, such as a crown or a star, formed sometimes by round lamps of varied and beautiful colors, sometimes by blazing gas lights, which almost emulated the brilliancy of the sun—the dazzling scene enlivened by many a transparent painting which was gorgeous in coloring, though coarse in execution, and sometimes sadly “marring their majesties’ gracious visages.” So on we went, perpetually led by the brilliancy of some new spectacle, a little ahead; till at last we found ourselves, like other people, who follow their fancies, just where we had determined not to be, when we set out—at the very spot, and in the very time for a crowd.

But though in actual danger, I do not regret it, so curious and novel was the scene. I am not enough at home in London to describe locations accurately; and you might not form an exact idea of our situation from hearing the name of streets, if I should. Suffice it to say, we were somewhere in the vicinity of St. Paul’s church, and not far from the Lord Mayor’s house, when the crowd of men, women, and children, thronged around, till the streets were so densely filled, that fathers and mothers were obliged to hold up their little children, (brought out in hundreds) above their heads, to save their lives. We were informed that one was crushed to death, at no great distance from us. Indeed, if a child had fal-

len, inevitable death must have been its portion ; for no one could stoop to save its life. Then the mingled noises of these clamorous and joyous spirits ;—or if trouble be-fel, in this excited state it quickly found its appropriate expression, in screaming, scolding, or whining.—Then the jostling of those whose curiosity led them a different way. I thought the women on these occasions, rather worsted the men. In one case, two of them wishing to keep their onward course, half threw down a man, who, with a rueful face, and comical whine, called out, “ whoy La—dies ! ” The lights streaming from all around, gave us a hundred of these laughable sights, where Hogarth would have wanted more than his thumb-nails, to sketch down subjects for mirth and satire. Once in a while we passed a house of some anti-reformer, not lighted, and here was trouble and indignation—and at last the pen-nies would begin to fly through the panes of glass.

The dense mass crowded close upon the line of car-riages, and sometimes impeded their way. At length we had ascended an eminence, where our view extend-ed far down long and broad streets, and—what a multi-tude ! The heavens dark above, the earth bright be-neath, and so many and so thick the people !—Human heads on which the lights fell brightly, with the tops of carriages, entirely filled the whole breadth of the streets, as far as the eye could reach. I could think of nothing but the time when all of past generations, shall stand to-gether on the earth.

But my musings were soon checked by fears for per-sonal safety. We had reached the spot where two thoroughfares for carriages met. A stage with restive horses was before us, and the motion of those behind, urging us on :—for a few moments I could not see what was to become of us. At last, by an adroit turn, we es-caped the difficulty, and soon bending our way to less frequented streets, we found more freedom and safety ; but so animated were we with the brilliant show, that we lingered long to enjoy it.

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We have of course seen the Tower, and the lions there,—but of these you have so often read accounts,

that I shall not detain you with any minute descriptions. The crown and sceptre, and other articles, which compose the regalia, did not interest me so much as seeing the specimens of the identical armor, which was worn by the Royal Knights of the days of chivalry. Of these also, there is a large and interesting collection in the Museum of Artillery at Paris. There I took much pleasure in looking at that which had been worn by the Chevalier Bayard; and in examining with eager curiosity, that in which Joan of Arc, performed her wonderful exploits. It does seem to me, that our race must have degenerated in size and physical strength, since those days. I do not believe that a modern lady could budge an inch with a weight equal to that of the armor of Joan of Arc. I do not wonder that the knights of old dealt heavy blows. When once the arm was raised, it would fall of itself with great force.

Miss Edgeworth had the kindness to procure tickets for our party, to attend an exhibition at St. Paul's school. On our way we went, for the third time, to enjoy the sublime spectacle presented by the interior of St. Paul's church. The exhibition, so far as the school was concerned, consisted of declamations from the different classes of boys;—but there were several persons sitting on the stage, whom I was glad of an opportunity of seeing. Among these, were the Duke of Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London.

We have also visited Guildhall—and Westminster hall, where we saw the Parliament rooms, and also some of those, where the different courts were then holding their sessions. Among these was the court of chancery, where Lord Brougham was presiding. While we were present, he spoke for perhaps a quarter of an hour, to explain a point of law touching a land title. I marked the expression of his countenance, and the tone of his voice, with deep attention, and with great pleasure; for I found them far more mild, benevolent and agreeable, than I had expected.

CONTINUATION OF A LETTER TO MRS. A.  
H. LINCOLN.

There is no person in Great Britain whom I had so much desired to meet, as Miss Edgeworth. Madame Belloc, who is her friend, and the translator of several of her works into French,\* gave me letters of introduction to her, and her sister, Mrs. L. W—, who lives in London, and with whom Miss Edgeworth was staying. As soon as she received these letters, Miss E— wrote me in her own name, and that of her sister, inviting me to spend the next evening with them, or to come the morning after to breakfast. I preferred the invitation for the evening, and went at half past eight, which proved too early, as the family had not yet left the dinner table; but we amused ourselves with looking at books, and engravings, a few very choice ones being on the centre table. The drawing room, as in all the houses I had visited, was on the second floor. There was little difference in their style of furniture and that of genteel families in America. Every thing appeared tasteful and convenient, but nothing gaudy. At length Miss Edgeworth and her sister entered the room. Miss Edgeworth is small, but symmetrically formed, with not one single blue-stocking oddity about her. Her dress was lady-like—a delicate colored satin, with a turban,—reminding me of that in the pictures of Madame de Stael. In her manners, there is nothing that marks the slightest consciousness of her superior powers. Attentive to please, she seems liberal of her fine conversation, and observant of little attentions to her guests. She appears more proud of her sister than herself; and remarked that she had

\* Madame Belloc's free and elegant translation of Miss Edgeworth's stories, can be procured at the "Foreign and Classical Bookstore" of Charles de Behr, Broadway, New-York. I would strenuously recommend to all my former pupils who have studied the French language, to purchase and read it; as a work better calculated than any other with which I am acquainted, to improve them in an elegant, easy conversational French style; while at the same time, they will find their morals and manners made better by its sentiments.



educated her, and that while she had been writing those books which I had read, she was climbing her chair, or pulling her papers. In fact, she has cause to be proud of her sister. I have not seen a woman in England that seems so to dwell in my mind, as possessing such loveliness of person and manners united. At first, I was so absorbed with Miss Edgeworth, that I almost overlooked Mrs. W—; and when I thought I should have lost in this way her good graces, it seemed from her subsequent cordial attentions, as if the way to gain *her*, was to admire her sister. There was a degree of intensity in my feelings towards Miss Edgeworth; of which I myself was hardly aware, until I saw her. I had long communed with her through her writings, and often wished to see and converse with her; and now she was before me, perhaps for the last time, as she was soon to leave London. Among the company, were two Misses Lawrence, of dignified manners—Mrs. S—, who afterwards called on me, and took me in her carriage to see the University—Sir James Mackintosh and his daughter—Mrs. McLane and her daughter.

The entertainment consisted of a small cup of coffee, handed as soon as the ladies came from dinner to the drawing-room, after the French fashion—and at about ten, or half past, tea and cakes, and I think wine. The day but one after this, Miss E— and Mrs. W— called on me, and insisted, as they had kindly done before, to know what they could do to serve me. I then told them I was desirous to see the principal schools for young ladies. Miss E— said she would make inquiries, as she was not herself acquainted with any, nor was she able, from report, to give me the name or character of a single one in London, though she had heard of excellent schools in Liverpool.

Before leaving Paris, Mrs. Opie had given me a letter to the celebrated Mrs. Fry. I went to Newgate with it on Friday, this being the day when she ordinarily reads in the bible, and lectures to the prisoners. This day, however, her lecture was omitted. I then proceeded to her residence, enquired for her, and was shown to the parlor by a female servant. After the usual salu-

tions, I gave her Mrs. Opie's letter, on reading which, she remarked that it was dated some weeks before. I told her I should have called, but for the unhappy circumstance of the illness and death of a friend. "Oh," said she, "then thou art the American lady who wrote to Daniel Wilson. Yes, I now recollect the name :"—and her countenance at once assumed a cordial expression. She then told me, she was one of the party with whom Mr. Wilson was dining, when Mr. Elston carried him my note. I felt a great interest in her favorite object, the reformation of prison discipline ;—and she in mine,—that of female education ; and we talked an hour in the full flow and mingling of soul. She modestly said the public had given her more credit than was her due,—she but acted with, and was the organ of a society of ladies. She was going that afternoon to visit a prison-ship, in which women were confined.

A man was present when I arrived—a methodist, who came to beg for some charitable object, connected with his own society. Mrs. Fry thought the object a good one, and gave, but declined making a subscription in her own name. She wished to have me come and visit her ; but had an engagement in the country for Saturday, and expected to leave London on Monday.

She looks as if she possessed soundness of constitution—mental, moral, and physical,—a great and a strong woman—and disposed to turn all her strength to good account, in the service of God, and her fellow-beings.

We have called also to see Mr. Wilson. He received us in his library, which was about twenty-five feet by twenty, with a high ceiling, the sides completely covered with choice books—in neat, but plain bindings. The windows and a glass door showed, from the library, a garden at the back of the house,—and here a sober elegance seemed, as in the house, to be the prevailing style.

This gentleman's behaviour, in the case of my departed friend, Mr. Douglas, will never be forgotten. He not only came every day after knowing his situation, from Islington to London, to visit him ;—but when all we could farther do for him, was to commit "ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—he opened the sanctum sanctorum of his own fam-

ily ; and gave, to the remains of his American brother, a place beside those of his own dearest relatives. After these uncommon traits of christian kindness, our party felt an added desire to listen to his ministrations from the pulpit ; and found him as we expected, plain in manner, uncorrupt in doctrine—

“ A preacher such as Paul, were he on earth,  
Would own, approve, and bless.”

Mr. Wilson made enquiries about the condition of the church in the United States, and expressed an interest in several of the clergy whom he had seen, particularly the Rev. Dr. Mñnor. He presented me with a volume of his works, and sent a copy of one of his sermons to Mrs. Douglas, the widow of my friend, as containing appropriate consolation for a mourner.

One of the persons to whom I had a letter in London, was Mrs. R—. When I called with my letter, the female servant did not know whether I could see her or not. She returned, saying Mrs. R— was too ill to appear. The next day she called when I was out. As she was extremely desirous to see me, she wished I would notify her when I could come again. In this way we arranged matters, and I went at the hour appointed, which was four o'clock in the morning—time here, as in France, being divided by the hour of dinner, into morning and evening. I found a lady of a majestic appearance, apparently about forty, dressed in good taste, but with a certain wildness of eye and countenance, which at the first glance, gave me an idea of a fine mind, somewhat disordered. She spoke of her suffering state in forcible language,—represented herself as having keen pains in all her nerves, as if she had a sharp tooth-ache all over.

She said our common friend had told her, that I was a champion for my sex. She then went on with her own ideas of our deplorable condition, until she had gone altogether beyond the worst which I had ever thought of it. She spoke of men as of a race of brutal, selfish, unfeeling tyrants, and commenced a declamation against marriage. “ But you would seem,” said I, “ to arraign

the wisdom, or the goodness of God." She could for herself see no evidence of such wisdom and benevolence. From what I had said in favor of the men, and of the happiness of connubial life, she presumed that I had been, what she had not, a singular case of a happy married woman; and that the men of our country, were different from those of the community in which she had the misfortune to be placed. "Here," said she, "women are divided between vice, and that which is its cause—domestic slavery. There are in this very city, of those thus driven to degradation, upwards of one hundred thousand." As for the men of America, she could not pretend to say,—but for those of her country, they were to women the most stern of oppressors—despising our understandings—keeping us in ignorance, and under a system of tyrannical laws. "They want reform," said she; "they begin to feel what it is to be abused and oppressed; but they ought to be ashamed to ask for right, while *they* so shamelessly wrong *us*." She said something of Frances Wright, and I now understood better than before, what were the views and feelings which lead women of such superior minds so widely astray.

I was shocked—and expressed myself so, in language too severe for politeness—at the remarks which she made on the want of proof, of the goodness and wisdom of God. From this prime error I thought resulted all her others.—Yet from my soul, I pitied her. What can be more horrible than for a woman of an intelligent and sensitive mind, loving justice herself, and desiring good, really to believe that there is no benevolence in the government of the universe;—and that men who have the power to govern us, and whom our nature obliges us to love, are our tyrants and enemies. No wonder that the whole mind, and the whole body, should become one burning mass of pain.

Last week I accepted Mrs. R.—'s invitation to spend an evening with her. I found two ladies and several gentlemen, among these last, Robert Owen!—Never did I meet a man with a smoother face, or a smoother tongue. I saw my situation, and determined to avoid if possible, controversial matters, and supposed that for an

evening I might—but no ;—Mr. Owen, confident in his powers—disposed to exert them to the utmost, and backed by his followers, must needs make a proselyte. I endeavored to evade, but to no purpose, till at last, roused to an energy that seemed more than my own, I turned and encountered the whole.

Owen began by laying down some premises on the subject of education. They were of an artful nature, and I saw the conclusions to which they were leading. "Man," he said, "was the creature of circumstances. The first circumstance mingling with his original constitution, as in the case of chemical affinity, made a new compound, and again it was changed."

"I agree," said I, "to no inference drawn from these premises. You make of man a factitious being—you compare the living principles of mind, to the inanimate lumps of the laboratory ; and suppose the instructor can mingle them, and be as certain of his operations as the chemist. You do not even allow to man the dignity of a vegetable, which, though it has its changes, is yet something of itself ; and always the same, whatever may be the soil or the culture by which it is modified. The hawthorn may be stunted or expanded in its growth, but no skill of the gardener can make it a rose.

Mr. Owen laid down the principle, that all the children born in a community, should be educated by the community at large—thereby, I perceived, making way for the assertion, that the restraints of marriage were useless. I felt that I should be insulted to hear such a sentiment, and I said with spirit, that I did not agree with his position in its full extent ; that certainly men, in their legislative capacity, were bound to do all in their power for the advantage of the rising generation ; but that did not at all release parents from that far more binding obligation, and more important care, which each owed to his own offspring. "But Mr. Owen, it is useless for you to wish me to agree to your views. There is an insurmountable barrier—I am a christian."

"Why," said a jack-a-napes behind me, "I can disprove christianity in two minutes, by a reference to chronology."

"Sir Isaac Newton," said I, with a sneer, "knew a little something of chronology, and yet he was a christian."

"You say," said Mr. Owen, "that you are a christian; that is, you mean you are a christian now, hereafter you may change."

"No sir. I never *shall* change—I never *will* change—a christian I will live, and a christian I will die."

"But Madam, you consider it right to hold your mind in a state for candid investigation, do you not?"

"There is, sir, a time to be investigating, and a time to be decided. When a mathematician has brought the best and maturest energies of his mind to bear upon a subject—when he has carefully attended to what others could say on both sides of the question—when he has thus perfectly satisfied his own mind where the truth lies; and when he finds that every thing agrees to his solution of the problem—his operations on the supposition having never failed, his expectations never been deceived,—is he to go back, and labor through the whole process of his investigation, because he may find others who think differently from himself? No sir, I will not reinvestigate the evidences of christianity,—I shall never change my belief.

This decided declaration, for a time put a stop to this sort of discourse, and conversation became general.

Mr. Owen has much information, and he speaks with great intelligence on the details of education. He described the gradual manner in which he had found by his experiments, at Lanark, that very young children might be sent with profit to school, and said I must visit his school at Lanark, when I went to Scotland. Mrs. R—complimented me on the eloquence with which I had spoken, and promised to give me a book.

If I had gone off here, every thing would have been well—I was desirous to do so, but had not the power; for my son, who had accompanied me, had left me, to return with a carriage at a given hour. Mr. Owen in the mean time, had rallied his forces to a new attack. He said that his opinions were prevailing,—the governments of the world would be obliged to yield to them. He was

then on his way to meet at Liverpool, delegates from six hundred societies formed on his plan. In short, the world had heretofore gone on from error to error, both in philosophy and morals.—Sir Isaac Newton, whom I had mentioned; and others, who like him, had guided the opinions of the multitude, taught ten errors to one truth.

“But they thought they were teaching truth, did they not, Mr. Owen?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“And if human nature in its best estate is thus liable to error, how then can Mr. Owen know that he is infallible? He is persuaded he is teaching truth—but what of that? So was Sir Isaac Newton. And how can we know that Mr. Owen too, is not teaching ten errors to one truth? Does he claim to be favored with direct revelations from the only sure fountain of truth?”

This question completely silenced the whole party, and there was a solemn pause. Mr. Owen reddened, and stammered out an indistinct reply, like a man that spoke in pain. I at once changed the conversation, and after a little constrained and uninteresting discourse, my son arrived, and I took my leave.\*

Mrs. R.—sent me next day, the book which she had promised, with a note saying she had not ventured to place her name in it. The book was an octavo, dedicated to her. Truly my heart is pained for her as for an afflicted sister. Commanding in aspect, keen in sensibility, eloquent in speech; if anchored in the christian faith, what a noble woman had she been. If instead of railing at the dispensations of God's Providence, or idle declamation about the rights of our sex, she had set her-

\* I enquired diligently at Liverpool, in reference to the great meeting of six hundred delegates, and could hear nothing of it. At this very time, when Owen was thus playing the agreeable among the ladies of London; his wife, whose funeral obsequies (as I afterwards learned on visiting Lanark) he had just been to Scotland to attend, had been dead only about a fortnight. We were told that his vagaries of opinion and of life, had wasted the fine property he received from her father, Mr. Dale, and at length broken her heart. They spoke very ill of him here,—said he had now nothing to do with the school, or manufacturing establishment; though he clearly conveyed to me the idea that he had.

self to the work of elevating their standard of morals and intellect, she might have been a blessing to future generations. Yet far as she has gone beyond the mark, I should hold myself a traitor to the cause of my sex, did I not say, that I think there is a degree of truth in her sentiments, as to the treatment women here receive at the hands of men ; and that the men of England, in their general opinions and practice towards women, hold a course naturally calculated to drive women who reflect upon it, (and the finest minds are those most prone to reflection) either to a course of deceit—by which art is brought to cope with tyrannical power ;—or to desperation—as in the melancholy case I have described.

This morning Mrs. B—, an interesting and fashionable American lady, resident in London, with whom I had dined the day before ; took me to Hempstead to see Mr. Coleridge. He was boarding in a family with whom he had made his abode for a considerable time. Here we found a parlor looking into a garden, from the first floor. Mr. Coleridge, we were told, was ill. His pension I knew had been withdrawn, since the change in the ministry, and we supposed it probable that he might be out of spirits. Mrs. B—, in sending our names to the poet, said that I was an American lady, and an admirer of his works.

After a little time he appeared. He has all the poet in his large dark eye, and intellectual face ; and his manners seemed to me, such as suited his portly and dignified person. I was told that if he became fairly engaged in conversation, he would need but little response. He found in me a delighted auditor, and he was on subjects that interested him. The other ladies, (Mrs. B— being an acquaintance of his hostess,) left us,—returned—and left us again, before the conversation was over. Yet, though I was delighted at the time, I cannot now recall many of his expressions, or even his ideas. Who that should hear twenty pages of Coleridge's metaphysics, could tell afterwards what it was ; and yet who, but would feel that it was passing strange, and very grand. You look intensely for his ideas, as you look through the dark rolling cloud for the outline of the dis-



tant mountain. Sometimes you think you have caught it, but then comes another cloud,—and the view was too evanescent to admit of your making a sketch. Yet the clouds themselves are beautiful, and while they make the object behind it indistinct, they increase its apparent grandeur.

The subject of his conversation was nature, intellectual and material—the animals and vegetables—the heavens, and man with his noble faculties, looking with faith to his God and Redeemer,—and last of all—the angelic figure that took the loveliest light of the picture, was Heaven's best gift—beautiful, refined, intellectual, woman. How divinely good, ought we to become, to deserve all that the poets say of us!

On our return from this visit of respect to the talents of Coleridge, we passed the lordly residence of the duke of St. Albans. Afterwards we met, in an elegant barouche and four, the little duke and fat duchess, both of whom all London abhors and laughs at, as people both vicious and vulgar. Would Coleridge, sick and poor, consent to be the duke of St. Albans? No! Intelligence is richer than gold—mind is nobler than rank.

Another of nature's nobles is Washington Irving. The next day after my letter of introduction was delivered, he called. As I had known and appreciated different members of his excellent family, our conversation took a turn which brought out his warm attachment to his friends and country. He spoke of those who were dear to him; whose characters, and in some instances, whose situations, afforded him subjects of deep and various interest. He spoke too of his return to America. I had told him that I presumed he was not ignorant, that we Americans were a little jealous of his long stay in Europe,—regarding his literary fame as a national property, which we were unwilling should be alienated.

He said nothing was farther from his intention than to remain abroad;—that he had always been intending to return, and was never without a period fixed for so doing, as at the close of some certain engagement;—that one unforeseen prospect after another had opened before

him, and thus his voyage had been postponed, at first for months—then for years. Finally he had determined to break away, and had made every arrangement, when his appointment as secretary of Legation, determined him to remain some little time longer. Of Mr. McLane he spoke with that calm discriminating praise, which carries conviction of desert.

In another part of Mr. Irving's conversation, I thought I could perceive the foundation of the prejudice that he was not American in his feelings; and was pleased to trace it to something, to which candor should have given an opposite construction. He took occasion to remark concerning some faults that his countrymen were apt to fall into, in visiting England. They were too much in a way of considering themselves in a state militant, and were sometimes too prompt for battle, if any question, however innocent or trivial, was made touching the superior excellence of any thing, and every thing American. This was, in some companies, and on some occasions, extremely ill-judged. Mr. Irving had probably said the same to other Americans—and why?—Because he cared nothing for his country or countrymen?—precisely the reverse.—Because he did care for us, and wished we should make ourselves, and our nation respectable and respected,—and because he knew himself to be better acquainted with the views and feelings of the English, than his countrymen, newly arrived, could possibly be. It was not saying that the cause of the Americans was bad, but that it might be injudiciously maintained.

Mr. Irving's name is here spoken with enthusiasm. The ladies, at Mr. Elston's on learning that he had been in the house, expressed such regrets for their not getting a look at him, as we should do at losing the sight of Sir Walter Scott.

Adieu.

## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

LONDON, May 16th.

**MY DEAR SISTER :**

One is often led to remark a sympathy in feeling and opinion which, from increased facilities of communication, and especially, by means of periodicals, is imparted not only from mind to mind, but also from one nation to another. I find the same opinions, apparently in much the same state of progression, here, in France, and at home.

I am fond of the term liberality used in its proper sense ; but really, in these days, it has come to signify that convenient nullity of principle, and belief, which would quite destroy all truth and right, if they were not, in their own nature, immutable. With a young gentleman in Paris, for whom I had a most cordial regard, I ventured to call up the subject of truth and duty. He said, " Why people have different opinions on these subjects, and so long as they are equally sincere, I believe that one is as right as another, and that all will come out well at last." How often do we hear the same at home. " Do you reason thus," I asked him, " in business affairs ? Because a man has not taken the trouble to look into his concerns, or has miscalculated them, do you say all is well, and will end well with him, though perchance he is living on twice his income, and at his neighbor's expense ?"

One day at dinner here, some little affair was in discussion, and our representative of one of the learned professions, who, by the way, is a highly informed, and very agreeable man ; whom nature, or travelling, has not only entirely exempted from the overbearing tone of manners, so common among the English, but carried a little to the extreme of over liberality—this gentlemen, and some one with us at table, were having a little dispute.—" I will leave the matter," said he, " to Mrs. Willard—she is a *liberal* woman." Having a sincere good will towards him, we pleasantly disposed of

the affair in hand ; but, when after dinner we had gone to the parlor, I said to him :

“ I never wish for praise to which I am not entitled. You called me at dinner a liberal woman—now according to the sense in which you use the word, I am not.”

“ Why you certainly appear to be candid. Well, I can't help it—I am liberal—and I do not see how you and I differ—I hate prejudice. I am not prejudiced against —— the devil.”

“ Well, now sir, there is just the difference between you and me. You are not prejudiced against the devil—and I am—extremely prejudiced, against the devil and all his works.”

From what I have observed here, in the traits of various characters, occasionally appearing ; I think I should have been led to the remark, had I never heard it before, that the English are a sincere, and a truth-telling people. It appears to me that in no place on the face of the earth, are opinions expressed more boldly or freely, either in speech, or in writing. I am sometimes provoked at their illiberality, especially on subjects relating to my country, and my sex ; while at the same time I give the speakers credit for their sincerity. In politics, those who hold republican principles, maintain them without reserve, or fear. The other day I picked up a small newspaper, published in the vicinity, styled, “ The Republican.”

London is not, like Paris, kept in order by a military guard. I never was afraid to walk the streets of Paris alone, during the day ; but here it is not considered altogether safe, nor have I dared to do it. There occasionally appears an impudence among those of the lower class, quite beyond any thing I have heard of at home. I am told there are cases, where persons entering shops, have been followed with parcels of goods, which they never thought of buying, and which they are obliged either to take and pay for, or go before a magistrate, where false swearing finishes the work, that impudent lying begun. Something so nearly akin to this, happened to me one day in a respectable shop, that I was more ready to believe the whole story.

I should not be contented to live in England, though I certainly have nothing to complain of on the score of personal attentions ; but on the contrary, have experienced much in this way, that should excite my gratitude. In two particulars, however, I find myself perpetually exposed to vexations, and often in cases where people least think of vexing me. If I was a man, and an Englishman—had a spice of tyranny in my composition—and was very rich myself, and indifferent how it might be with others—I should like, of all places, to live in London ; but neither as a woman nor an American, could I be happy in English society. My lot is cast in with my sex and country ; and where contempt is thrown upon either, I am ever provoked to be made an individual exception. You will best understand the annoyances to which I allude, by a few examples.

One day at dinner, (I believe it was the day I had been shown, at the British Museum, some things from the country of the Esquimaux, as specimens of curiosities from my country,) I was making, in the common course of chat at the table, some incidental remarks concerning our republic, when one of our gentlemen laid down his knife and fork, looked up in seeming astonishment, and gravely asked, “ Why, Madam ! you acknowledge, do you not, that we are in a state of superior civilization to you ? ” I told him that the term civilization was a little ambiguous ;—probably some things might be said on both sides of the question ;—that I considered our government as better than theirs,—and our frame of society calculated to make a greater proportion of individuals, virtuous and happy ; but that in things which ministered to the convenience and luxury of those who could afford to procure them, they doubtless excelled us. I was tempted to tell him, that the state of women had been considered the main test of civilization, and that in our country, the lower classes of women did not call their husbands, “ master,” as is the case here ; and that we had public schools for the education of the higher classes of females,—and those well patronized,—far superior in their literary and scientific character, to any which ex-

isted in England,—or could exist, with the present opinions and feelings of the men.

I believe I told you that I met Sir James Mackintosh at Miss Edgeworth's. It was soon after he entered the room, that Miss Edgeworth politely conducted him to the place where I was sitting,—introduced us, and gave him a seat on the sofa beside me. We conversed on various topics, interesting to us both, for perhaps half an hour. Sir James then rose from his seat, and soon after went to Miss Edgeworth, who was near the centre of the room. Standing with his back to me, he said something to her, so low that I could not hear his words. Miss Edgeworth replied, in something of an under tone, "she is an American lady,"—whereupon his astonishment so got the better of his discretion, that he exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the company, "Why! she is very well!" Now if Sir James Mackintosh, friendly as he is to the Americans, was so much astonished to think an American woman could be "very well," you may conceive what, in various ways, we get from others. Two or three mornings after my arrival at Mr. Elston's, one of our ladies, who had retired from the parlour rather early the evening before, said, on meeting me in the morning, "I hear you *talked* last night. O dear! how sorry I am that I did not sit up and hear you."

Before quitting the subject of Sir James Mackintosh, I must however remark, that the worthy baronet seemed the more polite, on learning that I was an American. He came and conversed with me again, longer than before. Among other things, he asked me if I had visited Westminster Abbey. This introduced a topic of conversation—the merits of the early English poets, on which we felt a mutual enthusiasm. Sir James repeated some passages of considerable length, and I, as became me, some shorter ones. On my remarking that my feelings in visiting the monuments of the poets, were not less vivid, I presumed, than were those of the English, he said, "Why should they be, it was your common fathers who were their cotemporaries, and you have an equal share in their genius, and their fame."

Before the evening closed, Sir James brought his daughter, who was of the party, and introduced us to each other. He took my address, and said he would call on me when he returned from Scotland, whither he was obliged to go immediately, on account of the new election, consequent on the king's proroguing the parliament.

So you see, as Americans, we have influential friends here; who though they are astonished, are glad to find us "very well," and disposed to make the best of us. But I should rather wait until their minds are a little more—or rather, a little differently settled on this subject, before taking up a residence in England.

Our present legation at the British Court are doing our nation much honor. I have been told that Mr. McLane's opinions are highly respected by the politicians here; and that those in power have consulted him on some occasions, relating to their own affairs.

Yet after all, it is Mr. Irving who has done, and is doing, more to make his country honored in the eyes of the British nation, than any other American of the present day.

As American women, we may well be satisfied to be represented here by Mrs. McLane,—and her daughter too, seems to be a charming young woman. The whole family have been to our party, not only polite, but kind. We have dined once at their house, and attended two soirées there, besides occasional morning visits. We have met there very agreeable people, both English and Americans. Among the latter I would particularly name Dr. Irving; who, if his conversation may be received as a test of his talents, might, if he would, write no less elegantly than his brother.

I also was much pleased to meet at one of the soirées, Dr. and Mrs. Kirkland, formerly of Cambridge, who think of travelling to Egypt.

In many respects, the customs of social life, appear to be much the same here, as in Paris, though in others they are different. At Mr. Elston's we breakfast at eight o'clock. I have been once invited to breakfast by a lady, who is at the same time fashionable, and highly intel-

ligent, and the hour named in the invitation, was half past nine. When invited to breakfast by a French lady in Paris, I think the hour named was eleven. At our boarding house we dine at five, which I understand is the ordinary time for families, unless among people of high fashion. The more common way of showing hospitality here, is by inviting to dinner,—when the party sit down at about seven. It is an important point in the affair of dinner, to be exactly punctual to the time specified in your invitation,—neither too early, nor too late. After dinner the gentlemen follow the ladies to the drawing room, in generally from half an hour to an hour,—not sitting so long over their wine as formerly. Tea, and sometimes coffee, with some slight articles of confectionary, are soon afterwards brought in.

At Mr. Elston's they give us a substantial breakfast, beef-steak, fish, eggs, toast, &c., with tea and coffee. At twelve o'clock, the table is set out for a lunch, with plates, knives and forks, generally with the remains of our yesterday's dinner,—and a meal is made, which ought, in all conscience, to be sufficient for a christian's dinner. Yet the dinner at five, with its ordinary courses, of fish, roast-beef, and fowls,—then puddings,—and afterwards fruit of various kinds, is duly honored. Besides all this, there is cold ham, bread and cheese, &c. on the table, at eleven o'clock, for those who choose to make a supper. So you see that John Bull gets his bulk in a natural way.

When Miss Edgeworth called on me, she manifested no little surprise, at the way in which we were living—the arrangements of a boarding house appearing quite novel to her. She asked me many questions respecting them, and seemed to be astonished that we had so fine a parlor, and so good accommodations, for three guineas a week. Our ladies here are very polite, particularly respecting the use of the parlor. When a servant announces a visiter to any of our number, the rest immediately withdraw. Indeed I have found them, in every respect, civil and attentive; ever ready to accompany us in our little excursions; and desirous to make us pass our time pleasantly. This is particularly the case with Mrs. R—,



a widow of a handsome fortune, who has formerly spent some time in the West Indies. She has much of nature's mother wit, as well as native kindness of heart.

A little instance of this happened a few days ago. On assembling at the dinner table, we found, that on account of some new comers, a side table was prepared, at which it was expected that two young gentlemen would sit. Mrs. R— saw that this would be a situation mortifying to them, and immediately proposed that, she and I, should take it. Against this measure Mr. Elston, and other of our gentlemen protested,—notwithstanding which, we seated ourselves at the side table, and Gen. Oliviera, of the noble Portuguese family, whom I have formerly mentioned, immediately wheeled about, and joined us. Those at the main table seemed very anxious that we should be helped to every delicacy; this was particularly the case with Miss Oliviera, who peeled oranges for us in the Portuguese fashion, quite a new style to me. Nor is this the only instance in which Mrs. R—'s kind disposition, and quick invention, sets things right, which might otherwise go wrong.

The Olivieras are high bred, and very agreeable people. The General has spent several years in Brazil, where he was Secretary at War to the Emperor Don Pedro; but having a large fortune, he prefers enjoying it in London. His brother, Mr. Vincent Oliviera, is a wine merchant, formerly a resident at Madeira. He has a son about twelve, who is at school in the vicinity, and sometimes comes here to dine. He is a beautiful boy, and has I think a great deal of native genius. "Give me wine," said he, to his father; "it will not hurt me,—it is the milk of my country." The other members of this family here, are Mr. John Oliviera, and his sister; whose father, the brother of the General, was formerly ambassador from Portugal, to the court of England.

You perceive by what I have told you, that the hours for meals, both here, and in France, are different from ours. The hours for making morning calls, or as it is universally termed here, morning visits,—is of course, different, and much later; three o'clock being about a

medium hour. This I think far better, than with us. With us in some places, especially in the country, this gossiping practice begins as early as ten, and it is an evil of no little magnitude, preventing, in a degree, both the usefulness and improvement of our sex ; and I do think that as a matter of duty, the influential ladies of our country, should discountenance these unseasonable interruptions, by sending the French message to the door, Mrs. — does not receive.

I have at length engaged a music teacher to accompany me home. She is the daughter of a former merchant of this city, and her mother is living at a beautiful place a little out of London. She speaks French, plays the piano, harp, and guitar. The gentleman who mentioned her to me, thought there would be little hope of my obtaining her ; but having given you the expectation that I should bring home a teacher for that department, I resolved, if possible, not to fail.

On my visit, the young lady and her mother both seemed to be inspired with the confidence that she would be well placed with me, and Miss G— herself, had before felt a wish to go to America. So in a few days the preliminaries were settled, but some of our young cavaliers at Mr. Elston's, who have seen her on her subsequent visits to me, threaten that they shall endeavor to detain her.

Adieu.



## JOURNAL.

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*Tuesday, May 17th.*—This being the morning on which we had decided to leave London, we took an early breakfast, and immediately after, stowed ourselves and our baggage into a hackney coach, and went to find the stage, which was to take us to Windsor, places having been previously secured. I took my station on the top, as I had often been told of the pleasantness of these seats, as affording to the traveller the most unobstructed views. But the place was too high for my capacity of elevation. My head grew giddy, and a sense of danger destroyed any enjoyment from the prospect; so I took the inside of the coach,—a lower, but a safer situation. The country was agreeable, and the weather fine..

Of Hounslow Heath, which we passed over, you have often heard. It is covered with the low shrub, called gorse, or furze, now full of blossoms. But notwithstanding this, it is a savage looking, disagreeable thing. The very leaves are thorns, standing thick in all directions; and the blossoms themselves are ugly, of a dark disagreeable yellow. On inquiring why so much ground was suffered, in this populous region, to be disgraced by this barbarous growth, I was told that it was for the convenience of fox-hunters; as reynard could here be sheltered from all vulgar pursuit.

The majestic turrets of Windsor Castle struck us with admiration, the moment we beheld their finely irregular outline, upon the yet distant horizon.

When arrived at Windsor, we drove to the White Hart, the best inn in the town; and an excellent one we found it. But here, as in other inns, it was necessary to look out a little for ourselves. They first shewed us rooms comfortable, but not agreeable; and following some wise advice which I had previously received, not to be

too easily satisfied, or too unassuming at an English inn—I indicated in a stately manner, and with few words, the faults of the apartment assigned us ; so they gave us better, and called me “ my lady ” into the bargain. Every thing here was thoroughly clean. The head waiter, or *commissionaire*, as he would be called in Paris, had the appearance of a gentleman ; and by the way, our stage-drivers, who were middle-aged men, had an air of consequence ; and I noticed the respect with which they were greeted, by those, who appeared to be, the substantial people of the country.

While a slight meal was preparing, we walked to the grand chapel, belonging to the castle, and arrived during the performance of the service. Here, as at St. Paul's, the treble parts were chanted by little boys, in white linen robes. The greatest pains had evidently been taken, that this chanting should be done according to the rules of art ; but though it might strike the ear, there was nothing in it to touch the heart, with a feeling of devotion. It was done as a mere task, and the children by their sly looks, showed that it was but lip service. There was, however, much to interest us in this ancient chapel of St. George. The seats of the royal and noble knights of the garter, were ranged along the sides, a little elevated—formed of oak, carved in figures to suit the gothic architecture of the venerable building. These seats were covered with crimson cushions, and had on cushions placed upon desks before them, in splendid folios, the bible and prayer-book. Above the seat, which the sexton had given me to occupy, and which belonged to the Duke of Cumberland, was suspended his casque with its device, his ornamented band richly fringed, and other decorations, that this nobleman as a knight of the garter, is entitled to wear. Below these was displayed his coat of arms. In the same manner, the other seats had over them, the appropriate devices of each knight. The king of England had his seat in the centre, and near this were those of the emperors of Russia, Austria, and other foreign princes, who had received this ancient order of knighthood. My friend Mr. D—, was placed in the seat belonging to Prince Leopold.

After the service, we were shown tombs of the royal family of England; but by far the most interesting to me, was that of the Princess Charlotte, sculptured by Canova and Chantry. Though I have always found something grotesque, in a mixture of real and allegorical figures, yet I liked this better than any of the kind I had yet seen. The body seemed to lie upon it, as if covered with a heavy pall, whose sweeping folds fell over four female figures, who were kneeling around, in attitudes expressive of grief. Above, was seen the beatified spirit of the princess about to take its flight, from the tomb, to heaven.

After taking some refreshment, and consulting with our intelligent *commissionaire*, we took a landau, and rode seven miles, through a beautiful country, to visit the little picturesque lake, called Virginia water. Nothing could exceed the beauty of some of the noblemen's seats which we passed. The day was exquisite,—the season the middle of May. When we came within half a mile of the lake, we found a pleasant cottage, where travellers leave their carriages, and take a guide. We were conducted along a romantic way, which wound through a wood, and at length opened on a fine cascade. From thence we proceeded to the lake, and so delicious was the softness of the turf upon its sloping banks—such the fine order in which it was kept, that I was tempted to walk upon it with my shoes off, and found it softer than the carpets of Turkey.

On one side of the lake was a wood; on another a fine building, the residence of the keeper. In another direction still, was a series of broken columns, and a crumbling ivy-bound, arched way, which seemed to conduct to a sequestered grove. The objects in this direction appeared most inviting, and thither we bent our steps. Steep banks, covered with turf, intermingled with wild flowers, and shaded by trees and shrubs, many of them in blossom, often tempted us to stop and recline.

Ruins of antique statues, sometimes standing on the foreground, sometimes farther in the distance, and half hid by the gay foliage, were all around us. We gathered the fragrant flowers as we reclined, and found among

them the hyacinth and polyanthus, growing wild. George the IV. I am told, kept this beautiful spot exclusively for his own gratification ; and this is one of the reasons for the opinion which prevails,—that he had no wish at heart to promote the happiness of his people. On the contrary, he seems not to have taken pains, even to conceal the contempt he felt for them.

On our return by a different route, we passed a delightful rural residence, which, we were told, belongs to the royal family, and was a favorite spot with the late monarch.

When we were within three miles of Windsor, we came to an elevation, which bounds the great avenue from the castle. Its fine irregular turrets are seen rising from a bold elevation through this noble vista. The oaks which border it, are veterans, over whose heads the winds of centuries have swept. Through their shades the deer were ranging, sometimes singly, sometimes in herds—and where the woods were cleared away, they were seen grazing—hundreds together.

After our drive, we walked to examine the exterior of the castle. The moat, the draw-bridge, the portcullis, the keep,—all these had a kind of charm, from the associations which poetry and romance has given them—and most to those who have never beheld them. Having once seen them, they could never to me. conjure up the spell they have done. Yet will the beautiful scenery of England, impressed by vivid admiration on the living tablets of the mind, survive through future life, returning to charm my mental vision ;—and no part of it more than that, which we saw from the terrace, of Windsor castle.

The weather was beautiful, and the sun was near one of its finest settings, when this delicious view imprinted itself forever on my memory. When we had looked at the delightful picture in its general aspect, we approached the stone wall, which rises above the terrace to the height of four feet, hindering the spectator from falling down its perpendicular side, a descent of seventy or eighty. Immediately below, is a wilderness of the finest assemblage of flowering trees and shrubs, sending

up their odors, and affording a shelter for birds, whose notes rise the more pleasing to our ears, as they were, in some instances, those we had never heard before; and I fancied among them, were the rich notes of the nightingale, that "best poet of the groves," with whose song my native woods are never vocal.

The shrubs and trees were also frequently of a kind not familiar; or if so, their growth in some instances exceeded any thing I had before met with. The laburnum is of the locust family, but bearing a greater abundance of flowers than any other which I have seen—of yellow shading into white, and hanging in clusters on long pensive stems, that move with the lightest breeze. The lilac grows to almost a tree, and is covered with a profusion of flowers.—The mountain ash with its clusters of white blossoms—the holly and the box tree, with their glossy leaves—the yellow and the white broom—the horse-chesnut—the catalpa—the rose in all its varieties—with many other elegant trees and shrubs, presented us their mingled beauties and fragrance.

Looking beyond the beautiful objects directly at our feet, is a lovely valley stretching far out on every side, through which meanders the silvery Thames, skirted by villages and villas, with their cultivated trees and rural elegances—groves—extensive meadows, interspersed at irregular distances with beautiful trees, and shaded cottages—the spires of churches, and lastly, as the finest single object in the view, the halls of Eton college.

We left the castle after having learnt that we might be permitted to view the interior, the next morning. The sun had not yet set, and we walked to Frogmore, to view the royal gardens. This is a favorite retreat of the royal family, and was particularly so with Queen Charlotte. It is now occupied by the Duchess of Kent.

The gardener admitted us, and took us through the grounds. The sun had just left us, but his glory still rested on the western horizon, and thence cast a mellow light on the exquisite garden scenery around. On the one hand is a fine lawn; whose winding and



lonely walks lead off into deepening shades ;—on the other, a little lake, into which falls a small brook. Its shores are made finely irregular, by projecting points. Every variety of ornamental tree is grouped here, as if they had obeyed the fancy of a landscape painter ;—the weeping willow in the foreground, droops and laves her slender branches in the clear waters beneath ;—while in the retreat, the oak—father of the forest,—rears his sheltering form. Sometimes there is an opening, where rises a little temple,—or perchance, a spire is seen amidst the distant trees,—or a romantic bridge crosses the streamlet.

The gardener was pleased with the admiration which we manifested, and was desirous to show us the beauties of this ornamented landscape ; and we followed him through winding walks, bordered with flowering shrubs, and shaded by the most elegant trees,—occasionally impelled to stop by a delicious grotto ; and again urged forward by some new object, suddenly appearing. In one instance we entered the enclosure of a tall hedge, and at once, the style of gardening was changed from the ornamented landscape, to that of the regular parterre—and here we found every variety of blossom, which the season could afford. We were then taken through the extensive green-houses, and enjoyed in a rapid survey, the beauty and fragrance of rare exotics.

After our walk, we entered a little building near the main dwelling, fitted up with taste, where Queen Charlotte used often to take her tea. Between this and the house, grew a most beautiful flowering shrub, which I took at first to be a rose bush, from the color of its flowers, although they seemed much too large for roses. I examined, and found it a tree peony. It grew to the height of about five feet, and was covered with not less than a hundred peonies, of a rose color—but edged with white, and somewhat fragrant.

The succeeding morning was devoted to the accomplishment of two objects, in both of which we succeeded. The one was to see the king and queen, and the other, to view the interior of the castle. The royal pair were to leave Windsor at 10 o'clock for London.

Our adviser at the White Hart, directed us where to find a place, that we might have an opportunity to see them as they passed. We went in season, and had the best position on the ground. Standing in the front rank of the spectators, we received the polite salutation of the royal pair, given by an inclination of the head, as they passed slowly on. They were followed by the young Duke of Cumberland, in another carriage, with his tutor. Their style of travelling, on this occasion, was far less dashing and showy, than was that of the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and many other of the nobility—it being a plain travelling chariot, with four fine bays. Their dress was the same as that of any other gentleman and lady, going out for a morning drive. I think there is many a fashionable lady who flaunts in Broadway, whose husband or father could ill afford two hundred dollars a year for her wardrobe, that would have been unwilling to wear so plain a white silk hat, as the one worn on this occasion, by the Queen of England. She seemed to me in passing, to be rather a slender woman, much younger than the king, whose countenance is however, very florid. They are, neither of them, by any means, persons whose appearance would distinguish them, amidst a crowd where their station was unknown. But King William and Queen Adelaide, are, at this moment, great favorites with the people of England, who are delighted with the determined disposition which he manifests, in favor of the reform bill.

The royal family being now absent from the castle, it was a good time for strangers to visit it. We were admitted through a postern door, and what at first met our view, had by no means a regal appearance, but was very ordinary wood, stone, and mortar;—by degrees however, we advanced towards the state apartments, and these were very grand. There was less of gilding, than one sees in the French palaces, but there were other ornaments more appropriate to the antique style of the exterior, and probably much more expensive. One room was superbly decorated with festoons of flowers, exquisitely carved in oak.

There is here a fine collection of pictures from the

best masters—portraits of the royal family, and other distinguished persons. But the charming landscape from the windows so far surpassed them, that I was constantly tempted to draw towards it. Eton College, and the little villages near it, by the eastern light, were more charming, than by the western,—and the Thames was now alive with those who plied the oar, some of whom, we were told, were the Eton students. The guide who conducted us, was very consequential in his manners. He explained the names and uses of each room, as we passed, and gave some account of each picture; but if we wanted to learn any thing more, he sometimes answered in a manner which showed his self-importance and impatience.

From Windsor we took post horses, and had a delightful drive, through a charming country, to Oxford. This venerable seat of learning we reached, just as the sun was setting. We first secured ourselves pleasant rooms at the King's Arms, where the good landlady watched our comforts, with kind solicitude. We then took a stroll through the academic groves. The ancient trees and heavy stone work, of the numerous colleges, suited well with the sombre twilight.

*May 19.*—Before breakfast, we again walked out, and visited Baliol College. Its elegant chapel looks over fine grounds. In the refectory, the cloth was spread for the morning meal of the students, who belonged to this particular department of the grand university. After breakfast we took a landau, that we might see the general exterior of the ancient halls, and groves, and then proceeded to view them a little more in minutia. The most striking object to the sight, is the chapel of Christ's church, a fine specimen of the ancient style of building, and particularly distinguished for the splendid paintings on glass, which decorate the numerous large windows. The modern style of painting on glass, is here contrasted with the ancient. The former, presents fine female figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sketched with spirit and grace, by the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds—and there is a softness in the draperies and flesh colors, which does not appertain to the latter. Among

the ancient, were figures of the apostles,—stiff, and ungraceful in the drawing, but possessing a brilliancy and richness of colors, superior to the modern.

In visiting the great Bodleian library, we encountered several of the students, and saw others sitting in the arcades, within which the books are ranged, and taking notes from them, or turning over the pages. We took a peep at the interior of the fine circular building, containing the Radcliffe library. Just to see the outside of such a world of books, reminds me of looking at the heads of the London mob at the illumination—wonderful enough while the novelty remains, but not like a selection of choice friends, or one favorite by your chimney corner.

They tell us that the present number of students here, is about five hundred; but that there are accommodations and provisions, for instructing ten times that number. What fountains of wealth have flowed into this place to build these nineteen massy colleges—their various chapels—libraries—and other appendages. Had some of this money been expended, to afford judicious training to the mothers of the youth, now upon the stage, it is probable that the colleges, though fewer, would have been better filled, and with more orderly, and moral young men, than many of the students are reported now to be.

We took our departure from Oxford for Woodstock, with the intention of visiting Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

Blenheim was built at the public expense in the reign of Queen Anne, by whom, with the advice of Parliament, it was presented to the Duke of Marlborough, on account of his distinguished military services on the continent. We made our first entrance into the Park, from Woodstock. The road wound along the borders of a small, but beautiful lake, whose banks were covered with the rich and soft verdure of the English turf, and studded with clumps of beautiful trees, clothed with a thick foliage of delicate green.

The situation of Rosamond's well, at the foot of the hill, whose slope descends to the lake, was pointed out

to us. It is surrounded by fine trees, and ornamented with pieces of sculpture. The waters are clear and cool, as some of our party assured us, who descended to taste them. I like better to people this charming spot, with the finely imagined characters of Walter Scott—to fancy Alice Lee, and her father here, than to call up the images of the royal favorite, and the incensed queen.

The view of the lordly dwelling is superb, after you have climbed by a steep acclivity, the farther bank of the lake. You have, in the foreground, its clear wood fringed waters, over which is thrown, in front of the mansion, a fine bridge—beyond, the green slope rising, and becoming the ornamented lawn in front of the long marble palace, which is relieved by the wooded scenery behind it. In another direction is the stately pillar, erected to commemorate the services rendered to Queen Anne, by the Duke of Marlborough. The circumference of the park measures twelve miles.

We spent several hours in examining Blenheim ;—its splendid suite of apartments filled with costly furniture,—and pictures, from the hands of the best masters of Great Britain, and the continent—its grand library—its extensive lawns—its lakes with their oaks of many centuries—its garden, watered by winding streams—its many flowering plants and shrubs—its aviary with birds of many notes and various plumage ;—all these, and many other pleasing objects we saw. But yet there seemed to be a melancholy spirit, whispering with the breath of the moving forest, “ the glory of Blenheim has departed.” The house and grounds are shewn for money. Though in some parts of the park, we saw fine herds of deer,—yet on the lawn near the house, lean horses and cows were pastured ; and as we were told for pay.

Of the Duke who inhabits this princely mansion, we hear nothing but tales of indolence and vice. His wife cannot, or will not live with him. The gardener showed us a little rustic cottage in the garden, which he boasted that the noble Duke had built with his own hands. A carpenter’s boy could have done it as well.

The collection of paintings here, is the choicest I

have ever seen; and being selected and arranged with great taste and judgment in different rooms, they appeared to much greater advantage than those I had viewed at Paris in the Louvre. I became quite reconciled to the pictures of Rubens, as those which I saw here are really superb.

After leaving Woodstock, we pursued our way through pleasant hills, and vales, and farming-grounds, till we reached Stratford-upon-Avon, where we rested for the night. We visited the low dwelling where Shakspeare first drew life and inspiration—no way worthy of note but from this association. The room where he was born is in the second story, and is now almost entirely destitute of furniture. We were presented with the well known album, in which the names of the visitors were inscribed. The walls were also completely covered with the names of those who had been here;—from kings downward. The tomb of Shakspeare is in a neighboring church, which is just on the bank of the Avon. It is a marble structure, supported by Corinthian columns, containing some statuary; amongst which is a bust of the poet, and is supposed to be the best likeness of him extant.

*Friday, May 20th.*—We left Stratford at about 7 o'clock in the morning for Liverpool, to take in our way Birmingham and Manchester. The country through which we rapidly passed, was beautiful, presenting well cultivated farms, and comfortable dwellings. We found more of woodland scenery upon the hills, than we had expected. The woods, however, have not that appearance of primitive wildness, which we so frequently meet with at home. Every thing here bears the marks of care and labor. There are no decaying stumps, no broken fences, no tangled underbrush; and there appeared in fact to be quite as much care and attention, bestowed upon the grounds which are covered with trees, as upon those which are otherwise cultivated.

In speaking of the general neatness, I must make an exception in the frequent appearance of the hedges, which were not always trim and unbroken, notwithstanding it was their season of blossoming. Perhaps

if we had not expected so much from these enclosures, so often praised by travellers, and sung by poets, we should have been more satisfied with their appearance.

Thus far, however, the dwellings of the English peasantry, and their aspect, as we saw them at their labors, gave no indications of that poverty, which we are accustomed, in our country, to believe they suffer. Their houses are sufficiently large, and bear marks of comfort and convenience, within and without. Little gardens with flowers, are often near them ; and the woodbine, eglantine, and other clinging plants, sometimes nearly cover them with verdure, intermingled with blossoms.

We did not find so many lordly dwellings, as our imagination had pictured, and often when the enclosure of high trees, gave us notice that one was near, these trees were all that the traveller on the way could see of the show. The lordly dwellings must be concealed, it seems, from common eyes, unless the tribute of time, and often of money too, is paid. I felt as if this really manifested a lack of benevolence, a selfish spirit in the owners. They might, I thought, have left here and there, a vista through their trees, to give the passing stranger a view of architectural magnificence, whose only object is to gratify the sight of man.

Our stay at Birmingham was short, nor did the aspect of the place, shrouded in smoke and coal-dust, or of the large dirty inn where we stopped, present any object to make us wish to prolong it. But in the environs of the city was a beautiful succession of elegant buildings, and out-houses ; surrounded with tasteful, though not extensive garden grounds.

Leaving Birmingham, we passed through a coal region to Wolverhampton. The first objects that meet the eye along this road, are dense clouds of smoke, rising from the furnaces, which are in constant operation, and from steam-engines, which are employed in raising the coal from the mines. As you come nearer, you see the engines themselves puffing and heaving, as if tired of laboring amidst such dreariness. Huge piles of earth,

and refuse coal, are lying around, thrown from the mines. A little nearer, and you see the black visages, and smeared garments of the men who work above ground ; and, ever and anon, of one who shows his head, as he is ascending from the shades below. Machinery, which is used in transporting the coal to the furnace, is also seen.

We met numbers of women, apparently ready to sink under the weight of the heavy baskets of coal, which they carried on their heads. Some of these were very young ; some seemed old, and some appeared to be feeble with disease. Some had stopped to rest by the way. Among these, I noticed one in particular, who had placed her heavy burden on a stump, against which she reclined. There was that in her attitude, and person, which, to me carried the idea, that she was bred to other occupations ; and her visage was as though she was weary of life itself—a child of sorrow.

As we passed the villages along this region, the countenances of the inhabitants generally, seemed in keeping with the dreary prospect around. Not flushed with health, as in the agricultural districts ; but pale and haggard. I saw one, that I took to be a beggar, stop at a door. A woman, who seemed as destitute as himself, came forth, and by her countenance and action, she appeared to deny him, and he went sorrowfully away.

When we stopped at an inn, I fell into conversation with the host ; and expressed to him, in some degree, my impressions of the state of the laboring poor. He did not appear pleased ; but said, the country was rich ; not only in coal, but in iron ore ; and the people were very well paid for their labor. That, as for the women's carrying the coal, it was done voluntarily. Where their husbands and fathers labored in the mines, they were allowed to come once a day, at a certain hour, and take as much as they could carry.

From Wolverhampton, we went through a delightful country to Stafford. The parks and grounds of the Marquis of Stafford are beautiful. The country is hilly, but not more so, than to give a fine effect to the landscape. The palace of the Marquis was seen at the



left,—and on the right was a splendid mausoleum, where the bones of many of the family were laid. From Stafford we went to Conglestone, where we spent the night. It was late in the evening before we reached it, and our postillion had something of a fright, by the way. As we were traveling in a solitary place, a suspicious looking man seemed intent on keeping us company. The speed of our horses was quickened, and the fleet animals soon carried us out of the way of apprehended danger.

*May 21st.*—We left Conglestone very early in the morning for Manchester, expecting to take the rail-road from thence to Liverpool. We reached Manchester about noon, after having passed through a cultivated and pleasant country. Here we remained for an hour, at a spacious inn, within the range of two or three large and dirty rooms; where numbers of persons were walking to and fro. At length we were called upon to take our places in a vehicle, which was at the door, ready to carry us to the rail-way. On reaching it, we were driven under an arch which supports the road. At this place we left the carriage that brought us from the hotel, and went to the top of the arch; to take our seats in the car assigned us. And here was a scene of bustle and confusion. Our tickets had been purchased of a sharper; and after reaching the cars, we found that they entitled us only to an inferior place. Fortunately for us, this place was filled. Our gentlemen manifested their sense of the wrong done us, and we were shown to an elegant car, divided, as usual, into three apartments; with seats like those of a coach, for four persons in each;—so that we still traveled by ourselves.

The level of the rail-way being considerably above that part of Manchester where it terminates, it is carried out on an embankment, beginning at the arch before mentioned. The road is thirty-one miles in length, and nearly level the whole way. Very great obstacles were to be overcome in the construction of this rail-way; the most serious of which, was passing over an extensive and deep morass, called Chat Moss; and near Liverpool, through a high hill, composed mostly of free stone. This was effected by digging down through part of the hill

in some places to the depth of fifty or a hundred feet, and tunneling the remainder. This rail-way is now considered as perfect as any, which has been constructed.

At the appointed hour, the cars set off, and the motion soon became fearfully rapid. The fields, the houses, and the trees seemed to fly to the east, as we sped on our westward course, scarcely giving us time to view them as they hurried on. The novelty of the scene would have delighted us, but for the feeling of danger which came strongly over us, as thus we were shot, by the power of steam, along these high embankments. Suddenly there was a terrific whiz, like that of a rocket when first let off; but louder. The first impression was, that something about the engine had gone wrong. We looked for an instant in each other's pale faces, and then at the strange appearance of an object, passing by our side, which seemed to present long horizontal lines of colors, while the whizzing noise grew yet louder. This was the train of cars from Liverpool, passing with the apparent velocity of the two, which was about fifty miles an hour. It was gone in an instant. We had a kind of general vision of the locomotive, and the different cars, but it was impossible to distinguish the persons, or countenances, of those who were in them.

The effect of the perspective, in passing through the deep cut, is remarkable. The rocks on each side, lie in horizontal strata; and as we traced them to a distance, by the gas lights, they would, to an eye at rest, appear to converge to the distant point of sight; but by this unwonted rapidity of motion, these lines seemed every moment opening, and diverging before us.

The cutting down and tunneling of this hill, is a great work, and in appearance, it is far more imposing than the tunnel under the Thames. There, you have round you an artificial stone-work; here, the everlasting rocks, in the position which Nature placed them. Then, this greatly exceeds that in length. It seemed like some vast and darksome cavern. The lights were dim, and our engineer was obliged to proceed with caution, The

train arrived at Liverpool in an hour and a half after its departure.

We found at Liverpool as at Manchester, carriages to convey passengers, free of expense; but we chose rather to take a hackney coach, than to wait for our turn in the Omnibus. After some little trouble in arranging our baggage, none of which we have lost since we left home, we set out for the Waterloo Hotel, where we were furnished with comfortable rooms, and a good dinner—another comfortable thing, after a day's fatigue and fasting.

Our journey from London, though rapid, has been delightful. After leaving Windsor we changed our mode of conveyance from the stage-coach, to the post-chaise. This vehicle may be opened, or closed in front, at the pleasure of the traveller. It contains but one seat within, which will accommodate three persons; besides this, there is a raised seat for the driver. It is now more common for the horses to be conducted by a postillion, who rides one of them; the driver's seat is thus left unoccupied, and we therefore used it, for the accommodation of one of the gentlemen of our party. At one place on our way, a post-chaise was brought us without this convenient appendage, and we were obliged to tax our ingenuity, to supply this deficiency. Accordingly we raised a trunk on one end, in front of the carriage, and this unstable foundation, Miss D—, being the smallest of the party, insisted on taking. She and myself sat vis-a-vis, and found no small merriment in the novelty and singularity of her position.

We would think it an odd thing in America, for people to travel in their own carriage, without having horses of their own; whereas nothing is more common in this country, and also in France. Fresh horses are found at the post towns, which are generally eight or nine miles distant from each other. Those who pursue this method, are not subjected to the inconvenience of shifting their trunks, as we were, with every change of the carriage.

We can add our testimony to that of other travellers, respecting the general excellence of the English inns. Nor have we been annoyed by begging servants; for

knowing the customs in this respect, we took care seasonably to satisfy all reasonable demands,—and we hope to proceed on our whole tour through the British dominions, without hearing the whining voice, or seeing the outstretched hand of any servant. There is no use in performing with a bad grace, what one is obliged by the customs of the country, to do—one only loses temper and friends, without saving money.

It is a little remarkable, that though we have enjoyed pleasant weather through our whole journey, the rain just preceded us, enriching the landscape and giving freshness to the verdure.

Liverpool, we found, as thousands of other Americans have, not very attractive in its external appearance; but being similar to the commercial cities of our country; and so connected with them in business, and in feeling, this city seems on the verge of home,—on the boundary, as it were, between the land of our fathers, and that of their progenitors. The docks of Liverpool, are perhaps the most celebrated of any in the world, and are certainly worthy of all the praise which they have received. The tides in the river Mersey, rise to the height of twenty feet. It is, therefore, necessary to have some means for the lading and unlading of ships, without the very great inconvenience which would be attendant on common wharves.

These docks are large basins, connected with the river by means of gates, similar to the gates of locks on our canals. When the tide reaches the level of the water in the dock, they are thrown open for the admission of vessels. As soon as the tide begins to fall, they are again closed, leaving, of course, a sufficient depth of water in them, to float any vessel that can be admitted. There are also docks into which vessels are received, for repairs. Ships enter them at high tide, and the water is permitted to go out with the tide, leaving them entirely dry. The gates are then closed, and the water shut out, until the repairs are completed.

From Mr. and Mrs. P—, Americans here, and former acquaintances, I received kind and hospitable attentions. My chief object was to learn the state of female educa-

tion, Miss Edgeworth having told me while in London, that she had heard more frequent mention made of certain boarding schools here, than of any other in the country. My friend Mrs. P—, introduced me to the Miss D—'s, in whose school she had a daughter, and by them I was introduced to a Miss H—, who is zealous in the cause of education. With these intelligent and amiable ladies I conversed long. Among the books used in their schools, are those imported from our country, some of which, had made my name previously known to them. With many of their regulations, as they explained them to me, I am highly pleased; but in their general plan I could see defects. They said they were sensible that there was much in the boarding school system, as practised in England, that needed reform; but they had not, they modestly said, the courage to become reformers. They manifested great interest concerning our institution at Troy; and upon my giving them some of the details of our plans of study, and other arrangements, they desired that I would write them out in an article, for the recent periodical on education published in London, of which their uncle, the celebrated Roscoe, was a patron, and would procure it an insertion. We exchanged presents of books, and I left these ladies with regret, and with a feeling of cordial regard.

*Tuesday, May 24th.*—We embarked at nine o'clock in the evening for Glasgow, in the steamboat Ailsa Craig, so named from the very singular rock which she passes, in her trips along the coast of Scotland. This boat had its interior arrangements different from any other which I have ever seen. As you descend the cabin stairs, you enter the dining room which extends across the boat. Beyond, in the stern, is the ladies cabin; and forward of the dining room, two small rooms with six or eight berths in each. In this boat, as in the Lord Melville, there was nothing gaudy, but every thing seemed made for comfort and utility, and was kept in a state of perfect cleanliness.

On returning to our little cabin, Miss D— and myself found comfortable berths reserved for us, as ours had been secured in season; but we were obliged to step

over some ladies who, we were sorry to see, had to sleep on mattresses upon the floor. These, we were told, were noble Scotch dames, who were too late to secure better lodgings. However, they made no querulous complaints, but passed these necessary inconveniences quietly off.

*May 25th.*—On rising, we had a fine view of the Isle of Man on our left,—and in the course of the morning, of the rugged coast of old poetic Scotia.

A judicious friend had given us all a word of caution on our setting out from London, that we should, for the convenience of travelling, take airs of a suitable kind to make us pass for natives of the Island; or, at any rate, if the people should know us for foreigners, to let it be from their own learning, rather than our teaching. In this way we sometimes hear odd remarks concerning our own country. Our captain, when we were at dinner, in speaking of the rapidity of steam-boats, said that the great stories told of the swiftness of the American boats must be false, as it was demonstrable on the principles of hydrostatics, that a steam-boat could not sail more than fourteen miles an hour. The flaw in his demonstration was the quantum of resistance assumed, as the least possible. However, we did not disturb his demonstration, or his facts,—though we knew that we had ourselves sailed over his fourteen mile boundary.

In the course of the afternoon we saw Ailsa Craig, the rock from which our boat was named. It rose abruptly from the water, in the form of a vast dome, to the height of nine hundred feet. As we passed it, the captain caused a small swivel to be fired, to start the sea-fowl from their nests. As soon as the gun was discharged, they rose by thousands, till the dark unwooded rock became almost white. They hovered and fluttered around it for a time, and by degrees some stretched away, and at length settled in the water. Some returned to the rock, and others continued on the wing, until we lost sight of them in the distance.

*May 26th.*—This morning on waking, we found ourselves at Greenock, a fine commercial town, containing

twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and pleasantly situated on the Frith of Clyde. Here we took a tiny steam-boat which was going immediately to Dumbarton, in order to proceed to Glasgow, by way of the lakes. In this we sailed up the Clyde, to Dumbarton. The banks of this stream are very beautiful, being steep, though not precipitous. On its northern side, at some distance from the river, is a range of hills, which descend in irregular slopes to its margin. Its banks are highly cultivated, and stately residences and rural retreats, intermingled with trees, show to advantage, amidst the rich verdure of the shifting landscape, sparkling as we saw them, in the dewy brightness of a delightful morning.

We soon came in sight of Dumbarton Castle, which is upon the top of a high rock, once considered inaccessible, except on the side next to the town; but it was climbed on its steepest part, and taken by surprise from the forces of Queen Mary, for whose falling fortunes, it had held out longer than any other fortress in Scotland. Though it is called a castle, and is still a fortified place, scarce any thing appears but the conical rock, rising abruptly from the water to the height of six hundred and fifty feet,—divided at its top however, by a deep ravine, into two points, above the highest of which waved, red and bright, the royal pennon. The ruins of the castle, which once stood upon this picturesque rock, were those so pathetically sung by Ossian, under its ancient name of Balcluth or Balclutha. But another stage of desolation has now passed. There is now no window where "the fox" may look out, and the stream of the Clutha has returned to its place.

On arriving at the quiet and pleasant village of Dumbarton, we were put ashore in a small boat, manned by a Scotchman and his two sons, who were in waiting. We immediately went to the hotel, where we learned that there was a steam-boat to run that day up Loch Lomond, and back.

This hotel was the first dwelling which we had entered in Scotland, and our breakfast here, the first meal which we had taken. Our bustling landlady, in its preparation, moved her ample figure about the house, with

a step as light, and countenance as cheerful, as if she was preparing it for a party of her brothers and sisters. While we were thus gratified with the friendly disposition manifested within, my son returned from a little excursion in the village, no less delighted with what he had observed without. He called at a store, and enquired for a guide book to the lakes. The young man said he had none, but thought one might be purchased at the house of the pilot. He attempted to direct him thither, but as it was at a considerable distance, and several turns were to be made, my son found a difficulty in understanding clearly, his directions. "You are then a stranger, sir?" "Yes sir." "Well then as such, I consider you have a claim on me," and immediately he locked his store, and went, as a guide to the place, where the books were to be had. Such an instance of good and generous feeling is rarely to be met with in any country; and we all appreciated it accordingly.

After dispatching our cheerful breakfast, we stepped into a comfortable little vehicle provided to carry us to Loch Lomond. It opened at the top, like a landau, and had the queer name of a "noddy." Our good landlady in the very spirit of kindness, (for all bills were paid) helped us by carrying out our cloaks, and other little affairs; and we set off in fine spirits. The one horse which drew our vehicle, was of substantial proportions—a discreet and able-bodied beast, and he carried his load of five, along the beautiful and highly cultivated valley of the Leven, as though he travelled for his own pleasure.

Our road lay along the banks of the pure stream—the outlet of Loch Lomond—in which the poet Smollet was wont "to bathe his youthful limbs." The high old mansion of Dalquhurn, where he was born, and the monument erected to his memory, were pointed out to us, as we passed along the delightful way. Here we enjoyed, with the recollections of Scottish history, and the beauties of cultivated nature, an appearance of quiet, which reminded me strongly of the pleasant valleys of our own country. On an eminence, near the foot of Loch Lomond, the landscape is finely ornamented



with a castle, and its cultivated grounds, belonging, we were told, to Mr. Horrocks. It is a recent building, and its castellated form is, I think, in fine taste to suit the surrounding scenery,—now becoming somewhat more bold.

At the foot of the lake, we were joined by several other persons, who were waiting to be taken on board the boat,—which lay at a short distance, and to which we were all ferried in a common scow.

I was in a humor for conversation, and wished to learn something of the Scots, as well as of Scotland. A grave looking inhabitant who was in the boat, when we entered, showed us some quiet attentions, as we were getting on board. I asked him questions concerning the surrounding objects, to all of which I obtained answers highly satisfactory; and I found that though he was plain in apparel, he was rich in knowledge, especially in the legendary lore of his country;—and as we passed some delightful seats situated on the shore, or on points of land projecting into the lake, he often gave me names, or circumstances, which called up poetical, or historical associations.

Sometimes these local recollections, drew us into the broad field of Scottish history; and here I found him still at home. Mary Queen of Scots, was mentioned,—“And what do you think of her?” said I. He shook his head, and sighed. “Ah! Madam, she was a lovely creature, but she had staid too long in France. Our nobles were high minded, though fierce,—and they could not brook the manners, which she brought from that Court.”

While I was holding this conversation, I was sitting on the side of the boat nearest the western shore, the scenery in that direction being the most beautiful. But as we advanced, a fine bold view was presenting itself on the opposite shore, and I left my seat to enjoy it. Every thing around was inspiring, and as I stood by my friend Mr. D—, I repeated to him some verses from Scott. A gentleman, whose agreeable figure and social countenance had struck us, when we first came on board, advanced a little, as I was speaking, and asked me in an

agreeable voice, after I had finished, if I recollected, Lord Byron's Loch-na-garr. Here was the beginning of a new acquaintance which lasted till we left the boat, and proved a source of much pleasure to our whole party. I told him I did not recollect Lord Byron's Loch-na-garr well enough to repeat it, but said, I should be pleased to hear him. Without any ado he began, and went through the first verse in fine style. On the second he faltered.

"O dear," said he, "why cannot I recollect to repeat a piece, which I have sung a thousand times."

"Well then, sir," said I, "please sing it again"—and in this request I was warmly seconded by my friend Mr. D—.

"Why really that will be an exhibition, I little thought of making—but since a song will give you pleasure, here it is."

Seldom did music find more delighted auditors. It broke forth, a rich, clear, and unexpected strain, in nature's own broad theatre,—amidst her loveliest scenery of mountains, islands, and waters,—and it came in kindness from a cheerful heart. When the song was ended, we manifested our thanks and our pleasure; but told the singer, that with such powers of entertainment, as we found, he possessed, we hoped he would not refuse to be taxed again. "Oh," he said, "he was fond of singing, and we must look out that he did not tire us."

Our party was now occasionally joined by one or two of that of Dr. S—, (for so our new acquaintance was called,) and we went joyfully on our course, amidst the numberless fairy islands which lay scattered around, (Inch Murrin, the largest, only a mile in length) while the most exquisite gratifications which the charms of nature could give to the eye, were heightened by the poetical associations, which the names of the glens and mountains, were ever and anon bringing to our minds,—and they were duly honored, as we passed them, with quotations recited from the Scottish poets, where their names were found,—or perchance sung in the tuneful airs of his native land, by our new acquaintance. For he was a Scotchman, who had settled in England,—and after several years absence he was now returning with de-

light, to visit the home of his childhood. He learned that we were Americans, and enjoyed all our admiration of the Scottish scenery, music, and poetry, and often as we asked him for some favorite Scotch song, repeating perhaps two or three of the first lines, he would say—"and do you know *that*?"

We had passed that portion of the lake, where the high, but sloping hills, now covered with the richest verdure of spring—the fine points of projecting land—the many little islands, with the bright waters gleaming between, give to the whole landscape that exquisite air of beauty, which makes Loch Lomond universally called, the queen of the Scottish lakes. And now Ben Lomond, and the other wild and lofty mountains, on the north, were rising before us,—and the scenery assumed an aspect highly sublime:—it was attractive too, on account of its novelty: the mountains were wholly unwooded, and covered with the low heather, which gave to the nearer ones a tinge of brownish green. The naked heads of these mountains, long beat upon by the storms, and worn by the rains, had assumed a kind of roundness in their form, uncommon with us.

The lake here becomes much narrower, than at the southern part. The similarity of this view, with that of the Highlands, in passing up the North River, has often been remarked by travellers. This resemblance is found in the bold forms of the successive mountains, and the abruptness with which they rise from the water. The American scenery has the advantage in the woods which crown them, and in the craggy appearance of their rocky sides, but the Scottish in their superior height—Ben Lomond, towering four thousand feet above the water, which is more than double that of the highest mountain on the Hudson. These mountains, too, greatly exceed the Highlands in number, and in the wildness and variety of their general aspect.

Passing along the foot of the majestic Ben Lomond, we stopped for a short time, some of our party having a curiosity to visit Rob Roy's Cave. The shore is here so bold, that our younger travellers passed to a little projection upon it, on a plank, laid from the boat, as at

a wharf. Looking at the entrance of the cavern from the boat, there seemed but a short distance to ascend; but our exploring party, found the ascent more tedious than it appeared. They described the cave as admirably adapted to the purposes of concealment.

We also called in our upward passage, at the starting point for Loch Katrine, to give information that we should, on our return, need some ponies to make that excursion.

Soon after we descended to a small cabin, where we partook of a plain, but neatly prepared dinner. Having now reached the head of the lake, we stopped for a few moments only,—and at three o'clock, we had retraced the way to our point of landing. Here we exchanged cordial adieus with Dr. S—. Before we parted, he spoke to me in rather a low tone of voice, and said he had a question which he much wished to ask me, and hoped I would not regard it as impertinent, but he wanted to know, as a plain matter of fact, whether the American women were generally, as well versed in Scottish literature, as I was. Said he, “our Scottish women don’t know half as much about our poets.” I told him that the American women, were generally well read in the Scottish writers, and many of them much better than I. I could have told him, that though I knew not, how it might be with respect to Scottish ladies, I had become very well convinced, that the English writers were by no means so well understood by the generality of their own country women, as they are by ours,—while at the same time, an egregious ignorance of whatever concerns us, prevails among them.

When on shore, we found that but one poney was in readiness. The people however, advised us to proceed, assuring us that another should soon overtake us.

With this little old grey animal, which seemed more fit to be carried, than to carry, (Miss D— and I, to ride alternately, till the other came up,) we set forward to climb the long, and steep ascent before us; on which the western sun was now throwing his direct and unobstructed beams. Our guide took upon his shoulders, the small portion of our luggage, which we had brought from

Greenock, the principal part having been sent from thence direct to Edinburgh. The hill was toilsome, but our hearts were light,—and we found much diversion in the figure cut by the rider. We had reached its top, and the worst part of our way was past, when the other pony with its odd fashioned side saddle, rode by a lad of about twelve, made its appearance. Little Sawney dismounted, and I took his place—he, thenceforward trotting along by my side, for the purpose of taking back the ponies. I thought as we rode along these heights, winding through hill and dale, that I never felt an air of so agreeable a temperature, or breathed one so invigorating. It seemed as if we inhaled with it, the very spirit of life and enjoyment.

The hills were barren and heath-covered, but the mountains around, rose in fantastic shapes, and dashing from them, came many a pure stream into the dales below. Upon their grassy banks, flocks of sheep, with their frisking lambs were pasturing, and a few rude cottages were scattered along the way. I derived much diversion for myself and my friends, from an occasional dialogue with our little dirty Scotch boy, whose yellow elf-locks pointed in all directions from his head. He had a brogue like the Irish—a monotony through his sentences,—then a running up, and sudden fall of the voice at the close, which it was difficult to hear without laughing. Coming in sight of the few ruins, which remain of the old castle of Inversnaid, I asked him, “what is that, my lad?” He said, “and it is the castle of Anver-sna-ede.” “And who lives there?” I asked him, pointing to two cottages at a distance. “And it is Donald McDonald, and Allen McGregor,” whirring all the r’s, with his comical cadence on the last word.

In this neighborhood we stopped a few moments at a hut, where some of the relations of Rob Roy McGregor resided, and where, during his concealment at the cave, dwelt his spouse, the redoubtable Helen. At our summons, a long, large, and rusty fowling piece, the identical weapon used by Rob Roy himself—was brought forth by a tall, lank, old woman, in shape something like the gun she held in her hands. She immediately began with

volatility, and in very broad Scotch, to relate divers particulars of Rob Roy and Helen,—and amongst the rest, by what mischance it was, that Helen, who valued her character, was obliged to make known that her husband was concealed in the neighborhood. One of the young Rob Roy's, probably saw the light soon after.

At length we began to descend. Loch Katrine, with its surrounding mountains, was full in our view, and we soon dismounted on its banks, having cheerily made our over-land journey, of five long Scottish miles. Here was a hut more respectable in its appearance, than any we had seen in our way from Loch Lomond. Miss D— and myself entered it, while the barge was preparing, which was to convey us over the lake,—but we found it dark, having scarcely a window, and intolerably dirty. Here were a couple of very old persons, who spoke in the Gaelic, and could not utter a word of English; and who by the cold looks they threw upon us, it would seem, still retain their prejudice against the Lowland tongue.

Our sail across the lake had not so much of pomp, as that of Roderic Dhu; but we were reminded of his clansmen, and their skill at the oar, by the two handsome young Scotchmen in their plaids, who rowed us swiftly along. At first we were a little disappointed in the scenery of this lake; but as it turned, and the mountains around grew more abrupt, their sides gradually becoming wooded, we found it delightful,—finely blending the sublime and the beautiful. The trees at first were small, but appeared larger, as we approached the eastern extremity of the lake. There was one species of a delicate green, with long pensive twigs depending from the branches,—a graceful tree which, at first, I took for the weeping willow,—but observing some points of difference, I was led to inquire,—and learnt that it was the birch, called in the Scottish dialect, the birk.

Our boatmen, though chary of their conversation, yet in answer to our enquiries, gave us the names of the mountains which were towering high around us; and when they told us that such an one was Ben-Voirlich, such Ben-An, and such Ben-Venue, they seemed to grow

somewhat higher with the sound. When we came to the spot where Fitz James lost his charger, our boatmen found their tongues, and told us the whole story, as if the horse had been a real beast.

The present proprietor of these grounds has made improvements upon them, and has erected a rustic lodge upon Ellen's Island, after the model of that described by Sir Walter Scott. The charming shores of this island, with all the witching scenery around, (not more beautifully, than justly described by Scott,) were never seen in finer lights, nor at a more lovely season.

The sun was an hour high when we landed on the island, within the little bay from which Ellen had shot her skiff, at the supposed cull of her father's bugle. We wound up the little path, by which she had conducted Fitz James,—the way overshadowed with tress, and fragrant from the innumerable blossoms of the hare-bell,—the modest flower with which she had carelessly decked her hair, to soothe old Allan Bane, when the mournful wailing, came all unbidden from his harp. At length we reached the rustic lodge, around whose walls were hung the trophies of war, and of the chase; and here we saw what perchance, no other travellers ever have. James Douglas, and his daughter Ellen,—in bodily presence; the real Douglasses of the Bleeding Heart,—alive and well, and happy;—as affectionate a father and daughter, as ever hath been said or sung,—in prose or verse. They went with us when we went; embarked with us when we embarked, yet was our party no whit increased.

We had remained about half an hour on this fairy island, and we had yet to be rowed a mile over the lake, before we reached the Trosach's glen, where we landed. Along this way, and viewed from this spot, the scenery was more exquisite, than any thing else I have ever beheld. It owed its magic in part to the mountains, wild and high, and singular in form, and beautifully wooded,—sometimes advancing into the lake, and then receding to give place to its little bays,—and partly to the witching light, in which we beheld them. The sun, surrounded by a few beautiful clouds, was now concealed from view by the top of a high mountain; but a rosy light was rest-

ing on the summits of others whose base was shaded, while occasional lines of light shot between, and glittered upon the glassy bosom of the lake.

We had a mile and a quarter to walk, before reaching our destined place of repose. Yet I lingered on this spot, and turned again and again, to enjoy its loveliness. At length our road wound past an intervening hill, and we bade Loch Katrine a reluctant adieu.

Although we had travelled long and far, and seen much this day, yet so exhilarating had been the air, and so cheering the prospect, that our spirits were never better,—and there was that evening, leaping as well as walking along the Trosach's glen, and amusement was found in every novel object,—in the myriads of black snails; one of which had stretched its slimy length on almost every stone which lay along our way,—as well as in the narrow mountain pass, sometimes cut through rock—and the many spire-like mountains from which the Trosachs—signifying the “bristled region,” derives its name.

At length we reached our inn, which is pleasantly situated, with the lovely Loch Achray full in view from its front windows. Here every thing was made as pleasant to us as we could wish, by the attentions of the people of the house, and only one circumstance occurred to annoy us.

When we first arrived, we were shown into what, we supposed, was the public sitting room. We remained there until after tea, which we took about 9 o'clock—and by day light,—when some of our party, who happened to be in the room, were informed by two ladies, apparently English travelers, that they considered the room as exclusively theirs, for the night. We gave it up without contest, but not without manifesting some disapprobation of the rudeness of these pretenders;—however, we were soon settled by our obliging host, in an apartment which was perfectly neat, (as every thing was about this house,) and fascinated by the scenery, we walked forth, and enjoyed for half an hour, a view by the yet charming twilight, before seeking our repose.

*May 27th.*—Early this morning we were greeted by



the sound of the Scottish bagpipe, which, coming across the waters of the little Loch Achray, had a very fine effect ; its harsh sound being mellowed by the distance.

When the vehicle which we had chartered to carry us to Callendar, came to the door, we found that it was a kind of cart, hung upon springs, with seats for four persons, who were placed two on each side, vis-a-vis,—and also a seat for a driver—the whole drawn by one horse.

The scenery along our way, had still a wild romantic character ; and the places we saw, were those around which a spell has been cast by the genius of Scott.

“ Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There ridge, on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
Ever the hollow path twined on,  
Beneath steep bank and threat’ning stone.”

Benledi is 3000 feet high. We passed along this way, and marked that,

“ The rugged mountain’s scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak—  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept steep and still  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill.”

This character of scenery continues “ as far as Coilantogle ford”—but the vale of Callendar beyond, is narrow, fertile, and pleasant. I prevailed on our driver to give us two or three specimens of Gaelic songs. Their sound was monotonous, and unmusical—more in the wailing, than cheerful strain.

Callendar is beautifully situated on the Teith. We paid a visit to the Roman intrenchments, which are some of the most ancient fortifications in Great Britain. Here is a semi-circular mound, rising from ten to twelve feet above the level of the plain, and crowned with a growth of large trees. It embraces an area of several acres. As there is no evidence that the Romans ever penetrated beyond the Grampian hills, it is supposed that it was on this spot, that they received a check from the gallant

Caledonians, who well knew how to guard the passes of their mountains.

As we passed along the main streets of Callendar, to visit the encampment, I made acquaintance with some children, who were very ready to go with us, and show us the object of our search. These little Highlanders seemed intelligent and kind hearted.

We departed in a post-chaise for Stirling. On our route, we left, for a time, the main road, to pass through the parks and grounds of Sir Evan Murray McGregor, which were finely situated on the banks of the Teith, and kept in excellent order.

Near Stirling there were extensive improvements going on in the draining of a large marsh.

We reached Stirling at about one o'clock. It is a very old town, situated on the side of a steep hill. Immediately after taking our dinner we set out for the castle, which is one of the most interesting spots in Scotland, both from its historical associations, and because it commands a view of an extensive and beautiful country.

The valley of the Forth, seen from this spot, reminds one of the Connecticut, as viewed from Mount Holyoke. The former is not so broad, nor the river so large, but it far exceeds the Connecticut in the beauty of its everturning and winding course. Its waters sparkle like a perpetual wave of light, amidst the rich verdure of their banks. Sometimes it goes far off from its onward way, and then back upon its source; and then returning, makes its convolutions on the other side—as if the stream was delighted with his meadows, and determined not to quit them. Villages too are in the prospect—lordly dwellings with their cultivated grounds, and ancient, venerable edifices—among which the ruins of old Cambus-Kenneth Abbey, are the most remarkable.

There are many fields of fame in sight, which will long be celebrated in the Scottish annals; and regarded by travelers as interesting mementos of the brave men, who fell upon them, and of the political changes consequent upon the battles here fought. To the North West, we see Sheriff Muir, where there was a bloody battle during the rebellion of 1745.—To the South East is Falkirk,

where the Scots were defeated by Edward I. of England.—Almost under the walls of the castle another battle was fought by the English with the Scots under Wallace.—But the most remarkable is the field of Bannockburn, where the Scots who had bled with Wallace, under Bruce freed themselves from the English yoke.

The castle is considered inaccessible except from the side towards the town. It is at present garrisoned by a part of a regiment of Highlanders, wearing the national costume—the tartan and the kilt. One of them, a very intelligent young man, accompanied us round the castle, and gave us considerable local information. We were shown Park Drummond, the former residence of Lord Kames, which is delightfully situated on a side-hill not far from Stirling. The town of Alloway is to be seen from here, a distance of only six miles in a direct line; yet the river Forth winds through twenty-four miles to reach it.

After having remained at the castle as long as our time would permit, we turned our steps towards a very venerable church just below. We viewed its interior, and then passed into the burial ground adjoining. There were many ancient monuments here, which had interesting events associated with them, as has every thing, old or important, in this vicinity. We perceived the marks of a recent funeral. The sexton was yet employed about the grave, and a few persons who had attended, were here and there, looking at a grave-stone. Two men among them, it might be of sixty, of that aspect which becomes pious deacons of the church, seemed, as I thought, to linger somewhat longer than the others, from a curiosity which the appearance of our party had excited. So there was among us that certain drawing near to each other, which occurs where there is a mutual desire to be sociable. These good and friendly men (for so I doubt not they were) reminded me strongly of New England fathers. They gave us sundry articles of good advice, and by their direction, we descended the hill by a shaded and solitary walk, which led us winding gently down, along its steep and grassy margin.

From Stirling we took a post chaise for Glasgow. On

our way we stopped for a short time on the field of Bannockburn, and examined the spot, where it is said that the standard of Bruce was planted during the engagement. It is a cavity a few inches deep, on a rock at the road side. We took a few pebbles from it as a memento.

*May 28th.*—We arrived at Glasgow last evening—and this morning, Mr. D—, who was formerly for some years a resident in the city, went out to call upon his friends—which produced some civilities to his daughter and myself—and we accepted a cordial invitation for an evening visit.

In the mean time, we purchased a plan of the city, preparatory to taking a drive to see it. I was struck with the similarity of its situation to Paris and London, in respect to the course of the three rivers, on which these cities are built,—all making a sweep towards the north, and again bending to the south. The course of the Thames is, however, opposite to that of the Seine and the Clyde.

This city is rapidly improving, as appears from the large number of new houses, and from the building now going on. A number of steam-boats are constantly plying from it, to different parts of the kingdom; and also several canals centre here, which give it important commercial advantages, by means of this inland navigation. But Glasgow is chiefly known as a manufacturing place. It has many facilities for carrying on extensive manufactories, especially in the abundant supply of coal from its vicinity; and these facilities are all employed by its enterprising citizens. It is the largest town in Scotland, and contains about 200,000 inhabitants. The bustle of business, and the appearance of the shops reminded us of London and Liverpool—especially as we passed along the principal thorough-fare, which is Trongate and Argyle streets. The houses here, are generally four or five stories high. They are built of stone, which is supplied in abundance by quarries, found within the city.

We were very hospitably received in the evening by our new acquaintances, who did every thing in their power to render our visit agreeable. The interior of the house was finished differently from any other which

I have ever seen. In place of paper-hangings, or hard-finish, the walls were painted in imitation of oak, and representing a pannel-work of small right-angled triangles.

I had long been desirous to see the process of calico printing, and Mr. D.—, by means of his friends, procured us permission to visit one of the establishments. On arriving at the place we did not find the proprietor, but the paper we brought, procured us every possible attention, from the person who had the charge in his absence. We were first shown the place where the dyeing was carried on. Here we saw the dyes in all the different states. Next was exhibited the manner in which the cloth was cleared from the down and loose threads, which would, unless removed, destroy the smoothness, and high-finish, which is imparted to it in their subsequent operations. This process, which is called calendaring, is performed by passing the cloth, with great rapidity, over an iron cylinder, heated to redness. Both sides of the cloth are thus singed, when it is considered fit to be dyed or stamped.

After looking over this part of the works, we were taken to the printing room. The calico is either printed with rollers, or stamps. Where there is but one color to be put on, and the figure is not complex, it is done with copper rollers. These rollers are engraved with the figure which is designed to be printed on the cloth. When a roller is wanted for use, it is put into a frame made for it, with another roller under it, to facilitate the passage of the cloth. When in operation, it is supplied with the coloring, from a reservoir, which is just above it; and only gives off enough to make a clear impression.

If there are a variety of colors to be put upon the cloth, it is done by means of stamps. These stamps, I judged to be about ten inches long, by six wide, with the figures on them raised, instead of being depressed, as in copper. The workman has a shallow pan of coloring matter standing near him, which is constantly agitated by a child, to keep it of a proper consistency. He uses the stamp by dipping it carefully into the dye, and after having

placed it exactly as he wishes upon the cloth, he strikes it down with an instrument made for the purpose. When he wishes to have more than one color, brown and yellow for instance, he has his stamps made, so that one of them shall make an impression of the brown part of his figure only, and the other the yellow. If there are more than two colors, the process is precisely the same—the number of stamps always corresponding with the number of colors employed.

After stamping, there is still another process to be gone through with, before the cloths are ready to be packed—which is that of fixing the colors, by means of a liquid mordant. After the cloths are dried, measured and packed for market, they are sent to almost every part of the world—many to our own country. In this establishment, the moving power is steam.

Besides the operations already mentioned, all the rollers are engraved here. Persons are constantly employed in designing new patterns. If they are so fortunate as to hit upon one which pleases generally, they make a large sum by it, while they lose on those, which do not happen to take.

This establishment is situated on the opposite side of the river from the town, as is also the case with quite a number of large manufactories.

The public buildings of Glasgow are respectable, but not generally elegant. A new reading room may, however be excepted, and there is one building here, which ranks among the finest in Scotland. This is the Cathedral, which is indeed, the only relic of the religious edifices of former days, that has wholly escaped the pious rage of the reformers. It is a venerable pile of the Gothic order, 320 feet long, 60 wide, and 90 from the ground to the top of the wall. It is ornamented with a majestic spire of exquisite proportions.\* This edifice was begun in 1136; but was not completed at the time when the presbyterian religion was here established. Ac-

\* By using the term Gothic, I do not mean to enter into the discussion whether the pointed style of architecture is most properly called the Gothic, or the old English. I merely use this term, because I think it will be, generally, better understood.

cording to its original design, it was to have been built in the form of a cross, but the transepts were not extended to their proper dimensions. The site of the Cathedral is high and commanding. Its interior has two divisions, enclosed and finished in a more modern style, to accommodate two worshipping assemblies ; but a large space still remains, where are monuments and tablets inscribed to the illustrious dead.

After having made a very rapid survey of some of the principal objects in Glasgow, we took our departure for Edinburgh, by way of Lanark. We continued on, or near the banks of the Clyde, for a considerable time after leaving this city.

About six miles from Glasgow, we drove through the delightful grounds of Lord Douglas, to visit a majestic and interesting ruin on his domains. It is two hundred and fifty feet in length, and one hundred in breadth,—and here the roofless walls of old Bothwell Castle, where once the Stewarts, the Douglasses, and the Hepburns, spread the feast, and listened to the minstrel,—rise, yet proud in desolation, amidst a landscape lovely as the poet's brightest vision. The Clyde, by a fine bend, surrounds the Castle on two sides ; but its waters flow many feet beneath ; and its banks, though verdant and sloping, are yet steep. That opposite the Castle, is thickly wooded with beautiful trees. Above these, and surmounting a high and almost perpendicular cliff, rises the ruins of the ancient Priory of Blantyre—so near, that according to Sir Walter Scott,

“ When Blantyre hymned its holiest lays,  
Then Bothwell's bards flung back the praise.”

No object disagreeable to the sight, or unpleasant to the tread, can here be found. All around the ruin—and even within it—where warriors once trode its oaken floors, is now spread a soft carpet of fine thick grass.

On the side of the Castle opposite to the river, are extensive lawns, where in some places we may see lone and stately trees ; in others, clusters of those more light and graceful ; while blossoms of every hue, were shedding their fragrance from the many shrubs, scattered promiscuously around, or shading the gravel walks. These,

however, are more frequently found near the residence of the proprietor, at some little distance from the ruin. Of this, I made a sketch, wishing to preserve some memento of a scene, which had so delighted me. It is built of red sand-stone, in appearance plain, but elegant, composed of two principal stories, and an attic. On the lower story, there are four windows on each side the front door, and of course nine on each story above.

We lingered in these shades, and I gathered some specimens from rare shrubs. One which I thought so, was at a little distance from me. It rose to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and was covered with a profusion of thick white blossoms. I approached it, and found it to be an old favorite of my native walks. It grew lowly there,—but here, as if by keeping lordly company, it was so lifted up in the world, that at first I did not recognize my old acquaintance. It was the elder, cultivated as an ornamental shrub, and I then recollected to have seen it on other ornamented grounds. I should not think, however, that cultivation could have made all this difference in its appearance, but that it must have been another species. The woody parts seemed firmer, and more branching,—the leaves thicker and smaller.\*

We passed Bothwell bridge, so well known in Scottish story, as Bothwell brig, where the bloody encounter took place between the covenanters, and the troops under Grahame of Claverhouse. A few miles beyond, we stopped at a snug inn, in the little town of Hamilton. Here we made acquaintance with our landlord, a portly and sensible man, who proffered his services to conduct us in a walk, of perhaps three quarters of a mile, to visit the palace and grounds of the Duke of Hamilton.

Broad and level lawns, with here and there a majestic tree, present a quiet scene of rural beauty; but neither in point of natural situation, or of fine remnants of antiquity,—can these grounds bear any comparison with those of Lord Douglas. But the palace itself is admira-

\* I think the botanical description of the *Sambucus nigra*, applies to this shrub, called here the elder-tree,—but it seems a singular effect of cultivation, that while the woody parts greatly increase in size, and become more branching; the cyme and leaflets should become smaller. It may be of the variety *lacinata*.



ble, and is, I believe, generally considered the most magnificent residence in Scotland. It is composed of two parts, the one old, the other new, and scarcely yet completed. The front of the building is of white marble, two hundred and sixty-three feet in length, and rising through a basement story—a lofty central one—and an attic—to the height of sixty feet. A flight of steps which reaches to the principal story, and stands forth in bold relief—leads to a noble portico, where twelve Corinthian pillars in two tiers, each pillar composed of a single stone, are elevated through the whole height of the building, and ornamented by a beautiful pediment, on the centre of which is sculptured the arms of the family. Passing round to the rear of this splendid edifice, we perceived what perhaps might have been two long wings of the old building, at right angles to the new, and connected with it, though not at the ends; and enclosing, in an area opening on one side, a beautiful portion of the lawn.

On our return to the inn, wishing to know a little the opinion of the Scottish people, in reference to the state of political affairs, I asked our landlord some questions, touching late disturbances in Edinburgh, in the matter of the election. I found him full of the old Scotch spirit of independence. He said that they were premeditated, and made for the purpose of convincing the English government, of the falsity of representations given by certain political men, that the Scottish people were indifferent to the passage of the reform bill, or unfriendly to it. The Duke of Hamilton, I am told, is liberal in his political sentiments, and a friend to the interests of the people. When those who are not high-born, advocate such views, they are but supposed to plead their own cause. High-birth in such a case, is truly an advantage—giving a man an opportunity of proving to the world, that he possesses the higher attributes of justice and benevolence.

Approaching the carriage to resume our seats, we were diverted to hear our coachman scolding in Scotch at a clown, with whom he had left his horses, for failing to block the wheels. Said he—"why dinna ye pit a stane?—Ye're aye lukin up."

Our way continued through the beautiful valley of the

Clyde. The residence of Mr. Lockhart was pointed out to us; one of the many pleasant seats which we saw. Just at evening we came to the falls of Stonebyres, and clambered down a rugged path, to get as good a view of them, as the twilight hour would permit. But the stream seemed narrow, and the fall less grand, than we had expected. We did not arrive at Lanark, until the evening had fairly closed in.

*May 29th.*—We visited early in the morning, the village of New Lanark, formerly the property of Robert Owen. The whole village consists of manufactories, chiefly for cotton thread, with dwellings for the workmen, and a school house. Every thing here, has the appearance of comfort and neatness. We were shown through the factories, by a person who appeared to be one of the principal clerks, and by whom we were treated with much civility.

From the factory we went to the school room, where our conductor showed us maps and charts, and other apparatus, used in the plan of education here pursued. The children are taken quite young, and placed a part of their time in the factory, and a part in the school. Here they are instructed in the different branches of a common English education, and also in botany, music, and dancing. There certainly appears to be much to admire in the regulations here, which combine profitable industry, with physical and mental improvement. I conversed with our conductor, and others, respecting Owen, and found that his present sentiments, particularly as opposed to the christian religion, are unpopular, and his late conduct much censured.

We proceeded next to visit the upper falls of the Clyde. A part of our route was performed on foot. The heat was somewhat oppressive, and we gladly reached the little temple, which the tasteful and benevolent proprietor, has erected on an eminence overlooking Corra Linn, the finest of these falls,—and as I reposed in this little temple, and looked beneath and around, the full feeling of admiration rose in my soul. It is a scene of picturesque beauty,—with much of wildness and sublimity; the white foam of the water dashing down three:

unequal leaps, is before you ; and around dark rocks, fantastically grouped, rise wild and high,—and tangled woods are growing between, or above them. On a bold rock above the falls, is the ruins of the ancient castle of Corra. Smitten with the majesty of nature—cooled by the breezes from the woods around—lulled by the solemn music of the waterfall—the hour which I passed on this spot, was delicious. I neither wished to speak, or move—I neither cared to examine the common place books, or view the mimic falls in the mirror which hung above. I wished to commune here with my own spirit, with nature, and with God.

I was unwillingly drawn away to visit other scenes,—but the charm which would have bound me here being broken, I found the next views which presented themselves, highly interesting ; and I enjoyed them with a feeling less intense, but more social. Our walk lay along the wooded margin of the Clyde, and continued nearly a mile before we reached its main object, which was the falls of Bonnington ; but something new, or wild, or singular, met us at every turn. Here the rapid stream, compressed between high perpendicular banks of rock,—and there a curious cave ;—here a rude seat by our nicely cleared foot path,—and there a marble basin, carved in the form of a shell to receive the cool clear waters of a spring, while a little cup, depending from an overhanging bough, invited us to stop, and quench our thirst.

Bonnington, is the upper fall of the series, which continues about five miles to Stonebyres. The Clyde falls here, not more than thirty feet ; but every object in the scenery around, has the picturesque grandeur of primeval wildness, though in a less degree than at Corra Linn.

Having viewed these falls, we retraced the charming foot way, by which we had approached them. Recent improvements appeared to me to have been made, not by intruding in these poetical haunts of nature, paltry works of art,—but by removing every disagreeable object which might annoy the eye, or the foot of the visitor,—and where in some cases nature seems to have intended to produce a certain effect,—as a cavern, or a plain—

ant seat by the way side,—art had aided her to complete her design.

In pursuing our way from Lanark to Edinburg, we found few objects, to gratify either taste or curiosity. Having little to take up our attention in the present, we had leisure to look back, and enjoy the past. We congratulated each other on having seen, under the most favorable auspices, the finest scenery in Scotland. The heavens had been propitious—the weather having been brilliantly fine,—the earth had smiled forth in all the gay and delicate tints of spring :—this was the season too of the singing of birds—and many a little warbler of the wood became familiar to the strangers, by its song and its note. Among these birds was the mavis, which we particularly admired. It was pleasant too, as we wandered along the hills, among the banks and braes of the streams,—to distinguish the hare bell, the heath flower, the gowan,—and many a blossom, whose name Scottish poetry had made familiar to our ears.

Yet for the bonnie lasses o' Scotland so lauded by their poets, I would they had been cleaner. As we pass the dwellings of the Scotch peasantry, we should be led to suppose that they were not only far less neat, but less industrious, than the English. It would seem to be a kind of custom for aged persons of both sexes, to place themselves conspicuously at the fronts of the houses, with no other occupation than to gaze at the passing stranger—not reflecting that they give him a sorry specimen, of the inhabitants of their country.

We reached Edinburg at eight in the evening, and took lodgings at Simpson's hotel in Queen street, a delightful location in the new city.



## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

EDINBURGH, June 2d, 1831.

DEAR SISTER :

To-morrow I leave Edinburgh—I might say, tear myself away from it,—for I am completely fascinated by its wild and wonderful scenery, and with the general tone of society which I have met here,—combining the heart's warmth in all its best affections, with high intelligence, and wit, and shrewdness, in all common affairs. Then too, there are so many associations, almost as familiar as the home of my infancy, connected with the various objects, which every where present themselves to my view. The very graves of some of the fathers of my mind, who here repose, awaken feelings which I have never experienced on similar occasions,—except it might have been in visiting the tomb of Washington,—and convince me of what I have never thought of before, that I cherish a more intimate affection for the Scottish, than the English writers, though not a livelier admiration. I do not refer so much to the living, as the dead,—nor to the authors of our sex, as of the other.

I have taken some pains to trace this difference of feeling to its source : and think it proceeds from the different treatment, which women have received from these writers.

I perceive also, the same difference in this respect, in the living manners of these two countries. It is true that I have been but a short time on the Island,—but a sensitive eye, quickly distinguishes between darkness and light—a sensitive palate, between sour and sweet. Englishmen are afraid women will know too much, and consider that the perfection of our nature is to amuse them, or to do menial services for their convenience;—but for us to claim to be something in, and of ourselves,—to think we have higher moral obligations than those we owe to their sex,—to assert our equal right to intellectual cultivation;—this is all very shocking to an Englishman. There is a certain something in his manner when he addresses you, which makes you feel that you are a lady,

accosted by a gentleman,—a woman, spoken to by a man—one of nature's lords. In Scotland, when men converse with you, you are permitted to feel that you are a human being, in communion with those of your own kind.

The subject of public schools for our sex, seems here, as in France and England, to have failed of exciting that attention which its importance demands, and which might have been expected in these times, when reforms of so many kinds are thought of. Though the faults of boarding school education,—the flippant manners, and shallow learning of a boarding school Miss,—have long been bye words; yet nothing appears but that these things are considered evils, equally necessary with faults of the climate.

On enquiring for improvements in education, I was advised by all means, to visit Mr. Wood's sessional school for boys. Accordingly I took a carriage and went, accompanied by a gentleman of my acquaintance; but the only satisfaction I received from my visit, was in the agreeable conversation of my companion; and a little touch of Scotch independence, which gratified my republican feelings. As our carriage stopped at the school house, a person, whom I supposed to have been Mr. Wood himself, came to the door. The gentleman who conducted me, alighted, and spoke for a moment, but in so low a tone, that I could not understand his words. The reply was, "I regret sir, that I must be obliged to refuse your request, but we have of late had so many visitors, as to impede the progress of our pupils; and have therefore, been obliged to deny all similar applications, except on public days, for seeing company. I have this morning refused the Duchess of Gordon, who has just left here." "But," said my attendant, "Mrs. Willard's claims are superior to the Duchess of Gordon's; she can come again."

I shall not be able with all my endeavors, to see half the bewitching scenery about this city, nor half the objects, interesting from poetical or historical associations—though you may judge that I am very industrious, when I tell you that I enjoyed a sunrise view of Edinburgh

from the castle, having walked there this morning, from our delightful location in Queen street.

I was accompanied by Mr. B—, who together with his wife, have long been the intimate acquaintances of Mr. D—. I feel my heart warmed to these excellent people. They seem to have wit and wisdom—withal that wisdom which comes from above—and to be abundant in that faith which works by love, and shows itself in unaffected kindness. The attachment of this couple is very manifest, though they rally each other with a great deal of humor. Perhaps I relished this the more, for a reasonable mixture of that dialect, to which the Magician of the North has imparted a charm, by making it a medium for the noble and pathetic sentiments of Jeanie Deans, and the wit of Edie Ochiltree. They have but one child—a pretty girl of twelve—who attends the school of the Miss W—'s, said to be one of the first for young ladies in the city.

This afternoon Miss I—, (who has been introduced to us by Mrs. B—) Miss D—, and myself, prepared for an excursion to Leith. We called on our way at Mrs. B—'s. She had an indispensable engagement at home, and we invited her little daughter, to take the vacant seat in our carriage. The mother carefully prepared her to accompany us—looked after her with eyes full of tenderness—and just as we were about to drive from the door, she said to Miss I—, “Bring me back me bairn.”

Our route lay northerly through Leith Walk—a broad and level street—often presenting us with beautiful, or interesting objects,—and at its termination, the expanse of the Frith of Forth. On our return we took a circuitous route, which led us over a beautiful hill, where we enjoyed a magnificent prospect of Edinburgh.

There is a witchery about the views of this city, which I think arises chiefly from this circumstance—that the fine objects which compose it, entirely change their aspect with the points in which you behold them—and thus the charm of perpetual novelty is kept up. The principal objects too, unlike the scenery of other cities might be represented, in a picture, as the hills in a rural landscape, taking large masses of light and shade,—and



they are wild, and singular, and remarkably contrasted with each other.

At a bird's eye view, you would have the New City situated on a sloping eminence, rising abruptly from the north. The houses here are built of a fine light stone, and so put together, in straight or circular ranges, as to resemble a collection of palaces. Interspersed with these, are extensive and delightful grounds, laid out in the garden style, with trees of various kinds, flowering plants, and shrubs, tastefully disposed in knots, or skirting walks of gravel.

This city of palaces and gardens continues, until towards the south, it terminates in what was once the bed of a lake, and it now bears the appellation of the North Loch—but garden plants grow green where the waters once stood. Towards the west, it is crossed by a broad earthen mound, and towards the east by a bridge.

On the southern side of the North Loch, rise boldly up, the dark-looking, twelve-story houses of the old town,—and a little to the south-west, in perpendicular masses to the height of three hundred feet, the castle rock—once a lofty promontory in the lake. About a mile to the north-east of this, towers the bold eminence Calton Hill crowned with the Observatory, and with monuments to the illustrious dead.

There is still another equally large portion of the city, extending in a direction southerly from the old town, and entirely different in its general appearance, both from that, and the new. This is, as you view it from the castle, a delightful portion of the landscape,—there are here beautiful streets, and fine public buildings, among which, Herriot's hospital most distinctly impressed itself upon my memory.

From Calton hill, you descend towards the east, into a deep romantic valley, on the other side of which, Salisbury Craig rises wild and high. It was in this valley that the Scottish kings, "kept court in Holyrood." Beyond Salisbury Craig, and a deep intervening valley, towers up more majestically, the singular mountain called "Arthur's seat," which throws its bold outline over the sky, and closes the prospect in that direction.

But in the north you have, in fine contrast with these singular objects, the broad Frith of Forth, stretching away and opening into the Northern Ocean,—and beyond, blue in the distance, the hills of Fife.

Now you can easily conceive, that the grand objects which make up the *tout ensemble* of this prospect, must forever seem shifting their relative positions as you change your own; while new varieties are imparted by the changes of light and shade. The tops of the hills are at morning and evening lighted with the sun, when all beneath is shade; and the shadows of the clouds are often seen to move, amidst sunshine, over the sides of Salisbury Craig, and Arthur's seat. The inhabitants of Edinburgh seem to appreciate these peculiarities of their prospect, and say that frequently they find some spot where the whole landscape assumes an appearance new, even to them. My first view of Edinburgh from the Castle, was a sun-rise view;—my first from Calton Hill, was during a delightful walk near the close of the day. On my return from Leith, the sun-light was occasionally interrupted by the shadows of clouds moving across the scene, and rendering its beauties still more picturesque.

Among other interesting objects which we passed on this drive, was the Manufactory of oil Gas, built in the form of a Moorish Castle, and planned by the taste of Sir Walter Scott, the proprietor having a laudable desire to adorn the commanding eminence on which it stands. But it is said that the project has much better answered the purposes of beauty, than utility. We passed also the fine botanical garden, and was sorry that the lateness of the hour prevented our entering the grounds. Miss I—told me that her father, who is a physician, said (in speaking of the progress of refinement here,) that the first name given to the garden, was the Doctor's Yard. I have been much pleased with the sprightliness and intelligence of this lady's conversation, as well as with the kindness and frankness, of her manner. The general strain of her discourse, both as to style and sentiment, seemed of a piece, with the compositions of the Scotch writers, on the subjects in question; and was

evidence to me, that she had held communion with them, through their books, or in social life.

From the little opportunity I have had of judging of the interior of things here, I can see no marked differences in the Scottish mode of living, and the English, (and I might add with a few exceptions, the American too)—there seems to be the same general style of apartments, and furniture.

There is however one arrangement which bears more resemblance to the French, than to the English mode. In some of the large houses, the different stories are divided into what are called flats, each flat containing all the various apartments necessary for family uses,—such as a dining room, parlor, bed room, kitchen, &c. But the several families, inhabiting these, have not, as at Paris, a porter's lodge at the common entrance,—and a few years ago, visitors passed without ceremony, the common stairs, and rung at the door of the family. This would naturally allow the door at the common entrance, to stand open; and thus interlopers would get in. To remedy this inconvenience, each family now has its own bell, and a wire to raise its own latch. But there is after all, less safety in this arrangement, than in the constant attendance of a faithful porter. The ordinary height of these houses, being three stories, each with two flats, one on either side the common stairs—there are frequently six bells communicating with a single front door.

We are at Simpson's hotel, which is considered not inferior to any in the city, in point of situation, or accommodation. Our parlor windows look across Queen-street, upon the beautifully ornamented garden grounds of Abercrombie place. This parlor is a large front room, on the ground floor. The sleeping apartment of Miss D—and myself, communicates with it, and is the largest with which we have been furnished during our travels. The servants are attentive and respectful, and our food is prepared in fine style.

We have had a little, though not half the time we wished for, to visit public places. At old Holyrood, we heard over the whole account of the curiosities, from

those who have them by heart, and say their pieces for pay. You may read it, and I dare say have, in forty books. I should like dearly to take some shadowy twilight hour for rambling over these halls, and musing amidst the ruins of the ancient chapel, when my imagination was rife with the visions of the past, and could conjure up the forms which once inhabited the palace, and knelt around the altar. This venerable pile seems now almost regarded as the monument of the beautiful Mary—(I would I could say too the prudent, and the virtuous)—while the high-souled James struggling against aristocratic tyranny, and many others of worthy deeds, who once dwelt here, are not now remembered. I have remarked much the same thing with regard to Marie Antoinette of France. Thus does the fascination of female beauty and accomplishments extend even to posterity. This is in the nature of things; and it is in vain to rail at what Providence ordains. The gift of beauty our sex should prize, and cultivate; but they need intellectual and moral strength, that they may turn it to account in His service who gave it; and not allow it to be a snare to their own souls.

We had hoped to see the exiled king of France, as he usually rides out at the hour of our visit to the palace; but he did not appear.

We saw the room fitting up for the reception of the peerage of Scotland, whom, if we could stay two days longer, we might see here assembled, as they are to elect a certain number of their body, to represent them in the British Parliament.

In the exterior of its public edifices, Edinburgh is not remarkable. But nature has made here, her own bold towers; and no architecture seems to me, so well to suit them, as the old castellated style. This has been with fine effect employed, in the recent erection of a prison, on an eminence, on the south side of Calton hill. If I had the "open sesame," of a mine of wealth, and was to spend it in decorating Edinburgh—the very first thing I would do, would be to pull down the straight-work, uncastle-like affair, forming a part of what is call-

ed the castle, and put up in its place a real, noble castle in the old Scottish style.

We spent some hours in the various rooms of the Royal Institution; and saw many interesting objects, particularly in those of the antiquarian society. The gallery of paintings, though not very large, presents a good selection.

The old town is interesting to the reader of Scottish annals. Indeed the names of the places themselves, ever remind us of some interesting narrative. Here is the Grass Market, the Lawn Market, the Canongate, the Cowgate, and all the other *gates*, which the auld Scotch used to gang. In the burying ground in the vicinity of Grey Friar's Church, I saw the slab with the inscription to the Covenanters, of which you have doubtless often heard.

One thing which pleased me in Edinburgh is, that in general it is men of letters, not men of blood, who are honored in their death. Some of the proudest monuments of the city are, however, exceptions; rising in memory of those, not remarkable for enlightened minds, who had more valor than virtue,—more influence than honesty.

I spent, with deep interest, some hours in the general assembly, now in session. This body is composed of divines, and lay members, from the several presbyteries of Scotland—and there were present on this occasion, eminent men, with whose names and characters, I had before been acquainted. Lord Belhaven, the King's Commissioner, had an elevated seat resembling a throne, and beautiful little boys as pages, were hovering about to do his bidding. But the office of the Commissioner seems to be here little more than a mere pageant, as the assembly has its own moderator. Mr. Wallace of Whitekirk, officiated as such, on this occasion.

The subject of discussion when I entered, was that, which of all others, I would have chosen—the state of education in Scotland. The report of the venerable Dr. Baird was read, concerning the improved condition of the schools, in the remote parts of the kingdom, along the Highlands, and in the islands on the coast. Their im-

provement was then ascribed to the exertions of this benevolent divine. Allusions were made to his late excursion to visit them, and finally a paper was read, containing the thanks of the assembly previously voted. There was something touching, in the truly religious aspect of this good man, as he meekly stood up to hear the praises he so well deserved.

After some minor affairs, another subject was started, as if it were done at this time to gratify my curiosity, already awakened. It was the subject of Mr. Irving's heresy, which not only interested my feelings, but those of the members themselves;—brought forth their divisions of sentiment—produced sound reasonings—and struck out fine flashes of oratory. The orthodox party, the leader of which seems to be Mr. McFarland, principal of the College of Glasgow, were in favor of silencing the accused; while the liberal party, at the head of whom appears to be Mr. Cooke, (I believe the celebrated lawyer of Edinburgh,) were for more moderate measures. A clergyman, whom I was told was a Mr. Wightman, and of the orthodox party, clothed his ideas in beautiful language. "Though the fruits of heresy," said he, "are fair to the eye, yet its roots are bitter, and its shade is poisonous."

In answer to a position assumed by the friends of Mr. Irving, that the assembly had no right to silence him, he being out of their precincts—Mr. Geddes of Paisley spoke with great clearness and energy. "Our right to silence, or censure," said he, "is co-extensive with our right to ordain. We ordain ministers for other countries—and are held responsible for their doctrines wherever they go;—and must the sanction of our ordination remain, whatever strange and destructive heresies its subjects may choose to adopt? Then never will I consent to lay hands upon another."

In the midst of this animated discussion, suddenly there was a deep groan. I turned, and beheld an elderly, and a very large man, fall back in a fit. Confusion prevailed, and the assembly was broken up.

Besides those I have mentioned, there were present in the assembly, Mr. Wilson, the well known poet of

the "Isle of Palms," and Dugald Stewart's successor in the chair of moral philosophy, at the college of Edinburgh. I had also the satisfaction of seeing Dr. Chalmers, and of marking the expression of his countenance as he spoke in low tones to a person near him. I found him, as others have described him, inelegant in exterior. Had I marked his physiognomy, merely in a quiescent state, I am not certain I should have detected the hidden fire within; but from the play of his features in speech, I could clearly discern the marks of his genius and benevolence. Having a great desire to hear him converse—with the advice of my friends, and taking in my carriage Miss I—, who was to introduce me—I went to pay him a visit—but much to my regret, he was not at his house.

Among other intelligent and agreeable people, whom I have seen here, are the Miss W—s. They received me politely at their house; and conversed sensibly on the subject of education. At my request, they have sent me a list of the works used in their school.

I think the Scotch sometimes treat the King's English rather queerly. I do not speak of the variations of their native dialect, which often expresses a thought or feeling more concisely and humorously, than the corresponding English expressions. But, for example, what do you think they call an endowment to a public institution? Why a "*mortification*." Herriot's hospital they say has a large mortification.—And what do you think a hospital is? Why in this case, it is a place in which hale and hearty young men receive a useful, and considerably accomplished education. One would think that with two such words tacked to their place of instruction, the mortification would belong to the young men and not to the house: but on the contrary, it is, I am told, esteemed an honorable privilege to be admitted there, which none but the sons of those who have the freedom of the city, can obtain.

But while mortification is made honorable, humanity is abused.—Humanity, you must know, is *the Latin Language*.—Who can dispute the authority of Edinburgh College? The Professor of humanity there, is

the professor of the Latin language—ergo, humanity is the Latin language.

Without this piece of learning, I should have opined that if there was a professor of humanity in this city, it must be George Combe.

Through the kindness of Mrs. D— I have been introduced to that eminent philosopher, so well known to the public, as the president of the phrenological society, and by his elegant and forcible productions, on the nature, and constitution of man, and the physical development of his intellectual powers. During my stay in Paris, Mrs. D— had, from time to time, given me little incidents respecting him, which had excited in my mind a respect for his private character, equal to the admiration which I had long entertained for his high powers of thought and expression. I found his conversation replete with original ideas, and these often like the scenery around—brought together in novel and singular contrasts and relations—in some instances, so very singular that I could not avoid laughing outright. His manner appeared to me as original as his thoughts; if I should study upon it a fortnight, I do not think I could tell why I laughed, or whether his discourse was intended to produce this effect;—he did not laugh himself, but he did not appear at all displeased that I should. His conversation seemed intended to be, what it really was, instructive—but his manner of putting together his ideas was amusing, and in a style altogether his own. In regard to his opinions, some struck me as true, the moment he announced them,—with respect to others, I was not prepared to judge; and therefore had nothing to do, but to admire—and to laugh. If he could have determined characters as well by the teeth, as by the cranium, I am certain he must have discerned the whole of mine. In short, Mr Combe's discourse has left upon my mind an impression, similar to that of Paganini's violin, which is, a great desire to hear more of it.

And so it seems to be with every thing here. Yet in the midst of the gratification half completed, of former curiosity—and with a still greater stock on hand, which is newly awakened,—I must pack it all up in a bundle



together, and carry it home. This, duty requires—but I feel now that the odds is, that it may, some day or other, bring me back again across the Atlantic.

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## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

LONDON, June 6th.

DEAR SISTER :

This is the third day since we reached London, and having now recruited from the fatigues of our rapid journey from Edinburgh, and completed our preparations for leaving London to-morrow, I snatch a little time to give you a hasty account of our progress, since I wrote last.

In leaving Edinburgh, my son and myself found another trial, besides that of quitting a place with which we were so much charmed. This was in parting with our dear friends, Mr. and Miss D—, so long the companions of our way. They have indispensable avocations which must detain them sometime longer in Scotland, and I am determined, if the Lord will, to be with you at the time which I fixed for my return, when I left home. To secure this, as far as lies in my own power, I have allowed eight weeks for my homeward passage. I must take to myself some credit for my resolution. Mr. D— at first laughed at it, as a lady's whim, which when the time of trial came, would vanish before the temptations of unsatisfied curiosity. But when he found that I made it a serious matter of duty ; he not only aided my arrangements by his judicious counsels ; but turned aside from his own, to accompany my son and myself to Edinburgh, to show us the city, and introduce us to his friends there.

Since we have travelled together, I know not that a reproachful look, or a reproachful thought, has been amongst our party. Not but that Mr. D— gives frequent occasion ; for he is always so bent on sacrificing his own conveniences to others, that it requires care on the part of his friends (more I am afraid than I have

always given,) to keep the balance of justice at all even. Neither my dear E—, nor myself will soon forget the hours of friendly counsel which we took together the night before our separation, nor will the shaking of hands be soon forgotten, which took place on the morning after, when my son and myself were seated in the mail coach for London.

This was on the 2d of June, at seven o'clock in the morning. Our route lay, for a considerable distance, on the coast of the German Ocean. We were elevated some hundreds of feet above it, and enjoyed a magnificent view, of its shores and waters. The day was clear, and the air bracing. There is something too in the motion of an English mail coach, moving over a fine road at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour, that is calculated, especially at the first, to give buoyancy to the spirits.

The first town we passed of any note was Haddington; but we had no time to examine it, for the mail coach is like time and tide, which waits for no man. A little north of Berwick, upon the Tweed, we passed the dividing line between England and Scotland. At Alnwick, we were tantalized by a rapid glance at the castle and grounds, of the Duke of Northumberland. Our way continued on, through Morpeth, to New Castle upon the Tyne, where we halted long enough to take tea. The appearance of the country through which we had been travelling, during the day, was generally that of a highly cultivated, agricultural district. But in the vicinity of New Castle, fires were blazing all around us from the steam engines, which were employed in raising coal from the mines. In the course of the night we passed Durham, and several other places of less importance, and in the morning of June 3d, at five o'clock, found ourselves in York.

As soon as we had ascertained that we might remain here for an hour, we procured a boy from the Hotel to conduct us; and set out with all speed, to visit the old cathedral—York Minster. The grandeur of this edifice will be apparent from considering its dimensions. Its length from east to west, is five hundred and twenty-

four feet,—its greatest breadth, two hundred and twenty-two, and its height two hundred and thirty-five. The largest window is seventy-five feet, by thirty-two. The view struck us as admirable, and highly sublime. Yet we saw its interior under great disadvantages, as it was undergoing repairs from the damages occasioned by the well known attempt to burn it; and we were obliged to make our examination in a very hurried manner.

We almost ran back to the Hotel—took a hasty breakfast, and the coach was again on its way. In the course of this day's drive, particularly in the afternoon, we travelled through a most delightful farming country. One lovely village after another passed in quick succession before us—its dwellings often of stone—clustering in rural beauty around an antique church; whose spire rose up in the midst; while a luxuriant growth of the various race of vegetables, seemed to the village, like an ample emerald, inclosing a beautiful pearl.

Doncaster particularly pleased us, although it presents a character of scenery somewhat less romantic. It is situated on an extensive plain, near the river Don. Its houses are, many of them, new and modern, giving an idea of wealth and comfort.

We passed in its vicinity a beautiful race ground, and saw preparations going on for the sporting season. I was glad it had not commenced, for I consider these horse racings as schools of immorality; and sincerely hope they may never become a prevailing occupation in our country.\*

We passed through Peterborough, and other places of consequence, in the night.

The morning of June 4th, at four o'clock we arrived at London, having travelled a distance of four hundred miles in forty-five hours without stopping, except for

\* Speaking of my admiration of Doncaster after my return to London, one of our gentlemen at Mr Elston's, related an anecdote, which for the sake of the church, one could wish untrue. A young dandy of a clergyman in Yorkshire, told the clerk, "do not forget to say there will be no service next Sunday—You know I shall want to go to the Doncaster races." Accordingly the clerk before the second singing announced, in a sonorous voice—"Be no service next Sunday—bekaze as how, the measier wants to go to the Doncaster races. Let us sing the hundredth Psalm."

our meals ;—and the time for these was very limited. For breakfast, they allowed us half an hour, for dinner, three-quarters ; for tea, twenty minutes, and the same for a supper at midnight.

The morning after our arrival at London, we had many of the miseries of human life to encounter. A raw morning—difficulty in getting a hackney coach—a broken down affair when we got it—a disobliging driver—Mr. Elston's family not astir—of course our rooms not prepared, though we were half dead with fatigue, and want of sleep ;—however, by means of patience, that only remedy for all such evils, things came right after a while. But we could do little on that day, except to rest from our fatigues.

A large packet, left during my absence, was handed me from Miss Edgeworth, which showed how much pains that benevolent lady had been taking to oblige me. It contained notes from two distinguished persons to her (one of whom was Lady Davy, the widow of Sir Humphrey,) in answer to those she had written, to enquire of them, which they considered the first ladies schools in London.—It contained also, a list of these schools, to the number of six.—And lastly, a general introduction, which she had kindly and generously written for me, to the ladies at the head of them.

On the following morning, after purchasing a new hat for the occasion, and furnishing myself with suitable equipage and attendants, I took along with me Miss M—, a sensible and genteel young lady of our family, and went with my note of introduction to visit the lady, whose name and address stood first on Miss Edgeworth's list.

My servant enquired at the door for Miss A— (so I choose to call her here—at another time I will give you her real name.) We were told she was at home, and conducted into her parlor. It was ample in size, and fitted up with an air of taste and luxury, as if to make it an agreeable place for a lounge:—but nothing appeared to mark it, as the entrance to the temple of the sciences, or, that I recollect, even of the fine arts. This we had leisure to remark, as it was sometime before its mis-

tress entered. At length she appeared, and greeted us with a graceful salutation. Her dress was a tasteful morning costume ; her person fine ; her features regular ; but her physiognomy and manners prepared me to expect what followed. A few remarks on indifferent subjects passed between us, in which she was exceedingly courteous. I then handed her Miss Edgeworth's note of introduction, which was as follows:

"The bearer of this note is Mrs. E. Willard, an American lady, who has a celebrated establishment for the education of young people near New York ; and who is well known by her literary publications, especially her *History of the United States*.

"She has been travelling on the continent for the purpose of seeing the establishments for education in Paris ; and is now anxious to see the best schools for young ladies in London.

"Miss Edgeworth (Maria E.) presuming, as a writer on education (she hopes not too much)—that her name may be known to those who are engaged in similar pursuits, ventures to beg admittance for a foreigner, from the liberality of her countrywomen, and feels assured that they will afford this distinguished American lady, the means which she has politely received in Paris, of seeing the best establishments for female education.

MARIA EDGEWORTH."

I marked the expression of Miss A—'s features as she went on reading this note—losing at first that set complacency to which she had adjusted them before entering the room, as artificially, I then thought, as her pretty turban—till, by degrees, her countenance assumed an air of spite and vexation. When she had finished, she handed me the note, and said in a sour fidgetty manner.

"I don't know what Miss Edgeworth expects me to do."

Prepared for something like this, I took it as a matter of course, and determined not to lose my object, without a further trial ; so I said to her—"Neither Miss Edgeworth, or myself, Madam, have the least wish to put you to inconvenience. You are aware, that we

of America, are a recent people—and it is natural that we should wish to improve our institutions, by learning something of yours. I then spoke of my visits to the schools in France. I endeavored to wile her out of her ill humor, by telling her of some things that I had learned there, which I thought she might be glad to know,—and then began by asking her such questions, as I thought she would be able, and willing to answer. She spoke very well on the subject of avoiding, or correcting deformities of the figure. She said they had in the English schools, left off all braces and backboards. The English surgeons did not approve the French method of *orthopédie*.

After some chat of this description, I ventured to ask her a question, concerning the literary and scientific subjects, in which her pupils were instructed. She assured me that *all branches* were taught in her school. I told her that as I was desirous to make a collection of the school books used in England, I would be much obliged if she would give me the title of some of the works, which she used. “Oh! as for that matter,” she said, “the books she used were such as could be found nowhere else but in her school; and none could have the benefit of them, but such as became her pupils.”

“You remarked, Madam,” said I, “that all branches were taught in your school. Do your pupils learn the mathematics?” To this she made me such a reply, that I was not certain whether she had heard or comprehended my question; though what she said amounted to an affirmative; and I rejoined,

“They study *Euclid's* Geometry, I suppose?”

“Oh dear yes! they learn *many* of the books of Euclid.”

I was tempted to laugh at this reply, but the improvement of my sex, in whatever country they may be, is to me a serious subject. I had now played learner as long as it seemed to me to be profitable, and I felt quite disposed to pay in kind for the scanty instruction I had received. So I began by saying, that I supposed as her name stood first on the list, which Miss Edgeworth had given me, that she must have been for sometime engaged

in her present occupation ; and it was therefore natural to suppose that she was fond of it. She replied, " I have, it is true, been several years engaged in it, but it is because I find it the most agreeable and genteel way of supporting myself, in my power. If I had the means, I should of course live without it, as I suppose every one else would."

" Oh ! no Madam—there you are mistaken,—I am myself one, among other instances, to the contrary. Though my means are equal to my limited wishes, yet I labor zealously and devotedly for the improvement of my sex, from a sense of duty. Our Maker has not placed us in this world to be idle or useless, or to seek merely our own gratification. I consider that great evils have arisen heretofore in society, from the bad condition of public schools for our sex ; and that we, who now have the care of them, can in no way be more honorably employed, or better serve our Maker, than in striving to correct and improve them."

I then left her, in doubt, as I presumed from the expression of her countenance, whether I was a fanatic, or a hypocrite. I felt that it was dropping the seed of truth in dry ground—but I withheld not my hand—hoping, that at some future time, it might spring up and prosper.

My companion, Miss M—, was much vexed at my reception, and thought that I might well be satisfied, of what I had seen of a London boarding-school. But not easily discouraged, I directed my coachman to drive, according to the name and address next on my list,—a distance of about two miles. Miss M— told me on the way, many anecdotes of these city schools, not at all calculated to raise them in my estimation. She had herself been educated by a lady in the country, whose arrangements and plans for the improvement of her pupils, I had before heard her detail. I thought them judicious, though limited, and that the instructress possessed the true spirit of her calling—and I hoped yet to find those in London, of whom I might say the same.

Our coachman drove us a little out of the city, and at length stopped at a house surrounded by a wall, which

enclosed fine grounds, ornamented with trees and shrubbery.

And here, leaping against the wall, at some little distance from the gate, I saw a figure, whose image is left as strongly upon my mind, as Sterne's monk was upon his ;—like Sterne too, I had my predeterminations not to give much to way-side acquaintances—but this was evidently no beggar,—it was a delicate and beautiful girl, of perhaps sixteen—simple and neat in dress and appearance. Her figure was in a degree emaciated, and she seemed to lean against the wall from feebleness ; occasioned, as it appeared to me, not from disease, but from want of food. As I alighted near her, she turned her head from me. My feelings were touched—I paused for a moment—then approached, and offered her money—she hesitated—then reached forth a pale hand—and as she took it, she raised her tearful eyes to mine, with an expression of mingled agony and thanks.

On enquiring for the lady of the house, I was told she was not at home ; but that if I wished, I could see the head-governess. Things here, had somewhat less the appearance of modish elegance than at Miss A—'s, and books and paintings were to be seen. Miss Y—, the head governess, soon entered. Her countenance and the play of her features in speaking, impressed me with an idea that she possessed strength of mind and character, with kindness of heart. I saw that she was no actress, and I determined at once to play no part with her. From what I had seen and gathered, in one quarter and another, I felt that I already understood the state of London boarding schools. I was grieved when I thought of the condition of so many of the young and lovely, entrusted to the care of those, who had no higher views than to gain, by quackery, a genteel living.

I began by showing Miss Y—, Miss Edgeworth's note ; and her list of boarding schools, made out with the advice of distinguished ladies. I stated to her some particulars of my visit to the lady who stood at the head of this list. I told her frankly that this had but confirmed the impressions I had before received,—and expressed my opinion plainly, though I hope politely, as to what



ought, and what ought not to be—in educating the youth of our sex. She listened with deep attention, and asked me many questions concerning my own school. She wanted me to come again, and converse with the amiable and interesting lady in whose employ she was. This was impossible, as I was so soon to leave London.

Miss Y— came the next day to see me, and brought with her a Scotch lady of high intelligence. They urged me to prolong my stay in the city. Miss Y— had interested the superintendent of the school, in which she was located, in my behalf; and had brought me, as a token from her, a valuable book written by one of the teachers of her school. I told Miss Y— that I regretted to say, I must depart at the time fixed, but that I had engaged to Madame Belloc in Paris, and the Miss D—'s in Liverpool, to express in writing the sentiments, of which those ladies, as well as herself, had kindly manifested their approbation.

Were it possible for me to remain longer in England, I would endeavor to bring the subject of public schools for females, before Lord Brougham. From the commencement of his political career, I have ever regarded him as one destined to do much good; but he has been so often represented as stern in manner, that I have not thought of appealing this subject to him. Since I have seen his face, and heard his voice, I am impressed with a belief, that though he may be terrible in the strife of words, yet that benevolence has in reality the greater share of his character; and if once he could view this subject in all its bearings, I think his clear mind would comprehend its importance—his heart might then dictate, and his power effect changes in the condition of schools, for the public education of his young countrywomen; for which future generations would remember, and bless his name. Indeed, he is already considered as the patron of education and improvement, but this particular department seems not yet to have met a due consideration among the friends of the rising generation, either in Great Britain, or France.

Since my return from Edinburgh, I called again to see Mrs. Fry. She was not at home, but I met with a cor-

dial reception from her son. His mother naturally became the topic of our conversation. I had heard, (and indignantly combatted the accusation) that Mrs. Fry's own children, had charged her with being a negligent mother;—and for the purpose of drawing out her son on this subject I remarked, that when women were in any way distinguished before the public, there were always those who were ready to attribute to them some failure in domestic virtues. He said that as to his mother, so far was this from being the case, that she was distinguished for uncommon attention and kindness to her household, and private friends. In her neighborhood, as well as in her family, if there was any misfortune or malady, by night or day,—it was her knowledge, benevolence, and activity, that were appealed to, and never in vain.

I regret that Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. W— have left London. By the way, I came very near meeting Basil Hall and Tom Moore, at Mrs. W—'s, but I would give more to see Miss Edgeworth's shadow, than both of them. I wish she could be persuaded to visit America. She and myself would, I am certain, harmonize in feeling on one subject—her lovely sister. By what charm it is, that this lady, of whom I have seen so little, so often returns, like some sweet angel spirit, to my musings, I cannot tell. Perhaps it is, that I fancied in some traits, a resemblance in character to our lost Mary. Had Mary lived to part with a portion of her diffidence in the polish of elegant society,—had she been situated as Mrs. W— has been, she might, I think, have been what she is;—and she would have been to me, what Mrs. W— is to Miss Edgeworth, my happiness and my pride,—yet loving best herself, those who loved me most.



## LETTER TO MRS. A. H. LINCOLN.

HAVRE, June 11th, 1831.

DEAR SISTER:

On the morning of the 7th inst. we parted from our kind friends at Mr. Elston's, one of whom, Dr. H—, (whose portrait I have all along been intending to draw, for it well deserves a place among those I send you,) accompanied us on our chilly drive to the stage office. This is but one among the hospitable acts, by which the Doctor has done the honors of his country to us as strangers. He is one, whom I excuse from any part or lot, in the remarks which I have made, on the illiberality of opinion, towards my country and my sex, which most of the Englishmen whom I have met, suffer to peep out, here and there, in their actions and discourse, if not to stand forth in bold relief.

But I forget that I am waiting of a raw morning for a stage coach. My son and myself being well seated in it, we shook a cordial parting hand with the Doctor, and soon left London behind. We stopped at B—, to take up Miss G—, whom I found an agreeable and intelligent companion.

The scenery between London and Southampton did not appear very attractive, having recently seen much that was finer. The cathedral of the old town of Winchester, is an ornament to the landscape. We had some fine views of Southampton, from its romantic environs.

We reached this place at five o'clock, and located ourselves at the Dolphin. The steamboat for Havre was not to leave till the next afternoon, and we had the intervening time for making observations. I could say much if I had leisure, on the beauties of this place. The ruin of old Netley Abbey, three miles distant from the town, is grand. Its lofty and crumbling walls, stand in the midst of rich fields, where the grass grows high, and the grain, with the scarlet poppy intermingled, waves thick around. These ancient venerable walls are so extensive, that you might fancy them the ruins of a city. The luxuriant ivy clusters round their sides, and flaunts

upon their very tops. They have stood thus, so long, that great trees have grown up from the places, where once was the hall for the social repast, and the chapel for prayer.

But a truce to ruins—for time presses. A vexatious affair opened upon us at Southampton, with which we are still annoyed. Our luggage, including Miss G---'s, was considered too bulky to be all taken by the stage-coach; so two days before leaving London, the greater part of it was regularly consigned to a forwarding line, to be sent on to Southampton, that we might find it there on our arrival. The people in London told my son that it had been sent, and showed him the places where it had stood, that he might be sure it had been removed; but the wagons arrived at Southampton without it. Our passage was engaged in the Sully, which was expected to sail from Havre on the tenth, and but one steamboat trip was to be made from Southampton in the time. I determined to go, trunks, or no trunks,---so after having written to our friends in London, and leaving our directions with a proper person at Southampton, to have our property forwarded to our friend Mr. V---, at Havre, that it might follow us to New-York in the next packet, we took our departure in the steamboat for this place. The day was fine, and the coast of England, with the green shores of the Isle of Wight, presented us a charming succession of beautiful views, as we sailed smoothly along. The last objects which we saw distinctly, were the houses, docks, and shipping of Portsmouth; where our boat stopped for a few moments to take in passengers.

On our entering the boat at Southampton, we found so many passengers already on board, that Miss G--- and myself could with difficulty find a seat on deck. A lady, who by the manner in which she was accosted, appeared to be a person of consequence, spoke to some gentlemen that were sitting on a settee beside her, who thereupon gave up their seats for our accommodation. We found this lady sociable, and pleasing in her manners, sometimes conversing with us, and sometimes with the gentlemen of her acquaintance. After we had been on

board for some time, she spoke of an intended sea voyage, and said something of America. "Are you then going to sail soon for America?"

"I am, in a few days."

"In what vessel?"

"In the Sully."

"Then we are to brave the dangers of the ocean together."

After this introduction, you may be certain that there was no lack of subjects for discourse among us, and I have no doubt that the agreeable acquaintance which we here made, will contribute to our mutual enjoyment during our sea voyage.

This lady is the Countess de Choiseul. She is an English woman by birth, but was married very young to the Count, who was nephew to the Duke de Choiseul, and of the ancient family of that name, of which we so often read in French history.

Arrived at Havre, we took lodgings at the hotel de l'Europe, with our former hostess, Madame le Bourg. It appears to me, that things have a less animated appearance here, than when we first landed. The charm of novelty, it is true, is lost to us; but this is not all. The French in this city are staunch liberals, and political changes have evidently affected their spirits. Mademoiselle de C---, and my protégée of the institution Cochin, accompanied by the excellent Madame Millet, are, by the care of Mrs. D—, here also; and our friend, Mr. V—, has received all our Paris boxes in good order.

We shall not sail so soon by a few days as was expected. We have been on board the Sully, to which our luggage has mainly been conveyed—and made our little arrangements for the voyage. I met there Madame de Choiseul, who has introduced me to her husband—a highly accomplished gentleman. He was, at the late revolution, Governor of Corsica. Having now a desire to visit America, he has obtained from the French government the appointment of consul to Charleston. They take with them their whole family, consisting of two charming daughters, and their son,—a frolicksome young lad. The ladies' cabin has but four state rooms, two on each

side—and these are to be shared between the two parties of Madame de Choiseul, and myself. Four nuns are to be located near us, in a small cabin, fitted up expressly for their use.

We are particularly pleased with the appearance of Capt. Pell. His manners are dignified, yet courteous and amiable. Thus we have every reason to expect a pleasant voyage.\*

Mrs. V— is, I am sorry to say, confined to her room with an indisposition, from which she is, however, recovering. Notwithstanding this, they have invited me with my whole train, to dine, and pass a day at their charming retreat, just without the city. Their house, which is quite a little palace, is approached on the side, by a superb avenue of lime trees, and in front has a fine lawn, skirted by a variety of trees and flowering shrubs. I cannot but remark how the whole aspect of a place is changed, by feeling that one has friends within it; and I shall soon, with God's blessing, be where I have many friends;—within my native land, whose very soil is dear to my heart. Alas! it encloses deep in its hallowed bosom, friends with whom I parted, never more to meet till time is past, and eternity opens to view. But many, I trust are left, and my soul is already on the wing to meet them;—especially you, my sister—who have cheerfully, for my sake, encountered my labors, and carried the burden of my cares. I go now to resume them; not reluctantly, but gladly—more than ever convinced of their importance.

With intelligence and resolute virtue in women, society cannot fail of being in a good condition.—without it, every thing valuable must go to decay. The young female mind is peculiarly ductile—more within the power

\* We had indeed, through the blessing of Providence, a remarkably pleasant, though a long passage, of forty seven days. Our trunks which followed us by the succeeding packet, arrived at New-York but one day later, than ourselves. I was in Troy just in time to meet the engagement made at my departure; was present with my pupils and teachers, during the last day of our summer examination. Had I been one day later, it would have been a serious disappointment to me and my friends.

of education in its moulding, than that of the other sex; and men are the sons of women, and during the most docile of their days under their training hand. Let the plague-spot of mingled ignorance and vice attach to women; and the whole race must be contaminated. Let all be sound here, and then will the spirit of general health, pervade the community.

How have these facts been overlooked! How have men neglected to provide for the education of female youth, while they have spent their millions to endow colleges and professorships, for their own sex, reckless that ours are left to the mercy of interested adventurers. How have our sex too, slumbered, unconscious of their own mental energies--of their power, and deep responsibility! My heart is pained when I think how many of my countrywomen are seeking to learn--that they may follow the fashions--and imitate the manners of foreign women. Let us endeavor to appreciate things according to their true value. Because our milliners can make hats better than ourselves, shall we therefore follow all their ways---and send our children---that their characters may be formed by their teaching? If vice counts long lines of ancestors, and is called by a sounding title, shall we therefore bid the godlike image of virtue bend before her, and be abased in her presence? No! rather let us plant our feet on the Everlasting Rock; rear high our own standard, and let its motto be--INTELLIGENCE AND VIRTUE. By these, let us test contending claims for superiority. Where England and France excel us here, let us go and be instructed by them;--where in these, we are their superiors, let them come and learn of us.

Farewell.

J. B.

























